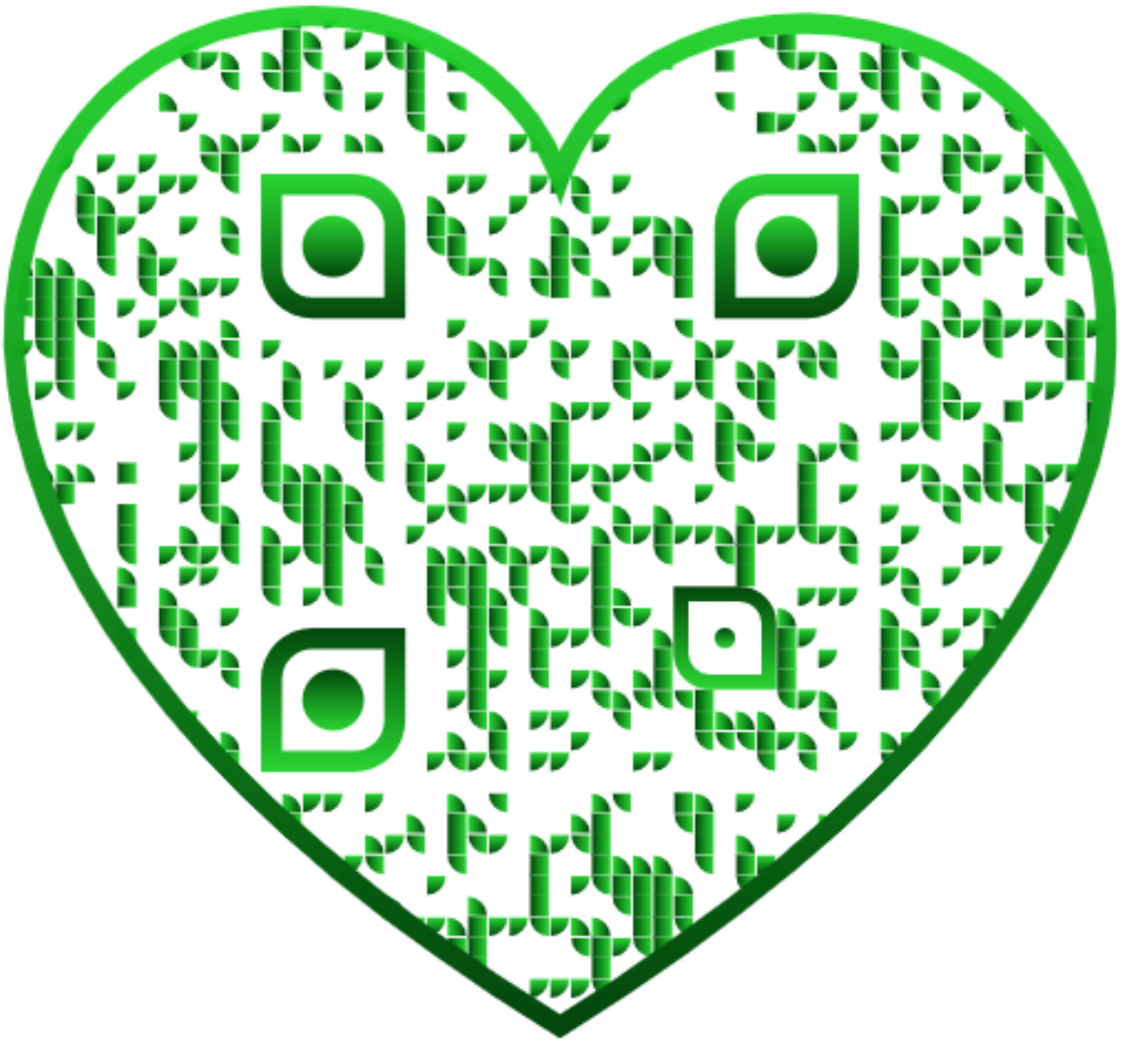
UFO
contact at PASCAGOULA

CHARLES HICKSON and WILLIAM MENDEZ



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CHARLES HICKSON and WILLIAM MENDEZ

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INTRODUCTION

Some experiences are immediately forgotten, others settle in the memory. My first trip to the deep South: Pascagoula, Mississippi. It's a hot humid night in August, and the air is thick with the stench of a nearby cat food factory. As Charles Hickson and I enter my motel room, the air-conditioning blasts us, bringing instant relief from the oppressive weather outside. I sit on the edge of the bed thinking, "What the hell am I doing? What is a college teacher from Detroit doing in Pascagoula, Mississippi? I don't like the South–(I had the typical academic Yankee's prejudices). I'm not even a writer–so, what am I doing agreeing to write a book about this man's run-in with God-knows-what?"

I had come to Pascagoula on sort of a lark. Well, that isn't quite true, but at the time, I felt that an element of whimsy *should* characterize the whole adventure. It was necessary to maintain a healthy sense of humor, I thought, if only to ward off the lurking madness just around the corner. It had occurred to me that I might be losing it, because at times it was difficult to rationally justify what I was doing or planning to do. Here I was, becoming increasingly involved with a man who claimed that he had been abducted by un-Earthly creatures. Aliens from outer space! I *had* to adopt a whimsical attitude, if only to prevent myself from becoming *serious* about the whole affair. To take the whole thing seriously, I felt, led to lunacy. After all, what do people usually think, and frequently say, when they hear that someone has seen a flying saucer *and* space creatures? I hadn't seen either, but I knew I would be guilty-by-association.

Charlie Hickson stood before me and quietly asked me to help him tell his story to–the world! And I didn't even know if I believed him. Could his story be true? Could this man really have been picked up by a flying saucer, a spacecraft from another world? One thing was certain, I had to find out what had really happened.

As a boy I had been sufficiently interested in flying saucers to read a few books on the subject. One book stands out in my memory, George Adamski's *Flying Saucers Have Landed*; I think I read it during the mid-fifties, in junior high school. Adamski's book turned me off so completely that I did not touch another flying saucer book for almost twenty years. *Flying Saucers Have Landed* was Adamski's story of his meetings with a man from Venus, who supposedly had come to Earth in a cigar-shaped "mothership" containing smaller flying saucer-type craft. The book had beautifully clear photos (taken by Adamski) of the various spacecraft. There were also affidavits from the eyewitnesses to the initial meeting with the Venusian in the California desert. (Why is it everything always happens first in California?) There were *no pictures* of the man from Venus. Apparently even Adamski has his limit. When I finished the book, I felt taken, and I vowed never to read another book about flying saucers.

Now, twenty years later, my own flying saucer book would bring me into contact with Ray Stanford, President of *The Association For The Understanding Of Man*. Ray had known George Adamski and told me, "Yes, Adamski made up all that Venus stuff (and more) but at one time he really did have a flying saucer experience and *that*, in Adamski's mind, justified making up stories about them."

So—here I was in Pascagoula agreeing to tell a flying saucer tale of my own—or rather, of Charlie's. But the tale was not only Charlie's, he was not alone when it happened, young Calvin Parker was there too. I agreed to write their story because I wanted to find out if it was true. It was as simple as that. I felt the only way I would ever know if these two "country boys" were putting us on, would be to get very, very close to them. I knew working on the book would make that kind of intimacy possible.

I'm not exactly sure why knowing the truth about the Pascagoula incident was so important to me. Perhaps, my involvement with Charlie was due to the same peculiarity of temperament that led me to choose *philosophy* as a major in college. As every schoolboy knows, philosophy is "the love of wisdom or truth—for its own sake." Nevertheless, Professor Garelick, my mentor at Rutgers University, never tired of reminding us that "Philosophy is the Queen of the useless sciences." He was wrong about useless; philosophy may be the ideal training for flying saucer chasing. After all, wasn't one of the original charges against Socrates that he gazed into the heavens too much?

I live near Detroit. Across the river is Canada. Charlie lives in Pascagoula, Mississippi, a Gulfport town. If you look at a map of the USA, you can see that I am at the northern end of the country and Charlie is at the southern. The sophisticated traveler may not be impressed by this simple geographic fact, but every time I look at a map, I marvel at the distance, and wonder about the forces at work that caused me to make that trip over and over again.

During all those visits to Pascagoula (excluding the first) I was a guest in Charlie's home. I slept there, had my meals there, and worked there. I know Charlie's wife and children well. I visited his parents, and his brothers and sisters. I interviewed Charlie's and Calvin's friends, co-workers, and childhood playmates. Charlie and I have closed more than one bar together. I now know him very well.

Getting to know Calvin was more difficult. When I first went to Pascagoula in August 1974, Calvin wasn't around. He had enlisted in the Marine Corps a few months earlier. Shortly after completing his basic training, he was discharged from the Corps for "medical reasons." These "medical reasons" were directly related to his abduction experience. Calvin was never the same after that night in October. After his discharge from the Corps he returned home to Jones County, 130 miles north of Pascagoula.

In the spring of 1975, Charlie and I made our fourth trip up to Jones County, in another effort to meet Calvin. I had been researching the book for almost a year then, and it disturbed me that I had never met *the other man*, the man who had been there and suffered the experience, perhaps, even more painfully than Charlie. I couldn't forget that it was Calvin who had lost consciousness when the creatures grabbed him, and Calvin who had been hospitalized with a nervous breakdown three weeks after the encounter.

The sun was shining and the temperature was about seventy-five degrees as Charlie and I walked out on the concrete dam that buttressed the south end of Lake Bogue Homo, near Laurel, Mississippi. Calvin had agreed to meet us there—he would be fishing.

Charlie would rather fish than eat and this opportunity was not to be wasted. Several spinning rigs are part of the standard "emergency" gear he keeps in the trunk of his car. We each carried a rig as we threaded our way among the fishermen who dangled their legs and lines from the narrow ramp on the top of the dam. My gaze leap-frogged ahead from one

person to the next, looking for Calvin. Although I had never met him, I had spent some time studying his photograph, the one taken by Tim Wilson of the *Mississippi Press* two weeks after the incident (Fig. 1). In the photo Charlie and Calvin sit side-by-side on a sofa, Charlie is looking up, perhaps at a reporter, Calvin is staring at the floor, jaw set, lips distorted. The trauma and strain of the past few weeks are evident in his face. That was the face I was looking for, it was the face I had become familiar with. I was sure I would recognize it.

I spotted him a short distance ahead. I was surprised, not because he looked different than I expected, but because he appeared larger-than-life, more real than the photo. He was the photo come to life. The feeling was like seeing a celebrity on the street, whom you've seen many times before, but only in photographs and films. Calvin's hair was much shorter than in the photo, a souvenir of his brief stay in the Corps, but it was definitely the same man.

As Calvin and I shook hands, I noticed his eyes. He had the look of a whipped pup. I had the feeling that if Charlie hadn't told him I was O.K., he would have bolted and run. We made the usual conversation about the weather, and pretended to fish. Later, Calvin agreed to cooperate with us on the book, and I began to interview him that night. I was shocked to learn that Calvin had suffered a *second* nervous breakdown. I made a mental note that if Calvin was hypnotised and "taken back" to that night—we would have to be very, very careful.

Charlie is a tough old bird. He doesn't look tough, and he's not really old, but he had survived more than twenty months of combat in the Korean War, was in five major battles, and was decorated several times. It ages a man. Charlie was never captured in Korea though—he had to come home for that—October 11, 1973, a Thursday. The next day—we all knew about it. We read about it in the paper, saw it reported on the evening TV news: "Two men fishing in the Pascagoula River at Pascagoula, Mississippi, claim they were captured and taken on board an alien spacecraft."

During one of the earliest, perhaps the first, of the TV interviews; Charlie and Calvin were shown at the site, on the Pascagoula River, telling the story of their abduction—with their backs toward the camera! They did not want their faces to be shown. I wondered then what could have caused two grown men to come forth and relate a tale which they knew would probably mark them for life, as idiots, liars, or both.

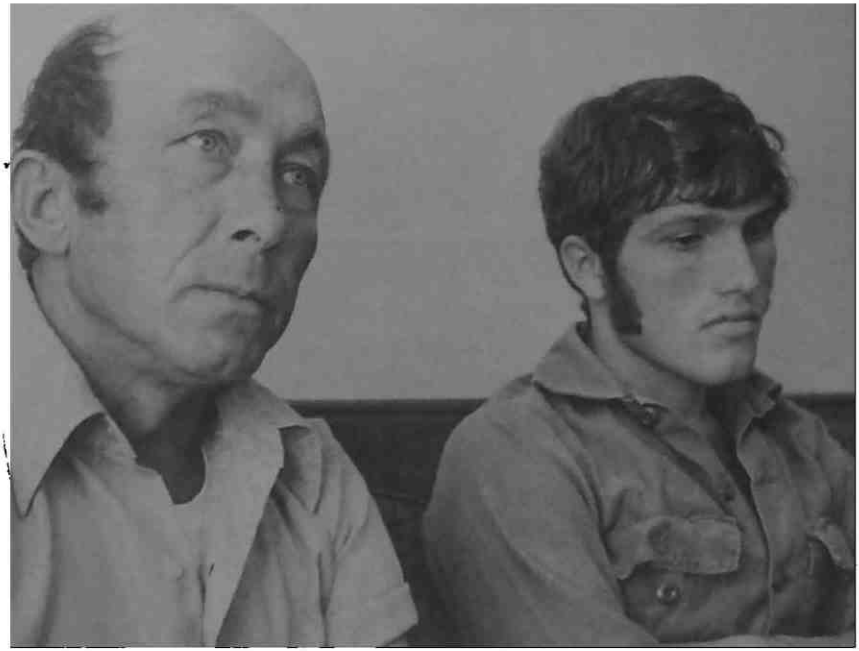

Fig. 1: Charles Hickson, 42, and Calvin Parker, 19, about two weeks after the incident. One week later Calvin would suffer a nervous breakdown requiring several days hospitalization.

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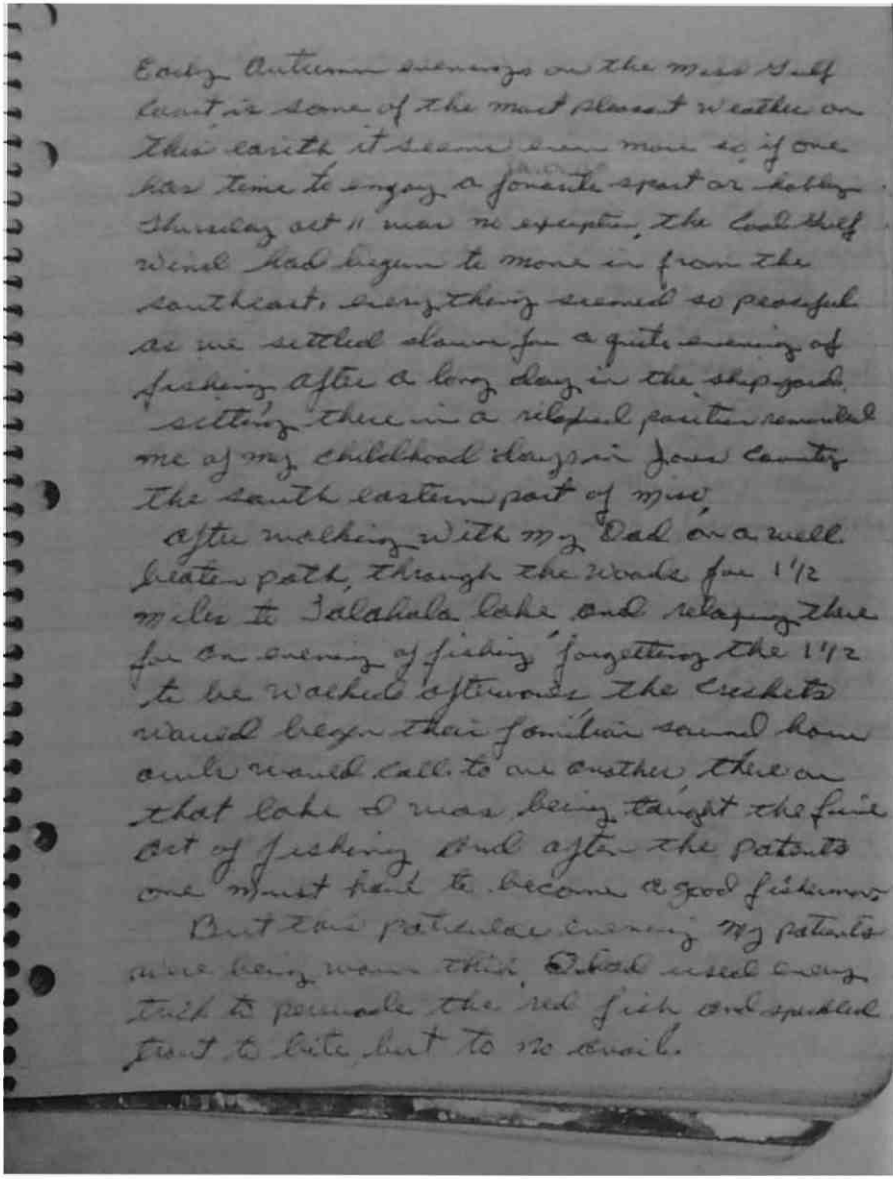

Early Autumn evenings on the Mid Gulf Coast is some of the most pleasant weather on this earth it seems even more so if one has time to enjoy a favorite sport or hobby. Thursday at 11 am we expected the cool Gulf Wind had begun to move in from the southeast. everything seemed so peaceful as we settled down for a quite evening of fishing after a long day in the shipyard. setting there in a relaxed position reminded me of my childhood days in Jones County the south eastern part of miss.

after walking with my Dad on a well beaten path, through the woods for 1 1/2 miles to Talahala lake and relaxing there for an evening of fishing forgetting the 1 1/2 to be walked afterwards the crickets would begin their familiar sound home ward would call to one another, there on that lake I was being taught the fine art of fishing and after the patients one must have to become a good fisherman

But on this particular evening my patients were being worn thin. Dad used every trick to persuade the red fish and spotted trout to bite, but to no avail.

Fig 2: Charlie's original manuscript. Several months after the abduction he began to write about it. Later he would record other experiences, subsequent happenings that were never reported to the local police authorities or the news media.

CHAPTER 1

CHARLIE'S STORY

*"I'm going to be the laughing stock of the country—but I'll tell what I seen and what happened to me . . ."**

Intuition. What is it? A peculiar feeling hovering somewhere between suspicion and knowledge? When I read the brief report of the Pascagoula incident in *The Detroit Free Press*, the morning after it occurred, something in my guts told me, "This-just-might-be-for-real." It may have been the location. Pascagoula, Mississippi. Who had ever heard of the place? It turned out I wasn't the only one who thought there was something special going on in that coastal town with the funny-sounding Indian name. Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Professor of Astronomy at Northwestern University, the leading UFO expert in America, went to Pascagoula to interview Charlie and Calvin less than forty-eight hours after their abduction. Like the vast majority of UFO researchers, Dr. Hynek travels at his own expense when investigating UFO sightings. The necessity of this practice discourages impulsiveness. Nevertheless, Hynek couldn't resist making the trip to Pascagoula. Apparently, he also sensed what I had felt. Before Hynek left Charlie and Calvin he made the following statement to the local press.

> "There's simply no question in my mind that these men have had a very real, frightening experience . . . under no circumstances should these men be ridiculed. They are absolutely honest. They have had a fantastic experience . . ."

Approximately four months before I met Charles Hickson, in December 1973, he was a guest on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Prior to seeing him on TV that evening, I had followed the news of the Pascagoula incident very closely; I had read everything I could find about the case. Each week I expected to learn

*From the Sheriff's secret tape, recorded on the night of the abduction, October 11, 1973, at the Jackson County Sheriff's Department.

that a hoax had been uncovered or that some other "explanation" of the abduction had been found. No such announcement was ever made. Instead, it was reported that Charlie had passed a lie-detector test, and Calvin had been hospitalized because of a nervous condition. Cavett began his show by reading an affidavit of the polygraph examiner, Scott Glasgow, attesting to the fact that, Charlie had told the truth—what Charlie *believed* to be true, that is.

It was with an acute sense of anticipation, then, that I waited to see and hear Charlie on the *Cavett Show* that winter evening. I really didn't know what to expect. I did wonder, however, if Charlie would appear credible to me and millions of other watching Americans. I settled down in front of the TV, and—there he was—a shy, homely, sad-faced man, who told his story briefly, and sincerely. Charlie was absolutely believable.

It is one thing to read about something like Pascagoula, and quite another to hear about it from one of the persons who has gone through it. The man was so damn sincere! The next day I compared notes with others who had watched Charlie tell his story on TV. They all said pretty much the same thing, "He was very convincing." I was intrigued, but I still couldn't quite believe it was true. For two months I wondered and continued to watch the news faithfully.

Then, one day, I realized that reading about Pascagoula wasn't going to solve anything. I concluded that I *had* to meet Charles Hickson. I decided to invite him to be a guest speaker at Oakland Community College, where I am an instructor in the Humanities.

The telephone is an amazing instrument. It took about a minute to obtain the number where Charlie worked, the F. B. Walker and Sons Shipyard. Within five minutes I was talking to Charlie himself—and he agreed to come.

I waited for Charlie's flight to arrive at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport the afternoon of April 5, 1974. I was excited about finally meeting the man I had read so much about and—I had a plan. I decided to spend as much time as possible with Charlie while he was in Detroit, and determine for myself whether he was crazy or not. I trusted my intuition. I intended to size him up, check him out, turn him upside down, and shake him a little to see if anything rattled.

It was an hour's drive from the airport to the auditorium where Charlie would speak. We chatted as I drove. We talked about the South, Watergate, Charlie's family, work, and his

love of fishing. As Charlie talked about his work at the shipyard or "giggin' flounder" I listened closely, searching for something–I wasn't quite sure what–that might indicate all was not "right" with him. Nothing. He was so ordinary, and he seemed completely normal. That evening, after he spoke, we spent a few hours drinking at the motel lounge where he spent the night. The next morning I met him for breakfast, and we talked for a few more hours before leaving for the airport.

Altogether, I spoke to the man for four or five hours, not enough time to say I knew him, yet–I could not help being impressed by his colossal sincerity. Still, I wasn't sure, absolutely sure, that his story was true. That's when I proposed that the story be told in an "appropriate" way, in a book, a book which I would help bring about. Charlie said he was interested in the idea and would discuss it with me at a later date.

When I arrived in Pascagoula that August (1974), Charlie had already filled a large spiral notebook with an account of his experiences of October 11 and the weeks and months following. What better way to hear the story than from one of the men who was there? Here, then, is Charlie Hickson's account of the abduction.

THURSDAY: October 11, 1973

"A zipping sound was all I heard . . ."

Early autumn evenings on the Mississippi Gulf Coast give us some of the most pleasant weather on this earth; it seems even more so if one has time to enjoy a favorite sport or hobby. Thursday, October 11, was no exception. The cool gulf wind had begun to move in from the southeast. Everything seemed so peaceful as Calvin and me settled down for a quiet evening of fishing after a long day in the shipyard.

Sitting there in a relaxed position reminded me of my childhood days in Jones County in the southeastern part of Mississippi. After walking with my Dad on a well-beaten path through the woods for one-and-a-half miles to Tallahala Lake and relaxing there for an evening of fishing, forgetting the one-and-a-half miles to be walked afterwards, the crickets would begin their familiar sound and horn owls would call to one another. There on that lake I was being taught the fine art of fishing, and often the patience one must have to become a good fisherman.

But this particular evening my patience was being worn thin; I had used every trick to persuade the Redfish and Speckled Trout to bite, but to no avail. We then tried a couple more spots up the river with no luck. I mentioned to Calvin that we would try one more place, an old abandoned shipyard where on many occasions in the past I had caught fish. He readily agreed. On the way we talked about going Bream fishing on a favorite bayou the following Saturday.

My oldest son, Eddie, (now a Marine stationed on Okinawa), and Calvin are about the same age and had grown up together in Jones County. They, myself, and Calvin's father had spent many pleasant hours fishing together when they were young boys. Calvin had mentioned to me earlier that in all the years he and Eddie were growing up together they had never had one single fight; they had always got along good together. Not only was I fishing with a friend, but a very good friend of my Marine. I had no way of knowing, but before that night was over, I would see more terror on that young man's face than I had seen in the five major battles I went through in Korea.

After reaching the old shipyard area I tried all my skill and talent I had learned over the years, but a few trash fish is all that would take the bait and by that time it had become dark.

"Charlie, you think we should give up? When *you* don't catch fish they are just not biting, and you know, I'm pretty good myself."

"Let's try just a little longer Calvin," I replied.

I had just gotten a bite and was reeling in. Just as I suspected, he had gotten my bait. The bait was behind us and as I turned to get some I almost froze with fear.

A zipping sound was all I heard, and about sixty or seventy feet away some type of craft was approaching the ground. Calvin had turned by this time and was facing the craft. He glanced my way, desperately searching my face for an explanation. I didn't have one. I couldn't hardly believe my eyes. What could it be? I couldn't imagine where it could have come from. No engine noise, just a pulsating blue light, or was the light revolving? The craft hovered there about one-and-a-half to two feet from the ground; how could that be? How was it being controlled? It can't be any known aircraft, no noise, not touching the ground, no wings? Was there anyone aboard? All these questions were racing through my mind. The last question would be answered soon.

Hovering there, about thirty feet long, eight or ten feet high, shaped like a football, more blunt at one end with a small dome-like structure on top. Something up toward the top, at one end resembled two windows–fascinating, it seemed to hold me spellbound. "Maybe it will just leave; we can run for the car and get the hell out of here," I thought to myself. But I was also still wondering what was inside. At this point I was frightened, but curious.

I don't believe anyone could have been prepared for what happened next. An opening appeared in the end that was toward us; the blue light had gone out. Looking through the opening the inside seemed to glow. My flesh crawls now when I think about the three things that appeared through the opening. By the expression on Calvin's face I knew I wasn't seeing this alone. I couldn't control myself, I shook from fear as Calvin screamed.

"Damn it, what do they want? What are they going to do?" I cried.

As if to answer my question, they glided out of the opening staying about the same height off the ground as the craft–and come for us. If they had a more human likeness it would not have shocked me so. The head seemed to come directly to the shoulders, no neck, and something resembling a nose came out to a point about two inches long. On each side of the head, about where ears would be, was something similar to the nose. Directly under the nose was a slit resembling a mouth. The arms were something like human arms, but long in proportion to the body; the hands resembled a mitten, there was a thumb attached. The legs remained together and the feet looked something like elephant's feet. The entire body was wrinkled and had a greyish color. There could have been eyes, but the area above the nose was so wrinkled I couldn't tell.

Two of them took hold of my arms, one on each side. Instantly I felt pain in my left arm, but just as quick it was gone, I became helpless, I could not move and had no sensation of feelings. One of them took hold of Calvin; I saw him go limp and found out later he had fainted. As they were taking me aboard the craft I remembered reading on different occasions in the past where people had disappeared or vanished. "Will this happen to us? Will anyone ever know what happened if they take us away? Will this be my last day on earth?" All these things were racing through my mind.

Inside the light was almost blinding, but for some strange reason I couldn't close my eyes. "Damn it to hell, why don't

they just kill me." I kept thinking, "They will dredge the river and with no bodies they will assume we have drowned and washed out to sea. God help us–where is Calvin, what have they done with him?" Then I saw it: something that resembled a big eye seemed to come out directly from the wall. I tried to close my eyes, but couldn't. For one instant I thought I felt pain in my left arm again. "What the hell have they done to me? I can't move." The "eye" came closer and stopped about six inches from my face. The end focused on me was a different color or type of material than the rest of it. I tried again to close my eyes, but some force kept them open. The eye lingered there for a while then started to move down my body and returned to move over my entire body. No pain, no sensation. I remember trying to wiggle my toes, no way! "Why in hell don't they just stop me from breathing and let my life end here?"

The eye had finished and moved back into the wall. The things had released me and had to be somewhere behind me because I didn't see them move in front of me. I tried to move again; some force was still there. "Please don't take me away!" I know I was saying this, but I couldn't hear my voice. "Calvin, where is Calvin?" But I still couldn't hear my voice. I was alone for what seemed eternity, but couldn't have been more than a few minutes. My mind wandered back to a crossroad north of the 38th Parallel in North Korea. The enemy had thrown up a roadblock to cut us off from our main unit, but by being calm and keeping our heads we learned the North Koreans a lesson that day, one that many of them didn't live to remember. "Keep calm, Charlie," I kept telling myself. "Don't panic, your time will come, they can't keep you this way forever." Then I saw them again. They took hold of me the same as before. The opening appeared again and we glided toward it, "Maybe this isn't my day to die." We glided through the opening and moved toward the place they had taken me from. My feet were touching the ground. When they released me I fell when my legs gave away.

"My God, what have they done to him?" He was standing there with his arms outstretched, almost in shock. There was more terror on Calvin's face than I have ever seen on anyone's. I started to crawl toward him, but raised to my feet before I reached him. Just before I reached him I heard the zipping sound again and as I looked around I saw the blue flashing lights and almost instantly the craft was gone. I can recall something raced across my mind, "We are peaceful, we meant you no harm."

"My God, they had to be from another world!" I couldn't believe it, I had physical contact with something beyond our Earth–hopefully, without any physical harm. But, Oh God, I didn't know at that time how much it would effect me mentally in the days and nights to come.

As I reached Calvin I shook him.

"No, no, please don't!" he cried.

I shook him real hard again; he relaxed and fell to the ground, screaming. It took a few minutes for me to make him realize who I was. Many times I had seen men in shock in Korea. Calvin was on his way, but I think I pulled him out of it.

"Charlie, what are we going to do? What are they? What are they going to do to us?"

I assured him they had gone. My flesh began to crawl again. I shook, I couldn't control it for a few minutes.

I remembered a night a long time ago, 1952, on the central front in Korea north of the 38th Parallel. My company had been called on to help stop an attack where the North Koreans and Chinese had broke the lines of the First Capital Division of the South Korean Army. "Charlie, what's it like up there?" a replacement recently from the States asked me. I tried to explain to him, but combat is something you have to experience yourself to understand. I saw him scream and cry that night after we helped stop the attack and moved the bodies from the battlefield. "Charlie, were you scared?" he asked me. "Hell yes, I was scared, no man in his right mind can say he wasn't scared." But that was normal fear; the enemy was there to kill or be killed.

Tonight was different. Something that had to be from another world, the unknown, that is not supposed to exist–there was more than normal fear, there was almost panic, fear I had never known. "Would they come back? What did they do to me?" Questions that couldn't be answered.

I had to think of Calvin too and console him.

"Charlie, it seemed as if I died and came back to life. Are you sure we are O.K.?"

I assured him again everything was all right, but not believing myself.

"Calvin we have got to forget this and not tell anyone."

"I might not tell anyone, but I won't ever forget it. Did they do anything to you Charlie?"

"I don't think so, what about you?"

"I don't know, but I do know they almost scared me to death. I'm not even sure I'm alive now."

I shook him again.

"The face, Charlie, I couldn't see any eyes. How can anything see without eyes?"

But the face was so wrinkled I couldn't really tell if they had eyes. Again Calvin asked me what could they have been.

I was wondering if I could live with this the rest of my life without telling anyone, when Calvin spoke up. He had been thinking the same thing.

"Charlie, shouldn't we tell someone? What if those things come back? At least we could tell the military authorities."

I considered this and we talked about it a while, then something inside me said, "You must tell."

After reaching a pay telephone I rang the operator and asked for Keesler Air Force Base at Biloxi, about thirty miles west of us. A sleepy sounding woman's voice answered, "Keesler Air Force Base, may I help you?" I calmed myself before I spoke and briefly told her what happened and that I wanted to talk to someone in authority. She politely informed me that they did not handle those things–I would have to contact the local Sheriff's Department. My heart sank, "My God!" I thought. "What would happen if we were being invaded?" I hung up the phone and told Calvin the answer.

"What the hell are we going to do now, Charlie? Those people at the Sheriff's Department might think we are crazy."

We finally decided to call the Sheriff's Department, tell them what happened and ask them to notify the proper authorities and not tell anyone else. But just who the proper authorities might be puzzled me; after all, the Air Force had just turned us down. I reached for the phone again,* put a dime in and dialed the Sheriff's Department. Again, briefly, I told what happened. The deputy that answered seemed amused. I guess he thought we were pulling his leg. "Come on over and we will talk about it," he said.

"What the hell, does he think I'm nuts? Just trying to humor me? Come on Calvin, let's go."

Besides being scared as hell I was becoming a little angry–reminded me of a night patrol in Korea, not knowing what was out there or what was going to happen, but come hell or high water, I would see what was going to be the outcome.

"Brace up, Calvin, pull yourself together, we might be laughed at, ridiculed and everything else, but we are damn sure going to tell what happened to us."

*Charlie is collapsing time here. The call to the Sheriff's Department was actually made several miles away at another phone, 15-20 minutes after the Keesler call. See Charlie's account under hypnosis, pages 118-20.

Calvin was trembling, his eyes seemed to be focused on something far away.

We told our stories separately, over and over for what seemed like a couple of hours. Then they carried* us in a room together and questioned us and left us there alone. We found out later they had a hidden tape recorder in the room. The Sheriff stated the next day that the hidden tape is what finally convinced him we were telling the truth. After being assured by the Sheriff himself that this would not be let out to newspeople, we were told we could go home.

I was hoping I could get a couple of hours sleep before going to work the next morning. I didn't know then, but there would be many sleepless nights for me in the next few weeks. On the way home I was wondering if we had made the right decision. Something seemed to tell me we had. One thing was for sure, we had encountered some type of creature and some type of craft from another world on the banks of that quiet and peaceful river. This night would change our lives forever.

FRIDAY: *"Maybe we're contaminated with radiation!"*

With no sleep the night before, I went to work Friday morning at the shipyard. On the way I was trying to visualize how the day would go. Could I keep my mind on my job? After all, I did have a responsibility to the company I worked for. After getting my crew of men to work, my mind wandered back to last night. I shuddered, my flesh began to crawl, I began to shake, but very quickly I gained control of myself. But Calvin was not so lucky. I became worried, the shape he was in, everyone could tell he was terrified about something. I was going to get him off by himself and talk to him and see if that would help, but at about that time I was called to the telephone. It was a long-distance call from Jackson, Mississippi. A newsman on the other end introduced himself; I froze for a few seconds, "How in hell did he find out?" I asked myself. I politely told him I had no comment. It seemed then that every telephone in the shipyard was ringing asking for Calvin and me. Fred Diamond, our Sheriff, had not kept his word. I dialed his office and was answered by Fred himself.

"Charlie can you and Calvin come over here now? Newspeople have invaded my office, they want to talk to you and Calvin."

*"Carried" is a southern expression meaning (in this context) "brought" The men were *not* physically lifted and transported to the room.

"Damn it Fred, you promised us last night you wouldn't let this out to newspeople–every telephone in the shipyard is ringing from all over the country."

"Charlie, I don't know how it leaked out of this office, but anyway we can't keep a story like this from the world. Can you and Calvin come over now?"

I slammed the receiver down and said a few bad words.

"What the hell is wrong, Charlie?" asked Jim Flynt.

Jim is a foreman at the shipyard and personal friend of mine. He and Danny Davis, a welding foreman, had heard my part of the conversation with the Sheriff.

"For one thing, Jim, I won't ever trust our Sheriff again. Oh, what the hell, I might as well tell you and Danny; part of the country knows about it now, thanks to Fred Diamond."

They both were very understanding as Calvin and me told them what happened to us. Jim can draw quite well; he drew a sketch of the things Calvin and me saw come out of that spacecraft (Fig. 3). The phone was ringing again, Oliver Bryant wanted us up in the front office. You don't keep the General Manager waiting.

"Charlie, you and Calvin come on in, sit down and tell us what happened last night."

Johnny Walker, the owner of the shipyard, had come in by this time. After telling them our story, we discussed it with them quite thoroughly. Johnny mentioned that we should have legal counsel in a situation like this. We agreed, and so Joe Colingo, a well-known attorney in Pascagoula, was called. Shortly, Joe arrived, we gave him a briefing on what happened and I mentioned that the Sheriff had called and wanted us to come to his office.

We were brought in the back way to the Sheriff's office, the front was surrounded by newspeople. After being greeted by Diamond, one of the first things Joe asked was could we take a lie-detector test.

Sheriff Diamond replied, "We don't have the equipment here for that and I don't see any use in it, not after that tape last night. We had a tape recorder with them last night that they didn't know about when they were alone."

Joe still insisted, but no one seemed interested at that time. "Maybe later," someone said. To the best of my knowledge, Mobile, Alabama, was called, the closest place with equipment for a polygraph test, but they refused–didn't want the publicity.

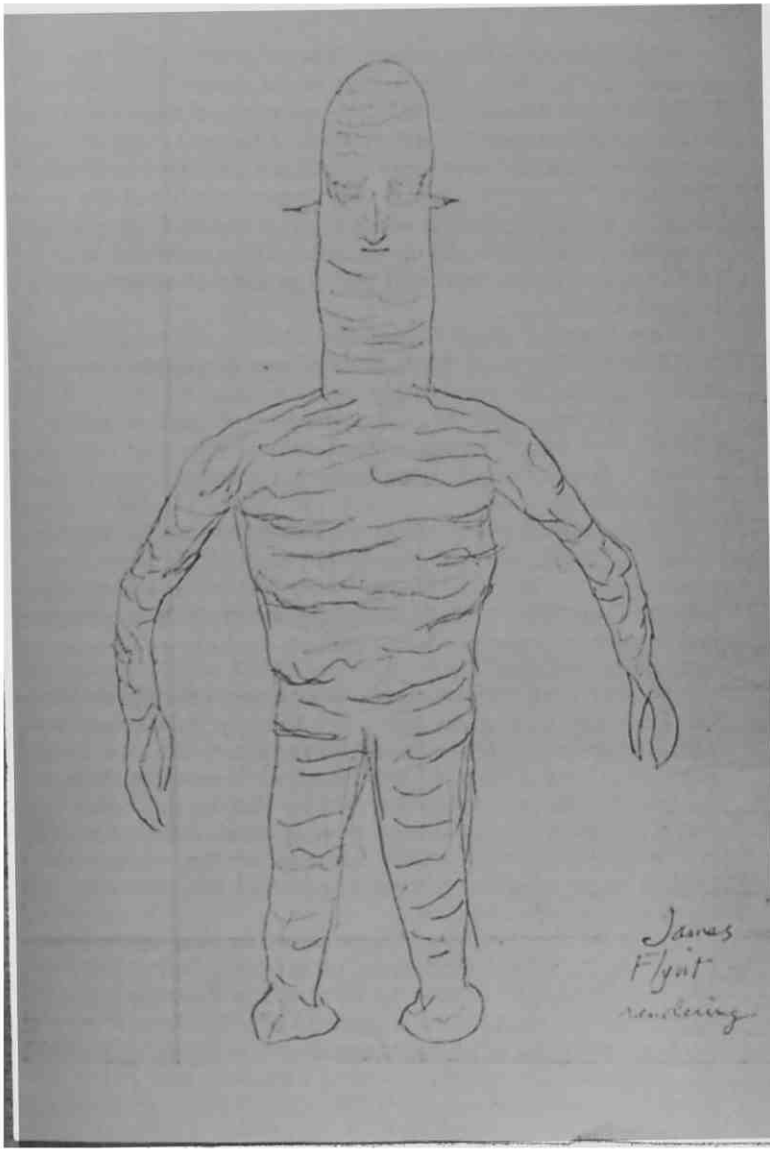


Fig 3: Sketch of the creature made by Jim Flynt according to the men's description at the W. B. Walker shipyard the morning after the abduction. Flynt is a friend and foreman at the shipyard.

While everyone was talking about the polygraph test, it occurred to me, "Why in hell can't we be tested for radiation? If we are contaminated, so many people we have come in contact with can also be contaminated." I thought of my family and tears came to my eyes. Immediately after I said this, Detective Tom Huntley and Joe Colingo took us out the rear entrance to an automobile and rushed us to the Singing River Hospital in Pascagoula for a test. But after conferring with a physician there, we were told that they did not have facilities for such a test.

Tom Huntley, who I believe is one of the most able men in law enforcement in Jackson County and probably the state, didn't hesitate; he immediately called Keesler Air Force Base and asked if we could be examined there. "Come on fellows, let's go, they will check you at Keesler," said Tom.

On the way there I asked Joe what would happen if our test was positive.

"Hell, Charlie, I don't know—let's wait and see," he replied.

Even though we were driving in excess of the speed limit, I believe that was the longest thirty-five miles I have ever ridden. There wasn't much talk, I guess everybody was thinking the same as me, "What the hell can we do if we have been exposed to radiation?"

The M.P.'s at the gate gave us directions to the place where the team was waiting. We were in a military installation now where precautions were being taken. Everyone was being kept away except the personnel that were going to examine us, and they had precautionary clothing to keep out radiation. I don't think I have even been more relieved in my entire life as I was when the test proved negative, no sign of radiation. I felt a surge of strength when I realized I had not contaminated anyone with radiation.

After the test was behind us, we asked for and were granted a conference with "Intelligence" at Keesler. Once again, we told what happened to us. I honestly believe that they believed our story, but orders from Washington said, "Hands off."

On the way back to Pascagoula my mind wandered back to last night and that terrible ordeal: "Why did it have to happen to me?"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SATURDAY: *"Ain't no damn body gonna pick my mind!"*

Johnny Walker's office at the shipyard seemed to have been set up as a central point, we would meet there with Harder and Hynek. Dr. James Harder, professor at the University of California and also associated with the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO), and Dr. J. Allen Hynek, professor of astronomy at Northwestern University, were flying in to investigate and talk with Calvin and me (Fig. 4).

We arrived before the scientists and were confronted by TV and newspeople who were demanding pictures and a story. "What the hell, we might as well go ahead, they will hound us until we do." Johnny didn't get much work done that Saturday morning. Most everyone was watching the excitement; cameras rolled and pens were running out of ink, until Dr. Harder arrived. What a relief! All these newspeople wanted was a story, it would be different with these scientists. They were concerned and maybe could help shed some light on what happened to us.

After introductions, Harder got right to the point. He wanted to hear what happened to us. We began to fill him in. At some points he would interrupt to ask a question. Some we could answer and some we couldn't. Finally, he said that Dr. Hynek would arrive about two in the afternoon, that he would like to wait until then and talk with us under a hypnotic state.

"Pick my mind? No way! Hell no! Ain't no damn body gonna pick my mind!" Charlie and Calvin were shaking again. Hynek wouldn't arrive until a couple hours; we would meet back there at two o'clock and talk about it then. There was so much excitement, everyone wanted to talk to us–it was a nightmare.

"Let's go home and have lunch, Calvin."

Blanche had a very good meal prepared. Curt and Tisha, my youngest son and daughter, seemed to sense that something unusual was wrong with Daddy and were very quiet and understanding. I truly enjoyed that meal, the first one since Thursday, there with that peace and quiet that only a loving family can give at a time like that. But it was short-lived–two o'clock was approaching, time to get back to Johnny's office and meet Dr. Hynek.

We didn't speak a dozen words on the way back. I kept wondering what effect it would have on me, if any, to be hypnotized.

Tim Wilson

Fig 4: Dr. J. Allen Hynek (right) foremost UFO expert and Dr. James Harder, longtime UFO researcher from California were both in Pascagoula to investigate the case within 36 hours after its occurrence.

I will never forget the impression I had when I met Dr. Hynek, a brilliant man in his profession. But I kept thinking to myself, "They are crazy as hell if they think they are going to pick my mind!" It wasn't brought up at that point, but I knew it would come later.

The story again, the questions again, for what seemed like hours.

"The eye, what did the eye look like? Describe it for me. Any gauges or instruments inside the craft? What did they look like? Describe the craft again. What kind of noise did it make? Did the things talk? Did they harm you in any way? How long were you inside?"

Questions, questions. Some I could answer, some I couldn't.

Harder and Hynek decided hypnosis would do the trick and so began to explain to us why they wanted to do this. They also assured us that if it became too terrifying we would be snapped out of it. We still weren't convinced.

The noise outside the room was picking up—national newspeople, local newspeople, shipyard people and other concerned people. Dr. Harder opened the door and asked for complete silence. If it hadn't been for the carpet, I believe I could have heard a pin drop.

I had mentioned to Dr. Harder earlier that my head had been hurting almost constantly since Thursday night, probably because of the fright, no sleep, and the terrible strain I had been under.

"I think I can help you, Charlie—your headache—and probably help you get a good night's sleep."

I relaxed myself on the couch and shortly, with Dr. Harder's suggestions, I was in a state of the most happy and relaxed feeling I have ever had. But as we approached Thursday night, I became terrified. I was back there with the craft landing and those things coming out. I believe now hypnotism could shed a lot more light, but two days after!—my God, I couldn't stand it. I'm human too, I can only take so much. He brought me back; someone dried my eyes. Fear shows on everyone someway; tears come to my eyes when I am terrified.

I remembered a time before the Chong Pay-ee Valley in Korea. We had dug-in in a chestnut grove preparing for an attack. There were tears in my eyes that night as all hell tore loose, but that had been a long time ago, ten thousand miles away.

I went out of the room. Calvin was next, I felt for him. "Oh God, please don't let them take him back to Thursday night," but I knew that was their intention.

"Charlie, you want some coffee?" Fred Diamond, Tom Huntley, and Captain Willis were in the kitchen by the coffee pot.

"Yeah, make it black." I tried to make conversation with them to get my mind off Calvin and what they were doing to him.

After a while someone came to the door and said they were through with him. They had to bring him out of it; he couldn't stand it any longer. Calvin came out and found me. I think we were both shaking.

"Come on boys, let's go in my office." Captain Willis knew we had to get away for a few minutes.

In Captain Willis' office I met Ralph Blum, who since has written a book along with his wife Judy (*Beyond Earth: Man's Encounter with UFO's*). Because they are sincere and are searching for the truth, Ralph and Judy have become very

good friends of mine. Ralph at that time was working for NBC and had come down from New York with Dr. Hynek.

I heard someone say Harder and Hynek were having a news conference; the world will soon know. Calvin seemed to be staring again at something far away. I was thinking about my family: "What will this do to them?–something that I don't even understand–and I know they can't understand it. What about my Marine on Okinawa? How will he take it?" Then I thought, "He's my flesh and blood, it will frighten him, but it won't shake him up as long as he knows that Dad is O.K." Right then I wanted to see him more than anything else, but I knew that was impossible.

"They are not unbalanced people," said Dr. Hynek, "they're not crackpots."

"There was something here that was not terrestrial," said Harder. "Where they come from and why they were here is a matter of conjecture," he continued, "but the fact that they are here (on this planet) is true beyond a reasonable doubt."

Well, there it was, the newspeople had their story. The news conference was over. Dr. Hynek came into Captain Willis' office and asked if Calvin and me would like to have dinner with him and Dr. Harder–seafood at the Wayside Inn, a well known restaurant a few miles out of town–and later we would talk some more. I declined the offer simply because I was not hungry, Calvin did likewise. We would wait there for their return, even though we were both worn out.

They had only been gone a short while when the telephone rang. It was Curt, my little boy.

"Dad, you should come home, Mother is real upset." There was worry in his voice.

"Don't worry Son, I will be there in just a few minutes."

I asked Captain Willis to apologize to Dr. Harder and Dr. Hynek for me. We could see them tomorrow, my family means more to me than anything on this earth.

"Don't worry, Charlie, you go on home, everything here will be taken care of." said Captain Willis.

We crossed the West River bridge and headed for Gautier.

"Charlie, I wished they would have killed me; I can't take much more of this," said Calvin.

I barely heard him, I was thinking of my family. Brenda, my stepdaughter, only a tiny thing when Blanche and me married, has always been like a real daughter to me. Her and Wayne (her husband) live in Vicksburg, Mississippi. I knew they must be wondering about me. I thought again of Eddie,

my oldest son, a Marine now for over a year; he would read about it in a newspaper and see it on TV before my letter would reach him and he would be real concerned until he heard from me personally that I was O.K. Sheila, our second daughter, who had been married only a short time back, had been frightened about it along with her husband, Kenny. Then there was Curt and Tisha at home with Blanche; they must also be frightened now, if Blanche was real upset. Such a wonderful family God had blessed me with. I thought for a minute how much I loved them and how much they all returned that love.

Somehow, then, I knew I would overcome this ordeal because I had the strength and love of my family to rely on. Tomorrow would be another day. I wouldn't worry about it, I would just simply take it as it came. As Dr. Harder had promised, my headache had gone, and I slept fairly well that night.

SUNDAY: *"No relaxing today."*

I could smell the aroma of *Luzianne* coffee when I awoke. Blanche had awakened earlier and had breakfast ready. "How do you feel, honey?" she asked. I told her my headache had gone and I had slept fairly well and felt much better.

I reached for the newspaper and there it was: *Scientists Term Pascagoula UFO Report As True*, pictures of Dr. Harder and Mr. Hynek on the front page and the statements they had made to the press. I had heard some of it the night before as they were holding their news conference. Now the paper was printing it for everyone to read:

> "Dr Hynek said, there were 1,042 cases reported last year of various sorts, some of them included incredible tales. Both doctors agreed that the government has been derelict in not keeping up with UFO investigations. They said the Air Force's Blue Book operation was not totally effective, but they maintained that it also helped soothe people's nerves and prevented an out-break of mass hysteria, such as the one created by Orson Welles' broadcast in the 30's. Harder said others have been subjected to constant ridicule, such as, 'What were you drinking when you saw the UFO?' and 'Have you seen any more UFOs lately?' Both scientists stressed the point that Hickson and Parker were telling the truth, that they did not make up the story, and that they did not suffer from hallucinations. Both men 'are completely solid and honest,' said Hynek. 'They are not unbalanced people.' He said the two displayed 'feelings of terror' under hypnosis that would be virtually impossible to fake. He said the two men have been through a very terrifying experience."

Calvin came in about that time. We commented on the paper and were having breakfast together when a knock sounded on the door, it was Dr. Harder. He had come by to talk with us again before flying back to California. We had moved to the living room and were all having coffee.

Later Dr. Harder put Calvin under hypnosis again, but he had to bring him out of it. It was frightening to me to watch when the terror came back to Calvin.

"Charlie, if anyone doesn't believe you and Calvin, they are a damn fool, and you may quote me on any news media in the country." Dr. Harder was very sincere in making that statement. Here was a dedicated man, along with a lot more scientists, who will, I believe, in the near future, prove to everyone that other worlds and other beings do exist. Harder had an airplane to catch, so after handshakes and goodbyes, he was gone.

Being Sunday I was hoping to get some rest before work the next day, but friends were already stopping by. No relaxing today.

MONDAY: *"We are out of the UFO business . . ."*

I was truly hoping Monday morning that everything would be back to normal. To be able to put in a good day's work at the shipyard without talking to newspeople and answering telephones would settle my nerves a little. Calvin and me both were still shook up pretty bad.

Upon reaching the shipyard and honestly trying to get back into the routine of our work, we found it impossible to do: too many telephone calls and too many visitors, not only distracting us, but the entire shipyard. We were told by management that we could take a few weeks off from work, to get away from it all. I wondered what we would do for an income in the next few weeks, but there wasn't much choice, we would try to get away from it all for a while. What we didn't know then was that we couldn't get away. Too many people concerned. The next few weeks were a nightmare: they came from all parts of the country.

Tommy Blann, deputy director of *The International UFO Bureau* of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, along with his wife, came to my home and spent several hours with us discussing the ordeal.

Newspeople were continuously at our door demanding a story. But Calvin and me weren't the only ones catching hell. Murphy Givens, a reporter for the *Mississippi Press*, a local newspaper, commented:

> "If you happen to make the mistake of asking in the Sheriff's office if they've had any UFO reports lately, you're likely to get an incredulous look. About the same kind of look of the man who had just bought a Holstein cow and was told to enter her in a horse race. Many of the curiosity seekers, freelance writers, magazine reporters, etc., have literally kept the Sheriff's office up a tree."

Two women in their middle years, one of whom could barely talk, made the long trip here from Connecticut to ask Calvin and me some questions. One of the women was a good friend of Betty Hill, the widow of Barney Hill, the couple that reported they had been taken aboard a UFO thirteen years ago. "She [Betty Hill] had tears in her eyes when we left," one of the women explained, adding that the Hill's experience had ruined their lives, and Mrs. Hill hoped that someway, somehow, the incident *here* would help prove their story. Since that meeting, I have received letters from Mrs. Hill, and I am hoping in the future I might meet her and discuss the two happenings personally.

The Air Force was having its problems too. Judy Johnson of the *Mississippi Press* reported on October 18:

> "'We are out of the UFO business and have been since 1969. The Air Force has not, is not now, and does not plan to be investigating the UFO reports.' That statement issued today by Col. James Howell of the Public Information Office at Keesler Air Force Base in Biloxi, sums up the Air Force's general attitude toward recent reports of sightings of unidentified objects. Officials at both Keesler and Elgin Air Force Base in Florida declined to speculate on whether Gulf Coast citizens were in any potential danger. 'Whenever we receive reports of UFOs, we refer the people to their local law enforcement agencies, if they feel threatened,' Lt. Iris Galen of the Elgin Public Information Office said. 'If they want a scientific investigation conducted, we refer them to their nearest university. The Air Force is simply out of the UFO business.'"

These statements made me very angry. The billions of dollars our government is spending to reach out and explore other worlds and they even sent a probe into the universe with symbols to inform other beings about Earth—yet they discount UFO sightings. It doesn't make sense to me, but I suppose, they have reasons for this.

The entire Gulf Coast was in an uproar. In every newspaper I picked up, there was a story about Calvin and me and reports of other sightings. Ministers began speaking in the local churches about UFOs and their interpretations of what the Bible says about them. One preacher made a record from clippings he read in the newspaper and TV broadcasts. On the other side, he preached a sermon, saying they were demons. God help his soul and souls he has led to believe this. He even came to my home, wanting me to endorse this, which I declined. I could see the dollar marks in his eyes.

Many people were trying and some succeeding in making small fortunes on this ordeal Calvin and me went through. It made me sick to my stomach. I honestly believe when Jesus Christ comes back to this Earth some of these vultures will be there trying to make a buck.

The days and nights seemed to get longer in the weeks following as I struggled to keep my mind together–nightmares when I did sleep. It was constantly on my mind. My family played a big part in keeping me from cracking up under the constant strain.

Calvin had gone back to Jones County one weekend to visit his family. While there he had a nervous breakdown and was hospitalized awhile. He truly had to get away from it all. He remained in Jones County and refused to talk to any news media and didn't return to Pascagoula for a long while–and then just to visit.

My livelihood was here being a shipbuilder and with a family to support, after a few weeks off, I went back to my position in the shipyard, but there still was no rest from the reporters, either in person or on the telephone. Then the question arose through the news media; would I consent to a polygraph test? I agreed. It was given in the presence of our local Sheriff and chief deputy. The machine said I was telling the truth. This only caused more reporters, more telephone calls, more letters. No one will ever know, except Charles Hickson, the terrible strain I was under. But the many concerned people helped ease that strain with the letters I received, for which I will always be grateful. In the near future I hope to be where I can sit down and answer each of these letters personally. There is still love and concern for fellow beings on this planet and always will be as long as we exist.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

That's Charlie's story. But it is only the beginning. There is a great deal more to tell. After I'd read what Charlie had written, a plan began to take shape in my mind. Since I thought of myself as an investigator, whose job was to discover all the relevant data necessary to determine the truth of the claims of the two men, it seemed obvious that their past histories were important. For instance, were either of them known for "tall-tale telling" or even exaggerating very much? Had there been any mental illness? What would a current psychological test reveal? Were the men drug users? I also had questions about their stories. Were Charlie's and Calvin's stories consistent? Were their current stories consistent with what they told the Sheriff the night of the experience and consistent with what they said at Keesler Air Force Base the next day? And would all of this jibe with what might be revealed when the men underwent hypnosis?

I decided that a test for consistency among the *various* abduction accounts given by Charlie and Calvin would be very, very important. Just as in a court of law, if a person's description of a crime, he supposedly witnessed, *changes significantly* during subsequent testimony, then that person's value as a reliable witness is immediately cast in doubt. Inconsistencies may indicate that the witness is not telling the truth or that he is incompetent to report what he has seen. Of course, consistency *alone* is not sufficient to establish the truth of testimony beyond a reasonable doubt. That is, it is possible for a witness to tell the same story, to be consistent, and still lie or be mistaken for one reason or another.

In the Pascagoula case, however, we do not have witnesses taking the stand to tell their story. What we have are several, extremely important, *separate* records of what allegedly occurred on the night of October 11, 1973.

First, there is a Sheriff's secret tape. This taping took place at the Jackson County Sheriff's Department within a few hours of the abduction. To the best of my knowledge, this is unprecedented in the entire history of UFO sightings in this country. Never before has a "contactee" made a report to officials within hours of the experience, and never before has such a report been mechanically recorded word-for-word.

The second record we have of the events of that night is a transcript of an interview with Charlie and Calvin conducted by Base Intelligence at Keesler Air Force Base. The Keesler interview was done on October 12, 1973, less than twenty-four hours after the abduction. At Keesler, Charlie and Calvin

Fig. 5: Abduction site. The arrow indicates pier from which the men were fishing; oval, where ship hovered; and "X" their car's location. Tim Wilson

told their story for the benefit of the authorities that they had attempted to contact only minutes after the encounter.

The third document consists of several hours of taped interviews conducted by me, between August 1974, and January 1976. I refer to these statements as Charlie and Calvin's *current recollection* of the experience.

The fourth, and last, document is the tape recording of the men's experience made while they were under hypnosis. During the hypnosis, in which they were "taken back" to relive the experience, new information was revealed–information which is intriguing in its implications.

These four documents will be compared to each other and tested for consistency. To do this kind of comparison, however, necessitates repetition. For example, if Charlie's and Calvin's description of the creatures, on the Sheriff's tape, is shown to be consistent with their account given under hypnosis–then, a certain amount of repetition will be inevitable in illustrating this consistency. I ask the reader to be as patient as a conscientious member of a jury, who listens to the parade of "defense witnesses," all telling essentially the same story.

The reader may wonder about the "validity" of testimony given while in a hypnotic trance. Many believe that hypnosis is half witchcraft–"look into my eyes"–and half nonsense. That is, they doubt that hypnosis has any validity at all. Is it valid? The truth about hypnosis may be a surprise to many.

CHAPTER 2

THE MEN ARE HYPNOTISED

CALVIN (under hypnosis):
Two of 'ems approaching Charlie —they're on him. They're takin' Charlie aboard. One—one's comin' towards me. . . . I can't move . . . I want to run—I can't. . . .

Although hypnosis has been practiced for over one hundred years, modern science does not really understand it. There is still no theory that satisfactorily explains what hypnosis does. We do know however, that it works. One of the effects of hypnosis is to be able to retrieve information in our minds which has been stored at an "unconscious" level. This information is not usually accessible to our "conscious" selves. We usually are not able to think back, at will, to some past experience and recall all the details. Under hypnosis, however, we frequently can do just that.

The hypnotic technique that allows this process is commonly called "time regression." Some experts believe there are basically two types, or forms, of time regression, one which results in the subject *reliving* a past event exactly as he experienced it; for instance, if the subject was six years old at the time of the experience, under hypnosis, he will speak using the vocabulary of a six-year-old; in the other type of regression, the subject *witnesses* and describes the past event, usually in his current language and style.

It is claimed that exceptional feats of memory are common under time regression hypnosis. For example, an adult regressed, or taken back, under hypnosis, to his tenth birthday party, might recall all the guests, the gifts they brought, and what the gifts were.

Hypnotic time regression can be extremely important in the investigation of alleged UFO contactee cases. Perhaps the best known UFO case in which hypnosis played a vital role is the Betty and Barney Hill case. The Hills' UFO-abduction

experience, which occurred on September 19, 1961, was revealed while they were hypnotised. (The reader can consult Appendix A for a detailed comparison of the Hill and Pascagoula incidents.)

Recently, more and more law-enforcement departments, throughout the country, have begun to use hypnotic regression to obtain information needed in the investigation and trying of criminal cases.*

Hypnotism played a central role in obtaining a conviction in the case of *Harding* v. *State* in Maryland in 1967. Under hypnosis, the victim, Mildred Coley, was able to recall details of her assault, in which she was shot and raped. These details later convinced the police and a jury, of the guilt of the accused. As a result, her attacker was sentenced to thirty-five years in prison on the combined charges. His attorneys appealed the decision on the grounds that the hypnosis testimony should not have been admitted at the trial. The appellate court did not agree, however, and rendered a decision upholding the original trial and the judge's decision to allow the evidence discovered by hypnosis.

In another case, *Wyller* v. *Fairchild Hiller Corp.*, the plaintiffs were awarded combined damages of over $600,000, the most significant evidence in this case—again revealed with the aid of hypnotic regression. In the Wyller case, a commercial helicopter carrying two passengers, in addition to its pilot, crashed near Kissen Bay, Alaska. The sole survivor of the accident was Charles F. Wyller. Mr. Wyller later brought suit against the manufacturer of the helicopter, the Fairchild Hiller Corporation, because he believed that post-crash tests on the helicopter indicated that the craft had suffered some kind of malfunction of its fail-safe mechanism. If the fail-safe mechanism had been functioning properly, it should have allowed the main rotor to continue to turn and thus prevent the craft from "dropping like a stone."

Wyller's memory of the details immediately preceding the helicopter's plunge to earth was vague and incomplete. His attorneys decided that hypnosis would be worthwhile, as they thought significant information might have been buried in Wyller's *unconscious*, hidden there by the severity of the trauma he suffered during the plummet and crash.

Clayton Mason, a hypnotist associated with the Institute of Aerospace Safety and Management at the University of Southern California, was called upon to hypnotise Wyller and

*The interested reader may wish to consult *Hypnosis: A New Tool In Crime Detection* by Eugene B. Black.

regress him to the exact moments preceding the crash. Under hypnosis, Wyller was able to make the observation that the craft had veered sharply to the left just before it plunged to the ground. This suggested that the main rotor had ceased to function, enabling the tail rotor to push the craft around to the left.

Wyller's "hypnotic" testimony was admitted at the trial over the vehement protest of the defense attorneys. The hypnotist also testified as to the "validity" of the information obtained by the hypnotic regression. After a short deliberation the jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. The defense attorneys appealed the decision, claiming that what Wyller said while under the influence of hypnosis was, at best, "untrustworthy." Finally, in September 1974, the justices of the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit ruled in favor of Wyller; they admitted the hypnotic evidence and upheld the original decision.

Perhaps the best-known criminal case in which hypnosis played a vital role was that of the "Boston Strangler." When Albert H. DeSalvo confessed to the thirteen stranglings that had terrified the women of the Boston area, he was a patient at the Bridgewater State Hospital. He had been ordered there by the Court for psychiatric testing in connection with a sexual offense. Although the police were ready to believe DeSalvo's confession, the hospital doctors were skeptical. They suggested that DeSalvo's particular mental illness might cause him to confess to the murders even if he had absolutely nothing to do with them. Attorney F. Lee Bailey, who was involved in the case, recommended that DeSalvo be hypnotised.

Dr. William Jennings Bryan hypnotised DeSalvo and regressed him to the exact dates of the murders. In the case of one victim after another, DeSalvo related how he had gained entry to their homes, assaulted, and strangled them. DeSalvo's description of the furnishings of some of the victims' homes was so detailed and accurate that it was impossible to doubt that he had been there.

Although far less sensational, the following case is, perhaps, the best illustration of the efficacy of hypnotic regression. A hit-and-run driver in Santa Fe, New Mexico, was apprehended after a police officer recalled the driver's exact license number. The officer had seen the number at the time of the accident, but could not remember it until he was hypnotised by Dr. Jean Rosenbaum.

The recent history of hypnosis in police work is an indication that hypnosis can reveal the truth. Like the polygraph (lie detector), however, it is not infallible.

First of all, for successful hypnosis, one must determine that the subject really is in a trance state, that he is not "faking it." An experienced hypnotist has little difficulty in making this determination. Secondly, the questioning technique employed must avoid "leading" the subject to the answers desired. This frequently is a danger, because under hypnosis, the subject is usually very open to suggestion and tends to want to please the hypnotist. Even a well-intentioned examiner may inadvertently make the error of suggesting or soliciting answers from his subject. The following criminal case hearing in Detroit is a good illustration of the way in which "leading questions" can contaminate the testimony of the witness under hypnosis.

In a veteran's hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan, during the summer of 1975, several patients died mysteriously and about a dozen others almost died. About a year after the deaths, two hospital nurses were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury for the mass murder. The prosecution hoped to prove that the nurses injected their patients with a strong paralyzing drug, *Pavulon*, which would cause rapid suffocation. The nurses were indicted partially on the basis of testimony given by a former patient, Richard Neely–testimony given while under hypnosis.

Neely was a patient at the Veterans Hospital at the time of the murders and is one of the victims who survived an attack similar to that which killed the other patients. Under hypnosis, Neely identified one of the indicted nurses as having been in his room just prior to his breathing failure. Before being hypnotised, Neely had no recollection of anyone having been in his room on the night of his attack.

Because of his poor health, Neely's hypnotic testimony was recorded on videotape. This testimony was later challenged by an expert witness for the defense on the grounds that the FBI agents had "suggested" answers.

Dr. Martin T. Orne, a University of Pennsylvania research psychiatrist and hypnosis expert, after examining the videotapes of Neely's testimony, testified at a pre-trial hearing that Neely was the unsuspecting victim of "confabulation." Dr. Orne defined "confabulation" as ". . . something which happens when a person *makes up* a place that is missing in his memory." This condition, he suggested, was brought about by the questions asked by the FBI agents and by their attitudes toward Neely's answers.

At the pre-trial hearing the psychiatrist analyzed the videotapes of Neely's testimony, stopping the tape at several places to support his "confabulation" claim. The following instance is one such telling example.

Neely, under hypnosis, told the FBI agents that he couldn't believe anyone at the hospital was capable of committing the alleged crimes. "They couldn't do nothing like that," Neely said. The hypnotist, who was not an FBI agent, then instructed Neely to imagine a large screen upon which he could picture various past events that had occurred at the hospital. An agent next asked Neely, "On the picture, can you see anybody who you *believe* would do something like that?" (My italics.)

Stopping the tape at this point, Dr. Orne said, "That is a direct suggestion to put somebody on the screen . . . to visualize someone on the screen who might do something like that." It was immediately after this scene on the videotape that Neely first identified one of the nurses who were later indicted. Neely said later that he disliked this nurse because she wasn't very friendly and was "just a little snotty."

Obviously, Dr. Orne has a point. To ask Neely what he *believed might have happened* is certainly not the same as asking him *what did happen*. And under those circumstances, the suggestion encouraged him to imagine someone, *anyone*, committing the attack on him.

I have diligently attempted to avoid such blatant errors in the hypnotic interrogations of Charlie and Calvin. Realizing the importance of the hypnotist's role in the investigation of the Pascagoula incident, I was careful to select a practitioner with extensive experience. John Kraus, founder and director of the *Kraus Hypnosis Center* in Detroit, is a professional hypnotherapist with over twenty-five years experience. Kraus has been awarded certificates from the American Institute of Hypnosis in the areas of psychotherapeutic analysis, medical hypnosis, dental hypnosis and hypnotherapy. He has also studied with the nationally-known Dr. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., and Dr. Garland H. Fross, D.D.S.

Mr. Kraus has been at his present address for seventeen years and during that period of time has established an extensive practice in hypnotherapy. Most of his clients are referred to his center by doctors in the Detroit area. He is an active member of the American Institute of Hypnosis, and the American Association of Professional Hypnologists. Currently (1976), he is serving as secretary with the Michigan Association for Professional Hypnosis. Kraus has taught hypnosis to doctors, dentists, and other professionals in Michigan.

Kraus began his first hypnosis session with Charlie by reassuring him that hypnosis is not a form of mind control, that Charlie would be in full possession of his mind at all times, and that he could terminate the session whenever he desired. After further assurances that everything would be done to prevent Charlie from being uncomfortable (we were mindful of how painful the hypnosis had been which was attempted less than forty-eight hours after the incident), we were ready to begin. There were four people in the office: Charlie, John Kraus, Curtis Watkins (an artist who sketched Charlie's descriptions), and myself.

Several tape recorders were turned on and Charlie assumed a comfortable position in a reclining chair, which was then adjusted to its most horizontal position. With his hands loosely clasped at his belt buckle and a blindfold covering his eyes, Charlie lay on his back attempting to relax. Kraus then began his induction talk, a series of suggestions, which, if successful, would take Charlie into a hypnotic trance state and eventually lead him back to the events of the evening of October 11, 1973.

The entire induction procedure took approximately thirty minutes and was in three parts. During the first part, the hypnotist asked Charlie to imagine that "a wonderful feeling of relaxation" was gathering at the top of his head. It was next suggested that this feeling would "flow like water" down and over the muscles of Charlie's face, neck, shoulders, upper arms, forearms, hands, and finally out through his fingertips—relaxing each of these groups of muscles in turn. A similar series of suggestions were then given which focused on the muscles of the chest, back, waist, thighs, knees, and feet, and terminated with the suggestion that the "wonderful relaxing feeling" would flow right out through the tips of Charlie's toes. Throughout this procedure Charlie was encouraged to imagine, to *feel* if he could, what was being suggested. As suggestions were made, Charlie remained in the reclining position he had initially assumed. At one point I began to worry that he might be falling asleep. It soon became evident, however, that this was not the case.

During the second part of the induction talk, Charlie was asked to visualize a special clock, his own "clock of relaxation." This clock had numerals like an ordinary clock, but it had only one hand, which revolved in a counter-clockwise direction. Charlie was told to picture the clock with its hand pointing to twelve, and as the hand moved and pointed to each

Fig. 6: John Kraus, Hypnotist, "regresses" Charlie back to the night of October 11, 1973. Charlie proved to be a good subject; considerable additional information was obtained from the hypnosis session.

of the numbers on the face of the clock, he was instructed to think to himself, "I-am-relaxed." Charlie was cautioned against speaking the words; he had only to think silently to himself, "I-am-relaxed."

John Kraus then counted off the numbers as the imaginary clock revealed them, "eleven," and Charlie was reminded to think, "I-am-relaxed"—"ten," and the same suggestion was given again; "nine," this time the hypnotist said nothing, but simply paused, then continued slowly counting until the hand of the clock was back where it started on "twelve."

In the third and last part of the induction, Charlie was asked to visualize the pages of a calendar beginning with the current month and year, February 1976. This calendar was unlike an ordinary one in that its pages were backwards. When February 1976 was removed we would find January 1976 and when January was removed December 1975 would be revealed and so on. In this way, Kraus slowly carried Charlie back in time, all the way from February 1976 to September 1973. He

then suggested that Charlie move forward in time, into the month of October and up to Thursday, October 11, 1973–the day of the abduction.

The following is a compilation of edited tape transcriptions of the several hypnosis sessions conducted with Charlie and Calvin between February and May of 1976. Wherever the ellipsis (. . .) appears, part of the hypnotic testimony has been deleted. This was done to render the transcripts manageable; unedited they are far too lengthy to reproduce.

KRAUS

. . . Going forward now in October 1973 to the ninth of October–and the tenth, relaxed, calm, and secure, very aware, very relaxed and always in perfect control. Now, the morning of the eleventh of October 1973. The morning, the day you have to start work. You remember very clearly, very distinctly–all of what happens to you. After breakfast you go to work–it's mid-afternoon now–taking your lunch break–very relaxed, very calm, very secure, very aware of all that's going on . . . I want you now to begin to describe what's happening to you. . . . You'll be able to speak very clearly and very distinctly and understand what you're saying. The very sound of your own voice becomes a tool of relaxation to you. . . . It's your lunch break now–after your lunch–and you're going back to work now.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

KRAUS

Fine, back to work now?

CHARLIE

Some of 'ems comin' back late–from lunch.

KRAUS

Got your crew working there for you now?

CHARLIE

Yeah, they're about all back now.

KRAUS

Go ahead just a little further now . . . just relax . . . everything's fine.

CHARLIE

Me and Calvin's talkin' about going fishin' after awhile, after we go home and have supper. . . .

KRAUS

Go ahead . . . you're very relaxed.

CHARLIE

I hope my wife's got supper ready, I'm hungry.

From the above comments, it is evident that Charlie's hypnotic regression was the type that caused him to relive the experience, rather than simply "witness" it. When he formed his sentences his verbs were all in the present tense. Referring to the men working under him, he said, "Some of 'ems *comin'* back late—from lunch," rather than ". . . *came* back late." There can be little doubt that Charlie is reliving the experience when we hear him say, "I hope my wife's got supper ready, I'm hungry."

KRAUS

What's happening now?

CHARLIE

We're going across the bridge toward Gautier, toward home. . . . We're nearly about to the house. Yeah, she—she's got supper ready. . . . Damn! I loaned somebody one of my fishin' reels—oh, I got three though, I got plenty to fish with this evening. I don't have to go by and get my bait. I got some frozen shrimp already in the freezer. We going to go over there now . . . [to the river] I don't hardly know where we ought to go on the river. I fished up and down there a lot of time I—[Charlie sighs at this point as though trying to make up his mind just where to begin fishing.] try to go down by that old grain elevator first, I think. . . .

Charlie frequently paused in his narrative. These periods of silence varied from ten to thirty seconds. Listening to him one had the feeling that sometimes Charlie is waiting during these periods of silence for part of the "action" to pass. Occasionally, he will simply pass over some event which clearly took time to occur in reality. For example, supper was mentioned as being

ready, but there was no pause or time spent describing the eating of it. It's as if Charlie's conscious mind was mediating, deciding what was important, and passing over events that were relatively insignificant.

KRAUS
Just relax now, easy and relaxed.

CHARLIE
There's a lot of waves comin' in the river here from the fishing boats comin' in. [Charlie and Calvin are fishing in the river now.] We're not gonna catch no fish here. We're goin' on up the river now. Looks like we're gonna have to walk a little ways here.... The tide ain't right. [Long pause, then Charlie chuckles, it's a genuine, infectious kind of laugh that makes us smile with him.] That Calvin just told a joke.... [He chuckles again.] We ain't gonna catch no fish—that river ain't right. He ain't got no—Calvin said he left his watch in the car—wonder what time it is.... Sun's still up there a little bit though—it ain't too late. Well, I guess we won't see what time it is, he can't find his watch—no, he can't find it. We're going on up the river now, going up the side of the river.

KRAUS
You're very relaxed and calm.

CHARLIE
I don't know, we might catch something here—I doubt it though.

KRAUS
You're very relaxed and calm, easy.

CHARLIE
We're just talkin' about goin' back—back up on Pearl River—set out some trotlines for catfish like we did long time ago—Calvin's Daddy and my boy. I don't know when I'll get to go though. Boy, this ol' pier's been here a long time—gettin' pretty old. [They are now at the abandoned Schaupeter Shipyard.] Just caught a catfish—'Hardhead' [Name of a local species of catfish]—not any good though. Don't think the Redfish are gonna bite ... wish to heck Calvin could find that watch, we could see what time it was.

Calvin just caught a Croaker. [Charlie laughs out loud again. We do not inquire and he does not volunteer why he laughed.] We ain't gonna catch no fish here. [After a long pause, Charlie's hands and feet begin to twitch slightly and perspiration beads above his upper lip.]

KRAUS
We're right here with you. don't be afraid now. [Charlie's breathing becomes audibly heavier.]

CHARLIE
[Taking a deep breath, but with a touch of panic in his voice, he cries out.] Calvin! Calvin! Did ya hear that? [He's panic stricken.] Oh my God! Oh my God! What is it? It's got some blue lights on it. It's–no–it's not touching the ground. [Charlie's breathing is considerably heavier now.] Blue light just gone out.

KRAUS
Look at it close. Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid now.

CHARLIE
Somethin'–somethin' openin' in that thing–openin'–that light's so bright–so bright. It's pretty big.

MENDEZ
What's pretty big, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Well, *that–that–that out there*! It looks–I don't know what the *hell* it is–it looks something like a big–[He does not complete the sentence.]

KRAUS
Take a good look at it.

CHARLIE
It's got somethin' on top of it too. I can't tell what that is on top, it looks like–there's somethin' there.

KRAUS
You can see it real clear.

CHARLIE
There's someone comin' in the doorway.

KRAUS
Don't be afraid now, Charlie. Don't be afraid now.

CHARLIE
Something comin' in–through the doorway. I can't tell what it is yet.

KRAUS
Watch it, watch it. Don't be afraid, just watch it.

CHARLIE
Oh my God! What am I gonna do? I can't move–I can't run–nothin'–they're comin' out. What is it? [His voice rising.] Calvin! What is it? They're gettin' closer! [His voice rising still higher.] They're gettin' closer! [Incredulously.] I can't move!

KRAUS
You're not afraid. You can see it very clear.

CHARLIE
There's three–three–three of 'em. I can see 'em better now.

KRAUS
Take a good close look. You're not afraid. Don't be afraid now. What's going on now, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Whatever it is, they're movin' toward us. There's three all right. I don't know, I can't tell yet what–they're not on the ground. I don't know–Oh my God! [With disbelief in his voice.] Somethin' that looks like *that*! They–don't look like anything I've ever seen.

KRAUS
Don't be afraid of it. You can see very clearly and distinctly. Don't be afraid.

CHARLIE
They're not that–that tall though.

KRAUS
How tall would you say they are?

CHARLIE
I don't know–they're not touchin' the ground. It's hard to tell, really. They're not–they're comin' on closer though.

KRAUS
Take a good close look at them.

CHARLIE
Yeah, they're comin' closer. Oh boy! They're kinda grayish lookin', they're kinda gray. If I had a little more light I could see better. . . . It's got a head on it, whatever it is–it's round lookin' thing. Let me look a minute–let me–[Long pause.] They got something that's stickin' out in front of–I think it's the head–comin' down to a sharp point. Got somethin' on the side too, on the sides of the head–it ain't nothin'–it ain't like no–ear or anything though.

KRAUS
What's it like? Take a good close look at it. Study it.

CHARLIE
It's got a rough lookin'–it just looks–it's grayish lookin', it's got a rough–I don't know what it is. It don't really look like a–any clothes or anything.

KRAUS
Take a good close look now, Charlie. Don't be afraid.

CHARLIE
I never seen anything like that. I bet it don't have any feet–I don't see any–it's up off the ground.

KRAUS
Look it over carefully. Describe it very easily. Don't be afraid now. Study it real careful now.

CHARLIE
It's not–it's not any kind of cloth. I don't know–it looks–it don't look like a metal. I don't know, I can't see it good enough. Still movin' this way–[Sighs deeply.]

KRAUS
Don't be afraid now, Charlie

CHARLIE

They're gonna take hold of me. That light! They're gettin' on me! Somethin' got me–my left shoulder–I got a sharp pain there. Oh Lord! They got Calvin too.

The "pain" Charlie felt as the creature took hold of his arm is one of many events that remain inexplicable. The pain may have been some kind of electrical shock or injection aimed at incapacitating Charlie, as he did become paralyzed as soon as he was captured. Also, Calvin didn't appear to experience pain, but it is possible that he did not notice it because he was so traumatized.

To add to the mystery, Charlie suffered a peculiar kind of bleeding on the Friday following the abduction. Charlie recalls blood flowing from what appeared to be a small puncture wound on his upper left arm. The same place and arm grasped by the creature that captured him! There was sufficient blood to require repeated wipings with a handkerchief for long enough time periods to cause him considerable alarm. This bleeding was witnessed by Calvin and also by Charlie's wife, Blanche.

The bleeding stopped Friday evening, and the next day Charlie could not find any evidence of broken or punctured skin where the blood had appeared. Perhaps, because the bleeding stopped, or simply because of the confusion of those days, Charlie failed to report the incident to anyone investigating the abduction. Some time later, however, he told the story to Ralph Blum, a writer, who mentioned it in his book, *Beyond Earth: Man's Contact With UFO's.*

Kraus probed the strange bleeding experience while Charlie was under hypnosis and the following details were revealed. Apparently Charlie first noticed that he was bleeding at about 8:00 A.M. on Friday, October 12, at the Walker Shipyard where he was employed. At that time, he wiped the blood with a handkerchief, and he saw what looked like a small puncture wound. Later that day, at home, around 6:00 P.M., Charlie again noticed his arm bleeding. It was at that time that he showed it to Blanche and Calvin. Charlie then took a shower and apparently did not notice any further bleeding.

Charlie did not reveal any concern or anxiety about the bleeding under hypnosis. He described it in a very matter-of-fact tone and said that at the time, he had thought that he might have been hit by a piece of steel at the shipyard.

Before turning to Calvin's account of the abduction under hypnosis, let's consider a few of Charlie's comments, which

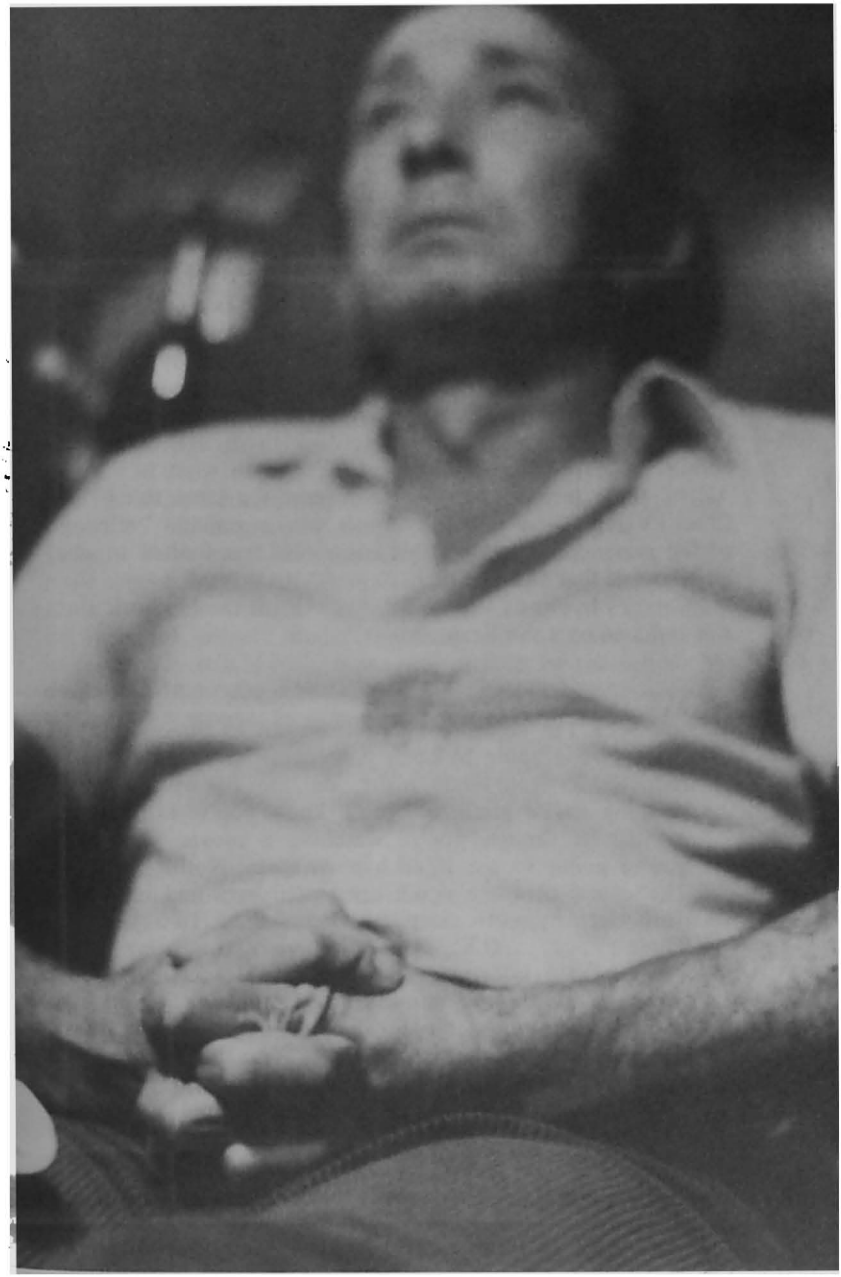


Fig. 7: Charlie, under hypnosis, relives the terror of the abduction. The tension in his hands reveals the intensity of his anxiety.

strongly indicate that his regression was deep and genuine. For instance, while describing the spaceship he said, "It's pretty big." When he was asked, "What's pretty big?" he answered, "Well, *that–that–that out there–*" He is unable to *name* what he sees as a "ship" or "craft" because at this point he was *reliving* the experience, and he had not yet decided what it was that was hovering before him. We assume–that was precisely his situation on the night of the abduction. Charlie's next observation under hypnosis was similar in that something which he had consciously and frequently described as a "dome," eluded him when he saw it under hypnosis. He could only say, "I can't tell what that is on top . . . there's somethin' there." The creatures are treated in the same way by Charlie's "unconscious." He described them as "Something comin' in–through the doorway. I can't tell what it is yet." All of these instances appear to suggest the same thing–that Charlie's regression under hypnosis was a genuine "reliving" of the experiences and that his knowledge was limited to what he knew on that October night.

Calvin's hypnosis session follows. Again, the hypnotic state was induced by John Kraus.

KRAUS

. . . Soon I'm going to count from one to three–count of three you're going to open your eyes. You're going to be right back again–that night, on the Pascagoula River. Nothing to be afraid of, you'll know you're just viewing it, just as though you're watching a movie–your eyes, you're going to see it all happen again. Nothing to fear. The count of three you'll open your eyes and remain in deep, deep hypnotic sleep. . . . One . . . . . Two . . . . . Three . . . . . O.K., open your eyes and remain in deep trance. Open your eyes and drift into deeper and deeper trance. You can communicate perfectly. Open your eyes now. [Calvin opens his eyes.] That's fine, Calvin, that's fine. You're there on the pier now. You can re-experience again just as you did then. You're right there now and I'm there with you, there's nothing to be afraid of. You can describe what you're seeing now–you just heard the sound.

CALVIN

[Speaking in a slow sleepy voice.] We're fishing, we just come back from the grain elevator. Sat down, we ain't been there just a few minutes. Charlie and I was fishin',

he was on my right side. We hear a noise, I hear a noise–I glance up–Charlie's lookin'. Turn around, there's some blue lights–two blue lights on it. At first it was just hazy blue. Charlie–Charlie was standing up, I stood to my feet. The blue lights resembled–on a patrol car, then they just lit up real bright. There was an opening, some kind of creatures comin' out.

From Calvin's initial remarks it seems that his hypnotic regression is not as "pure" as Charlie's. It is condensed and focuses only on the highlights of the experience in an almost summarizing fashion. The language is also different. Calvin uses a mixture of past and present tense verbs, which suggests that he is witnessing parts of the experience rather than "reliving" them. Perhaps this occurred because John Kraus suggested to Calvin that he would be "just viewing it, just as though you're watching a movie–your eyes, you're going to see it all happen again. . . ." Charlie's induction talk did not contain those suggestions. Such suggestions put a kind of "distance" between the subject under hypnosis and the experience he is describing. It is usually more comfortable for the subject to describe a traumatic experience if he is "viewing it" as though on a movie screen, as if it were happening to someone else. Perhaps, this is why Kraus gave Calvin those suggestions; he knew of Calvin's breakdown and most likely wanted to be sure Calvin would not suffer unnecessarily.

KRAUS
You can see them. Don't be afraid of them.

CALVIN
I only see one right now. He's standin' there in the openin'. They start comin' out–two of 'em and there's a third one. Two of 'ems approaching Charlie–they're on him. They're takin' Charlie aboard. One–one's comin' towards me. I don't know–I can't move–I'm just standin' there–I want to run–I can't, but he's still comin'.

KRAUS
What's he doing? Don't be afraid. I'm with you.

CALVIN
He's just easin' over. He ain't said nothin'. They–they

approach me and they take me by the arm—one of them. Takin' me aboard with Charlie.

As Calvin continues his narrative, his regression increasingly approximates the "reliving" character of Charlie's account. His words change from the past to the present tense.

KRAUS
What's happening now? Don't be afraid.

CALVIN
I see black dots—I remember a bright light—a real bright light. Then I see nothin'—

KRAUS
Where's the creature?

CALVIN
I can't see him.

KRAUS
Has he got a hold of you?

CALVIN
He's got a hold of me.

KRAUS
What's happening?

CALVIN
I remember goin' in the door—the opening, then everything gets real dark.

A comparison of Charlie's and Calvin's descriptions of the initial encounter under hypnosis reveals that they are essentially consistent in regard to details, such as, the craft with blue light(s), making a sound when they first noticed it, an opening appearing in the craft, and three creatures floating out of that opening. Let us compare these details with what Charlie said on the night of the abduction. This quotation is transcribed from the Sheriff's secret tape:

DEPUTY: Start from the very beginning.

CHARLIE: Well, this'll be the third time.

DEPUTY: That's what we want . . .

CHARLIE: . . . We were sittin' there fishin' and–I don't know how–I guess we must have seen the thing at the same time–just a blue light circling a little bit . . . a blue light, Jesus Christ!. . . . It was just circling–it looked like the light was–. . . after a little while there–it just come down on the Bayou, you know, about two or three foot above the ground . . . and I couldn't believe it . . . and a little buzzing sound [Imitates sound.] just like that . . . this opening just laid up there and three of them just floated out of the thing.

Calvin was also interrogated privately, without Charlie. Unfortunately, no tape recording was made of that session. Charlie's testimony, however, contains the same description we have noted earlier: the blue light (by "circling," Charlie meant the way blue lights appear to circle or turn on a police car), the ship hovering close to the ground, the buzzing sound, the strange opening, and the three figures coming out of the opening.

On the day after the abduction, when Charlie and Calvin were taken to Keesler Air Force Base for a radiation contamination check, they requested an interview with officers serving at the base. A comparison of the relevant parts of the Keesler interview with the above accounts reveals no inconsistencies. The men tell the same story at Keesler as they told at the Sheriff's Department and as they related under hypnosis.

Subsequent chapters will show that all of the various accounts of the October experience are amazingly consistent. I say "amazingly" because I *expected* their story to be false. Somehow it was just too difficult to admit that it might be true. So, I kept looking for something (such as inconsistency) to justify my *disbelief* in the possibility of a visit by intelligent creatures from another world. And when I did not find it, but discovered instead the opposite–*consistency*–I was amazed.

CHAPTER 3

CREATURES

CHARLIE (under hypnosis):
It's a terrible lookin' thing. It's real rough lookin'. It's not a skin . . . It's some type of material or something. It's not a skin.

Abductions by strange "creatures" are relatively uncommon in the history of UFO reports, nevertheless, others occurred before Pascagoula. To this day, the following case remains one of the most bizarre ever reported and investigated.

On the morning of October 16, 1957, at about 1:00 A.M., Antonio Villas Boas was plowing a field on his farm, located in the interior of Brazil. It was his custom to use his tractor at this hour and throughout the night. During the day the work was done by hired hands and Antonio usually slept. In this way, he was able to have the farm worked almost twenty-four hours a day. He recalled that this particular night was cold, very clear, and he could see many stars. As he worked, one star in particular caught his attention because it appeared larger than the rest. As he watched it, the "star" seemed to grow rapidly until it became a huge reddish light, which then descended on him.

Terror-stricken, Antonio couldn't decide if he should try to escape on the slow-moving tractor, or risk running on foot through the soft plowed field. The light, which now appeared to be a hundred feet or so above him, began to slowly drift down in front of his tractor. As it approached the ground, he was able to see that the light was attached to a strange machine, unlike any he had ever seen.

It was shaped like an elongated egg, he later reported, with three fin-like projections at one end and a large portion of the top rotating at a very high speed, and giving off a strong red glow as it spun. An enormous red "headlight" in the vicinity of the "fins" was apparently what he had first seen when the craft approached.

When the machine was a few yards above the ground, three "landing legs" came out at the bottom. Then, the farmer panicked and attempted to escape by driving his tractor away from the landing craft, but the tractor engine stalled and its lights went out. Boas repeatedly tried to start the engine, but it was dead. He now had no choice, he thought, but to risk running. Antonio leaped out of the door on the side of the tractor away from the craft, hit the ground, and tried to run, sinking knee-deep in the soft earth. He had only taken a few steps when he felt something grab his arm.

Antonio Villas Boas swung around to see a short figure, dressed in a strange uniform, hanging on to his arm. Summoning all his strength, he pushed his attacker back so that "it" fell to the ground. The distraught farmer turned away and again tried to run, but was quickly grabbed by three creatures who lifted him off the ground. Boas struggled desperately and screamed for help. As the creatures carried him toward the craft he swore at them and demanded to be released. His voice and speech appeared to interest them, for they stopped and looked into his face whenever he yelled.

It was not easy for them to get the frightened man into the craft. He grabbed a metal railing on the door several times and tried to hang on. Finally, he was pushed, dragged and pulled inside the craft.

Antonio then found himself in a small square room with shining metallic walls and ceiling. The ceiling seemed to emit light, and there were also many small square lights set into the ceiling close to where it joined the walls. The total effect was like daylight. Now, Antonio could see his abductors well.

Two of them still held him firmly. He could see five of them in all. They all wore the same uniform and helmet, a close-fitting suit which covered the body from the neck to the feet and thick-soled boots of the same material. The suits were gray and seemed to be made of a soft, thick cloth, although, no buttons, zippers, creases or seams of any kind were evident. The creature's hands, which had five fingers, were covered by thick gloves of the same material as the suit. On their chests each suit had a circular "reflector" about five inches in diameter, not unlike the reflectors on bicycles. A silver band connected the red reflector with a wide, tight belt.

The helmet was the same color as the suit, but of a stiffer material. It covered all of the head with the exception of the eyes, which were visible through two round lenses. Three silver tubes emerged from the top of the helmet and went down the

back of the head and re-entered the suit at the back, one along the line of the "spine," and the other two on either side. The side tubes entered the suit in the area of the "ribs." The area of the helmet above the eyes was much larger than necessary for a human-sized head. Antonio doubted that the creature's head "filled" the helmet, he thought there might be something else taking up that space, perhaps, something connected to the silver tubes that came out of the top.

Antonio could now see that the creatures were about his height, and although they were strong, he felt he could have held his own if he had met them one-to-one. But he would not get that opportunity–not exactly.

Boas was next led into a large oval room, which he believed to be in the center of the craft. Two creatures still held him while the others watched him and "talked." Their "speech" was like nothing Antonio had ever heard. It reminded him of the yelping and barking of dogs. The resemblance was slight, but it was the only thing he could compare it to. All at once, the creatures appeared to reach a decision, for all five of them then grabbed Antonio and began to undress him.

He fought them, but after a short time they succeeded. Antonio's anxiety mounted as a couple of them held him, while one of the others wiped him down with a "sponge" containing a clear, odorless, thickish liquid. It was a cold night and the temperature inside the craft was even colder. Antonio began to shiver. The liquid dried quickly, however, and before he had time to worry about his physical discomfort, he was led into a smaller room very similar in appearance and lighting to the other two.

Two creatures held Antonio while he stood naked and trembling in the glare of the new room. As he fearfully awaited what the next moment might bring, two more creatures came into the room. Each had a tube-like instrument in his gloved hand. They approached Antonio and placed an end of one of the tubes on his chin. He felt a "sucking" sensation and watched as his blood filled a transparent flask at the end of the tube. This operation was repeated with the other tube, the sample being taken from the opposite side of his chin. Then, all four creatures left the room, and Antonio was alone.

The small room was empty, except for a couch-like structure in the center. He went over and sat on the couch and tried to calm himself. When he sat down he noticed an odor, like that of burning paint. He next became severely nauseated and stumbled to a corner of the room, where he

vomited until his stomach felt empty. Afterward he was still sick and shaky but he could breathe better. Just before vomiting, Antonio noticed smoke coming out of some tubes that seemed to be part of the wall. As he returned to the couch he speculated that the "smoke" had probably been the cause of his sickness.

Antonio sat amazed at his predicament when he heard a noise behind him and turned to see the door open and a woman enter—a woman as naked as he. His shock must have been evident in his face, for the woman seemed amused as she slowly approached him.

She was beautiful, though quite different from any woman he had ever seen. Her eyes were the most striking feature. They were large and blue and slanting. The woman's nose and mouth were small and fine. Her straight platinum blond hair fell from a center part and curled under at her neck. Her cheekbones were unusually high, even higher than the Indian women Antonio knew. From her cheeks downward, her face narrowed to a small, pointed chin, giving her face a decided triangular, or heart shape. Later, Antonio would see that her ears were just like an Earthwoman's.

The female creature was slim and small, only four-foot-five or so, with small widely separated breasts, a narrow waist, small stomach, full hips and rounded thighs. Her hands were long and narrow, with "normal" fingers and nails. As she came toward him, Antonio noticed that her feet were small and her skin was fair with freckles on her arms. Her pubic hair, however, was blood red!

The woman walked up to Antonio, and suddenly embraced him. As she did so, their bodies stuck fast and he could feel her moving against him. At the same time she rubbed her head from side to side against his face. Her actions caught Antonio completely by surprise. And it was with even greater surprise that he felt his fear turn to desire and found himself becoming uncontrollably aroused. Antonio had known women before, but he had never felt such passion. Under the circumstances, he couldn't believe it was happening.

There was no doubt what the woman wanted, and given his rising emotion, it was easy to return her caresses and even lose himself in the pleasure of the moment.

She responded as any woman would, except that at one point, she made sounds that Antonio found unpleasant. These sounds made him think she was an animal instead of a woman. Once, she opened her mouth as if to kiss him, but bit him

lightly on the chin, instead. Antonio had placed her on the couch, but once she had gotten what she wanted of him, she pushed him away. Although Antonio was spent, he was still eager.

When he saw that she wanted to get rid of him, however, his feelings subsided and he got angry. He felt used. He then comforted himself by thinking that he really didn't care if she thought of him as a stud–after all, he *had* received considerable pleasure in payment for his service.

At that point, the door opened to reveal one of the creatures, who called to the woman. As she walked to the door she turned and faced Antonio with an expression on her face not unlike a smile. Still facing him, she pointed to her stomach, then to Antonio, and lastly, she pointed upward, presumably toward the stars.

As soon as she left the room one of the other creatures came in and returned Antonio's clothing. Antonio dressed and was led back to the other room, the one he thought was located in the center of the craft. The creatures no longer held him and he now felt little fear. He was reasonably sure that they had already gotten what they wanted of him. The woman was not in the room, and Antonio never saw her again.

Sometime later, Antonio was led outside and was given a tour of the outside of the ship. This courtesy tour was soon over and the crew member indicated that Antonio should stand back. Before entering the ship, the creature looked at Antonio and pointed to himself, then to the ground, and finally, toward the sky, to the south.

Antonio moved away from the craft and watched in wide-eyed amazement as it got ready to leave. After the door closed, the large circular part of the ship began to spin fast and its greenish glow changed to crimson as it accelerated. There was a change in the sound of the machine as it lifted off the ground and retracted its landing legs. Antionio was impressed by the fine workmanship of the ship. He could not even see an outline of the place where the landing legs had gone.

The ship rose about one hundred fifty feet above the ground, paused a few seconds, while the luminous top and "engine noise" increased in intensity, then it listed slightly to one side and shot off into the night.

Antonio's incredible experience had begun at about 1:00 A.M., it was now 5:30 A.M. He had been on board the craft for more than four hours!

Later, Antonio told his mother about his extraordinary experience. She advised him to "never get mixed up with those people again."

The following month Antonio read an article in a local magazine about flying saucers, which prompted him to write to the author of the article, Joan Martins. Three months later, at Martins' invitation, Antonio made a long journey to Rio de Janeiro where he was interviewed and examined by Dr. Olavo Fontes, M.D.

Dr. Fontes determined that Antonio was sane and sincere. Still, he might have taken his story less seriously except that Antonio bore strange scars and suffered unusual symptoms four months after the experience. Two of the scars were on either side of his chin. Some of the symptoms consisted of "cutaneous lesions" (sores) on the hands, forearms and legs, and he experienced nausea, headaches, loss of appetite, burning and watering eyes, excessive sleepiness (for about a month) and peculiar wounds that failed to heal normally. Two of the wounds were active when Dr. Fontes examined him, the rest had formed scars. Some researchers think Antonio's symptoms are very similar to some of the effects of radioactive poisoning.

Is the Antonio Villas Boas case true? It is certainly preposterous, implausible, illogical, and highly unlikely—yet . . .? The Boas case has little to do with the Pascagoula incident, except that it further raises the question of the *nature* of extraterrestrial life.

What should we expect an alien form of intelligence to look like? What can we *imagine*? Recall the "bar" scene in the film *Star Wars*. Most of the creatures in this scene are what ufologists call "humanoid," that is, generally conforming to human specifications: one head, one torso, two arms, two legs and so on. Is this the case simply because of obvious casting problems, or is there really something preferential in the evolutionary process about the human form? If the process of evolution on this planet was to begin all over again, would we turn out the same? Will evolution work in the same way on an alien planet? We do not know for sure—science can only speculate.

The creatures that Charlie and Calvin described were also humanoid. In September 1974, I questioned Charlie at length about them. This discussion was prior to the hypnosis with John Kraus in Detroit. Hypnosis had been attempted earlier by Dr. James Harder in Pascagoula less than forty-eight hours after the abduction, but no information was obtained. When Charlie, and later Calvin, were "taken back" to relive the

experience, their great distress caused Dr. Harder to bring them out of the trance state before any details about the creatures, or anything else, could be probed.

Before considering what the later hypnosis of Charlie and Calvin revealed about the creatures, let us examine what the men could recall from memory about them. The following is the edited transcript of many hours of taped interviews I conducted with the men concerning their *conscious* recollection of the abduction.

O.K. now, let's go back to the point where that opening appeared and very soon thereafter–you said it was a matter of seconds–that the creatures appear–and then they came out–how did they come out?

CHARLIE: They just–they float–they came right on out and that's where–that I noticed first the way their movements–one came out on this side, turned, and the other came on this side and took hold of my arms.

And how would you describe the creatures?

CHARLIE: Well, they were about five or five-four–they were a little over five foot tall I believe, you know, in proportion to my height, I could tell that. And they didn't have a neck, they had–the head it was kind of long in proportion to a head, but it just come directly to the shoulders. And they had something that–where a nose would be on a human's face and it came out to a point, but not a real sharp point, but it did come out to a point about an inch and a half long, and on the side of the head they had something where ears should be. It was like–it resembled what the nose looked like–and they were a little bit longer. And under the nose it was something like a mouth, it looked more like a slit, a straight slit, to me, and I didn't see any eyes because they were so wrinkled. There could have been some eyes though, I don't know.

Shoulders?

CHARLIE: Yeah, they had something like a human being's shoulders and their arms were like human arms, but they–their hands–where the fingers should be, was webbed and they had something there like a thumb–and the arms

were, you know, extra long, in proportion to the height of the body. And their legs, they had something like legs, but they remained together, I didn't see them move apart. . . .

You said the hands were webbed. Did you mean that there were fingers, and then there were webs in here like a duck?

CHARLIE: No, no, now when I say 'webbed,' I mean it's solid–

Would a mitten be a–

CHARLIE: Like a mitten, yeah, something like that, yeah.

When they were next to you and you were still standing on the ground, did you have to look up to them? Was their head above your head?

CHARLIE: Yes, they were a little bit–yeah, their heads was above mine.

And how high–could you see the ground under them?

CHARLIE: Yeah, you could see the ground under them. They weren't too high off the ground, but they were off the ground enough that you could tell that they were off the ground, that they weren't touching at all. Something like that–[Charlie holds his hand about fourteen inches above the table between us.]

And the ship was about the same height?

CHARLIE: Yes.

Now, you've described them from head to toe except you didn't describe the feet. Why don't you do that now?

CHARLIE: Well, they had something–it didn't look like our feet–it wasn't perfectly round–I don't know, more or less, like an elephant's foot–

Like an elephant's foot? Blunt, flat on the bottom?

CHARLIE: Yes, it came out from the legs a little bit like

this [gestures] and like that. But, it didn't look like a human's foot, no.

Color?

CHARLIE: They were–it looked to me like–it reminded me of an elephant's skin, it might have been a little bit lighter gray, but it was almost the color of elephant's skin.

Did you have the feeling of skin or metal? Or something else?

CHARLIE: I didn't have any feelings of what it might have been–uh–becuase it was happening so fast, I was frightened and I didn't think about things like that–all I could think about after they took hold of me was, 'What are they going to do with me?'

You didn't see any hair on these creatures?

CHARLIE: No, if there was any hair on–I didn't see it. It looked smooth, I mean, not smooth now–it was–well, you know, the wrinkles were running horizontal, but you could still tell that surface itself was smooth. It didn't look like it had any hair on it to me.

Any odor?

CHARLIE: No.

Sound?

CHARLIE: I heard some kind of buzzing sound from one of them, but I'm not even sure from what part of it–that it come from–or it seemed to me that it come from one of them. Uh–but I didn't see any movement of the slit that resembled a mouth, I didn't see any movement there. It might have come from that area, I don't know. But it seemed to be coming from one of them.

Did you feel any sensation as they approached, like a prickly sensation? [This feeling has been reported in other UFO incidents.] Or a sensation of heat or of vibration or anything like that?

CHARLIE: The only thing—no, not while they were approaching. The only feeling that I had was when the one that took hold of my left arm, just instantly, about my shoulder, or just below my shoulder—I felt pain, just instantly, and it was gone. And from that point I didn't have any feelings at all until after I came back outside the craft.

Now, you mentioned the movements and the movements are important because they have something to do with your feelings about them being robots.

CHARLIE: Yeah, I thought about it a lot since then. In fact, I still think about that a lot—why I keep saying they were robots. It's just the way that their movements, the way they turned. I did never see their head move like this, [Charlie turns his head to the right and left while keeping his shoulders still.] or, as far as that's concerned, up or down. The only movement that I seen, like a joint or something, was in the shoulders and in the arms here, [Points to his elbow.] and, of course, in the hands here. [Indicates a 'pincher' movement of thumb and hand.]

Did you see the body move or twist at the waist?

CHARLIE: Yes, I mean the *entire* body's what I'm talking about now. When they got there, they just turned, like it was done mechanically. [Charlie accompanied this explanation with body movements which indicated that the alien's entire body turned. At no time did he see the creatures bend or twist at the waist. This kind of movement struck Charlie as being stiff and "mechanical."]

At any time did you see the back or sides of the creatures?

CHARLIE: No, I never did see them from the back.

Did you see them from the side?

CHARLIE: Uh, I don't know—I couldn't get a good side view, no.

Where did you get the best view of them?

CHARLIE: From the front. I think the best view I had of them was when they were–just before they got to me and–I guess that was the best view, I don't know–but there's something in there that I just can't recall right down to the–to the, uh, I mean, I just can't do it! [Charlie was struggling here with the feeling that there was some kind of instrumentation in the ship, the details of which he could not recall.]

Let us now turn to Calvin's conscious recollection (taped in April 1975) of that part of the abduction dealing with the appearance of the creatures.

How soon after the [bright interior] light appears do the creatures appear?

CALVIN: Just seemed like–just as they opened the door.

Did you see them at first when they came out?

CALVIN: . . . After one of 'em got out I could. I started kinda gettin' a little of my sight back–I seen the two of 'em get out and the third one comin' out–

They didn't all come out together?

CALVIN: Uh-uh, they looked like they was in a straight line to me.

And did the first one come for you?

CALVIN: Well, by the time they all got out there, I just noticed that two of them had a hold of Charlie and one had a hold of me there.

You mean, they were on you real fast?

CALVIN: Yeah, it seemed just like–[snaps his fingers] just like the speed of light, you know, to me. You could see 'em, well, you could see 'em floating over to you.

You could tell they weren't touching the ground?

CALVIN: Yeah, I knew they weren't touching the ground.

When it comes up to you, it approaches from the front? So you're staring it in the face?

CALVIN: Well, I'm not–yeah–I am too . . .

What did you–do you remember what you thought?

CALVIN: Well, I was wantin' to get out of there, then I was wantin'–I reckon, if I could–if I was able to I'd fought with it, but I couldn't move.

Where do you get the best look at it, when it comes right up and grabs you?

CALVIN: No, I reckon when it grabs hold–to the side like that, 'cause it was just slightly in front of me when it grabbed hold of my arm . . . its arms were a little bit longer . . . .

Its arms seemed long to you?

CALVIN: Yeah, longer than usual. [At this point I asked Calvin to draw a picture of the creature (Fig. 8). As he sketched, we continued our conversation]

What about the face?

CALVIN: Now, the face as far as I remember, there wasn't–I know there wasn't no eyes. I don't know, it looked just like a blunt object out there, to me, but I do remember–I don't know what it was, a little ol' slit or somethin' there. [He puts a "slit" where a mouth would be on the sketch he is making.] It was just all fuzzy to me; it was just like lookin' at a ghost. I couldn't really get any of the details about the face, 'cause I didn't see nothin' much of it, you know. I just kinda–blurry–I do remember a little ol' opening of some kind there–

Any ears or nose?

CALVIN: Well, like I said, it was fuzzy to me, it was gettin' blurry, real blurry, but I believe they had ears and I believe they had a nose. But I never did see no eyes on 'em.

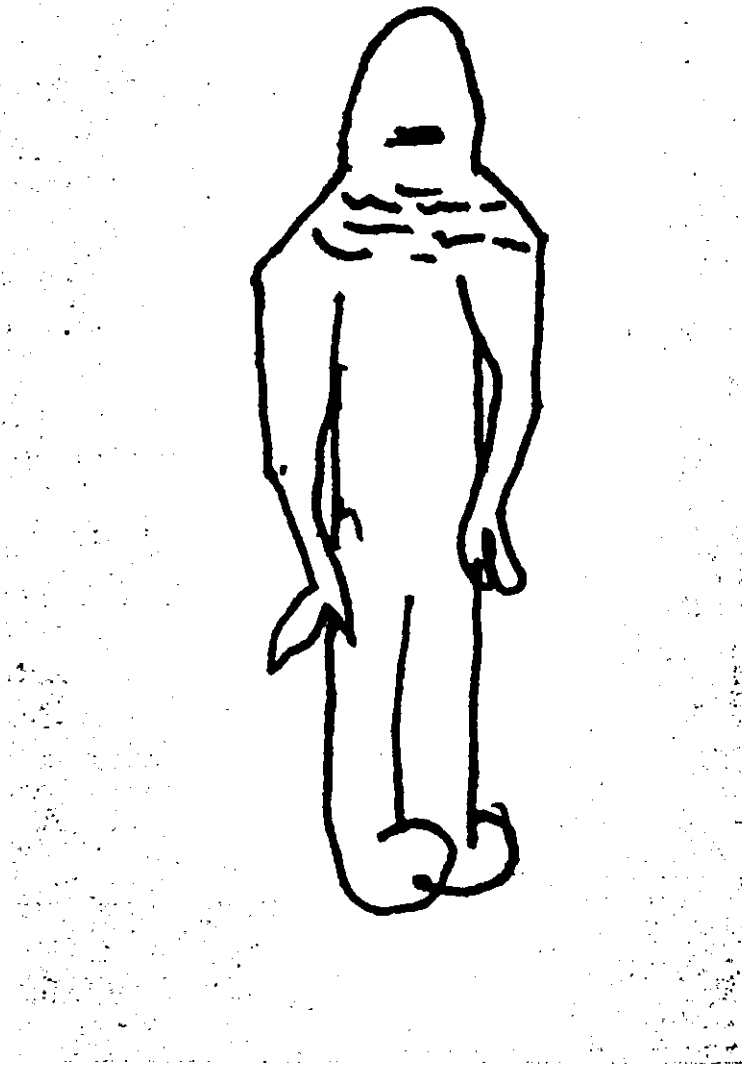


Fig. 8: Calvin's sketch of the creature made in April, 1975. He admits the facial details were not clear to him because his vision was becoming blurred. Upon entering the ship Calvin lost consciousness.

A physician I consulted told me that blurred vision is a common prelude to loss of consciousness. Calvin recalls, ". . . it was gettin' blurry, real blurry," and, of course, Calvin did lose consciousness within the next fifteen seconds or so. This might account for the lack of facial details in his description of the creatures.

O.K., [Looking at Calvin's sketch.] you've got the feet, like round—did you see any division for the legs, a line—

CALVIN: Oh yeah, there was a line in there, but it never did move, seemed like it just stayed together like that.

The shape of the head was kind of bullet-shaped, the way you've got it drawn there.

CALVIN: Yeah, . . . I didn't see no neck at all.

The hand was—did it have a thumb?

CALVIN: It just looked like a—I don't know, whatcha-callit, it kinda looked like a 'pincher.'

When you're looking at the body of this thing, did you think that there might be a person in there?

CALVIN: No, I don't believe they were. . . . They were kinda wrinkley like.

What did it feel like?

CALVIN: Well, it didn't have no feelings.

You didn't feel it squeeze your arm?

CALVIN: Uh-uh, there was no feelings there at all.

O.K., now, it grabs hold of your arm—what happens then?

CALVIN: Well, it starts gettin' closer to the craft then—I can't remember a thing there, I just blacked out.

When he grabs hold of you, you don't lose consciousness then?

CALVIN: Uh-uh.

He actually starts to move you towards the opening? [I am particularly interested in this point, because according to Charlie's recollection, Calvin passed out at the moment the creature grasped him.]

CALVIN: Yeah, sure does.

You see yourself gettin' closer [to the craft]?

CALVIN: Yes sir, til I get right inside, I remember right in the door—everything's just real bright and I fade—I passed out.

How do you know you passed out?

CALVIN: I don't really know that I passed out, it has crossed my mind that I might of died. I don't know.

Charlie always said that Calvin passed out when the creature grabbed him. When he wrote about this part of the incident Charlie says, "I saw him [Calvin] go limp. . . ." That Calvin lost consciousness when the creature grabbed him was an *inference* on Charlie's part. But, apparently Calvin did *not* pass out at this point, for he distinctly remembers being carried into the ship. Charlie's assumption, though reasonable enough at the time, is probably mistaken.

Several of the hypnosis sessions were specifically devoted to obtaining descriptions of the creatures and the craft which formed the basis of drawings by Curtis Watkins, a professional artist. At one of these sessions Charlie was hypnotised and regressed back to the moment when the creatures first approached him on the riverbank. Our purpose was to obtain as accurate a sketch as possible of the creatures. Charlie sat upright in his recliner and with his eyes open described the creatures and made corrections of Watkins' sketches, as in the police-artist technique (Fig. 9).

After finishing a sketch of the creatures, which showed them from the front (Fig. 10), we decided to attempt to get a side view also. To accomplish this, Kraus instructed Charlie (still under hypnosis) to allow the creatures to approach him, but to *stop* the action just as they turned to grasp him by the arms. It was hoped that Charlie might be able to study the creatures from the side and give a description to Watkins. The following is a transcription of that portion of the session.

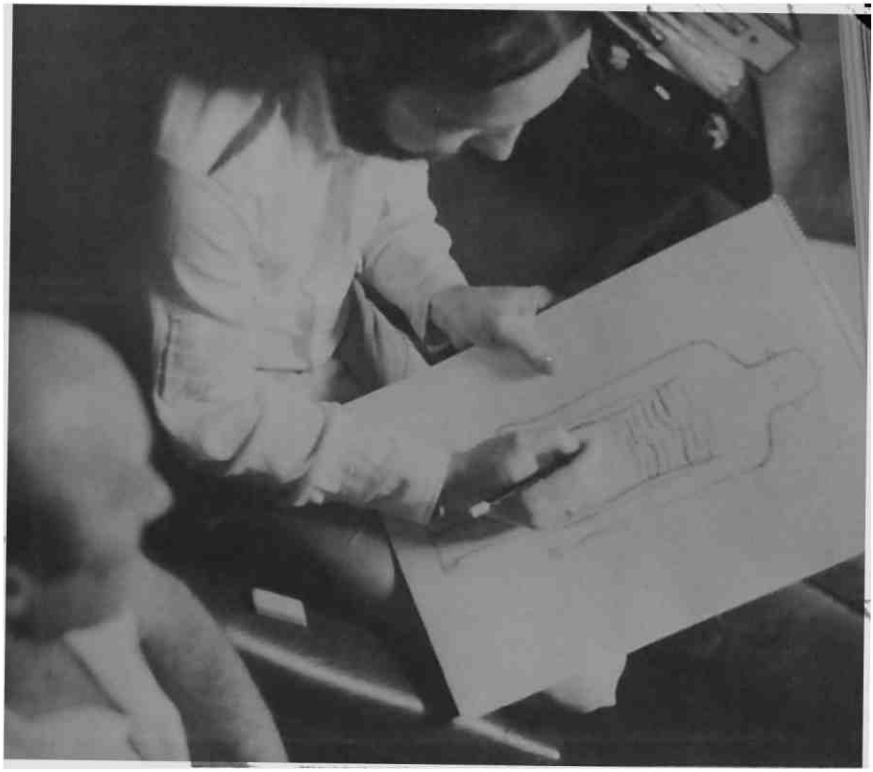


Fig. 9: Curtis Watkins, artist, sketches creature, while Charlie, under hypnosis (with his eyes open) makes suggestions and corrections.

CHARLIE
I can't get a side view, I don't think.

KRAUS
You can't get a side view?

CHARLIE
Wait now–

KRAUS
You're reliving this again now, they're coming toward you. They can't hurt you now. They're going to take hold of you pretty soon now. Just watch closely. There's nothing to be afraid of. I'm right here with you.

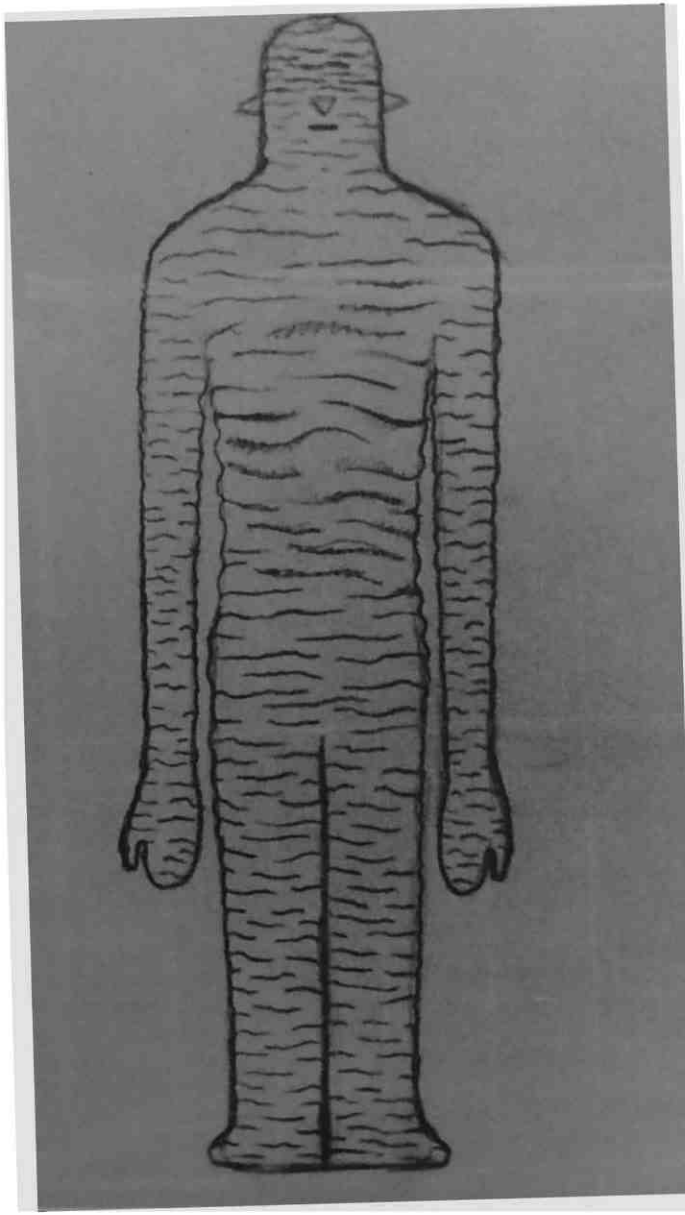


Fig. 10: This is the completed sketch of the creature described by Charlie while under hypnosis. Its height was estimated by Charlie to be a few inches over five feet; its color, a medium gray.

CHARLIE
It's right beside of me now.

KRAUS
Fine, fine. Anytime you want, you can stop that action right there. It can't hurt you, Charlie. Don't be afraid now, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I see its–I see–I see a–its left arm. It's turning now. Yeah, I see its arm moving–its elbow moving–[Charlie begins to squirm in his chair.]

KRAUS
Don't be afraid, Charlie. It's not going to hurt you now.

CHARLIE
[Charlie moves in his chair again and as he speaks his voice trembles.] It's takin' hold of me now.

KRAUS
Don't be afraid, Charlie. It can't hurt you now. Can you see out the side–can you see with the peripheral vision, out the side of your eyes? [Charlie's breathing becomes audible and shallow as he writhes in his chair.] Don't be afraid now, Charlie. I'm right here with you. Relax. Just relax now. Relax. [Charlie becomes calm again.] Just relax now. Can you see him at all now?

CHARLIE
I see part of its arm–is all I can see.

KRAUS
Is it one or is it two?

CHARLIE
It's two of 'em holdin'–one on each side.

KRAUS
That's all you can see, is just the arms? Where they got you? Show me where they got you, Charlie.

CHARLIE
One of 'ems got me here. [Charlie reaches around and grasps his left bicep muscle with his right hand.] Other

one's got me here. [He grasps his right bicep with his left hand.]

KRAUS
O.K., O.K., that's all you can see is just their arms, just where they got a hold of you?

CHARLIE
I can see–I–I can–get a glimpse of their head now.

KRAUS
Can you see kinda the side?

CHARLIE
Yeah, see that thing on the side of its head. [As Charlie says these words his breathing quickens and he begins to writhe in his chair again as though panic-stricken.]

KRAUS
Don't be afraid. I'm with you. I'm with you. Don't be afraid. Easy, Charlie. Easy, easy, easy. Just calm down. They're not going to hurt you. Just relax. You can see it now. O.K. now, stop the action right there and relax. You can see it in the side of the head. Can you describe it for me now?

CHARLIE
That thing in the side of its head–it's movin'. [There is panic in Charlie's tone as he says these words.]

KRAUS
O.K., relax now. Don't be afraid now. Which thing now?

CHARLIE
In the side of its head–it's movin'. [Charlie's voice is trembling.]

KRAUS
What direction is it moving now? Just relax. Nothing to be afraid of now. I'm right here with you. It can't hurt you now. I'm right here with you. That thing in the side of its head is moving, right?

CHARLIE
Yeah, it's movin'.

KRAUS

Describe that movement. Don't be afraid. Nothing to be afraid of, Charlie. Just relax. Describe it. You can see it clear and distinct. Nothing to be afraid of now, Charlie. [Charlie's breathing becomes quick and audible again; he is on the verge of panic.] That's fine, that's fine. What's it doing? Easy now. Nothing to be afraid of. It still can't hurt you. I'm with you—can't hurt you, Charlie. You can see it nice and clear now. Not going to hurt you, not going to hurt you. That's fine, Charlie—I'm right here with you. Nothing to be afraid of. That's fine. It's moving? [Tears are flowing down Charlie's cheeks as he stares blankly in front of him.] Here's a handkerchief—there you go, Charlie, there you go. [Charlie takes the handkerchief and wipes his face dry.]

CHARLIE

[Charlie's voice wavers as he excitedly speaks through his tears, which have started again.] It's movin' in—inside of its head. It's goin' inside. It's movin' in. It's—it's gone!

KRAUS

Into the head?

CHARLIE

Yeah, it's gone, it went inside. [Charlie is near panic again.]

KRAUS

How about the one in front? Can you see that?

CHARLIE

It's still there.

KRAUS

Can you see where it was?

CHARLIE

It's just a hole there.

KRAUS

Is it a round hole?

CHARLIE

It looks round. It looks *round*. Hey, wait a minute—[His voice begins to tremble again.] it's comin' back out!

KRAUS

It's coming back out. O.K., nothing to be afraid of now. I'm right here with you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

It's back there in place now where it was.

Charlie's intense emotional response here was a surprise because the "analytical" sessions, during which he was frequently interrupted by our questions, were usually free of such outbreaks. Nevertheless, it happened. Charlie's description of the retracting "ear" is new information. We can only guess what it means. Does the movement of the "ear" prove that the creatures were robots? Not necessarily, no more than the fact that we can stick out and pull in our tongue proves that we're robots. We simply don't know. The symmetrical trihedron shape of the "ear" and "nose" appendages (which Charlie described to Curtis Watkins, the artist) *suggests* machine made objects, but does not *prove* that the aliens were robots.

Both Charlie and Calvin, have frequently said they believed their abductors were robots. On the night of the abduction, however, no mention was made by either man of the "robot" theory. This idea may have been suggested to them by Dr. James Harder, during his interview with them less than forty-eight hours after the experience. Charlie's stated reasons for believing that the creatures were robots are as follows: the body movements of the aliens appeared "mechanical;" no rising and falling of the chest surface was noticed, indicating a lack of breathing; all three aliens appeared identical; at least one of them emitted a buzzing sound, not unlike machinery; and throughout the experience, Charlie had the feeling that his abductors had a job to do, that they were going to do it quickly and efficiently, and that nothing he could do or say would deter them. He felt the aliens were "programmed," and therefore, could not be distracted.

The last reason is, perhaps, the most interesting. It is based upon an intuitive feeling that he was not in the hands of a creature that could be distracted, but rather held captive by an unfeeling machine. On the other hand, perhaps the feeling that he was in the hands of a robot (a non-organic entity) was due simply to the fact that the aliens did not seem to have eyes. Do we not look to the eyes for all kinds of "life" signs?

The question of eyes deserves consideration, for there is an apparent contradiction here. In all of their subsequent

interviews, both public and private, Charlie and Calvin said that they did not notice any eyes on the aliens. On the night of the abduction, however, Charlie reported that the creatures "*had two eyes.*" The following is a transcript of the part of the Sheriff's secret tape containing that comment.

DEPUTY: How many eyes did they have?

CHARLIE: The best—they had two eyes, that's all I seen.

DEPUTY: They had two eyes and a nose. They have any hair?

CHARLIE: I don't know—I just swear I don't know. I—It's—that's blank in my mind.

Charlie started to answer the Deputy's question with the words "The best—" and then he broke off that sentence and said, "they had two eyes, that's all I seen." Was he about to say, "The best *I could tell* they had two eyes"? If so, this suggests *some* doubt in his mind about the eyes.

Charlie also described the creatures as having eyes when he told his story the next day at Keesler Air Force Base. The following is a quotation from a transcript of that interview.

QUESTION: You said there were eyes, a mouth, and a nose.

CHARLIE: Yes, I don't know whether you would call it a nose. It was something sitting on a body and a sharp thing come out about middleways of the eyes and it looked like an opening to me underneath, and things on the side like ears, I don't know.

CALVIN: When they got me and took me toward the ship I passed out, but it just looked like a ghost out there. It was like if something came through that wall there.

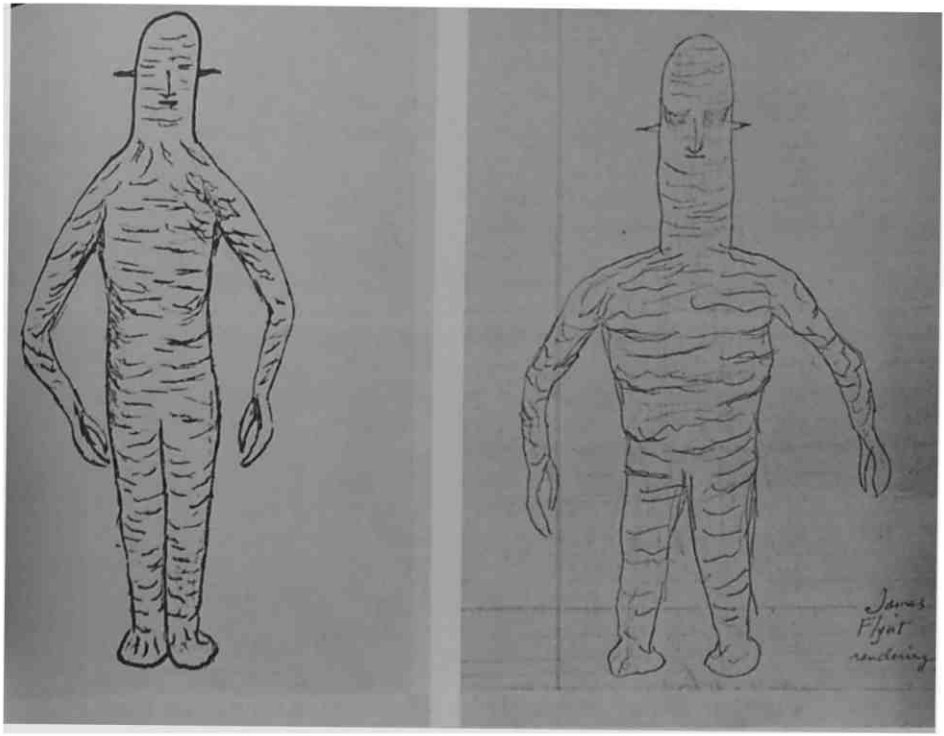
Calvin and Charlie's current recollection is that the creatures *did not* have eyes. Charlie did not hear the Sheriff's secret tape until approximately one year after it was made (Fig. 11).

Fig. 11: The Sheriff's secret tape was not heard by Charlie or Calvin until approximately one year after the incident. This photo was taken as Charlie listened to his own voice recount the details of his abduction only hours after it had occurred.

I had obtained a copy of the tape from Detective Huntley, and when I played it for Charlie he was surprised at his statement that the creatures had eyes. He could not explain why he had said that at the Sheriff's Department, nor did he recall saying it.

Calvin's recollection of the face of the alien is vague. He remembers his vision as becoming blurred. At the present time, however, he insists that he did not see any eyes on the face.

In the days following the incident, two sketches were made by James Flynt, acting yard superintendent at the shipyard where Charlie and Calvin worked (see Figs. 12 and 13). The sketches were made under Charlie and Calvin's direction; one of them (Fig. 13) was made on the morning after the experience. In this sketch there is the *suggestion* of eyes. They are vaguely rendered, however, and no details are visible, such as an iris or even a definite overall shape. Note how the legs are incorrectly done, at no time were the legs observed to separate.



Figs. 12-13: Jim Flynt, the men's shipyard friend, made the sketch on the left within one week of the incident. The sketch on the right is an earlier one made by Flynt on the morning after the abduction. The later sketch (Fig. 12) conforms better to the men's current recollection of the creature's appearance.

This suggests that either Flynt was not very meticulous in doing the sketch, or that Charlie and Calvin were not diligent in correcting his errors. Probably both of these conditions were operative, especially when we consider that Flynt was not an experienced investigator and that Charlie and Calvin, on that morning, were distressed and distracted to the point of complete confusion. It was reported by Charlie's co-workers, that he broke down and cried before telling them what had happened to Calvin and him the night before.

In Flynt's next sketch (Fig. 12) done within one week of the incident, the legs are consistent with later reports: they are together, and *no* eyes are visible.

I don't know exactly when Charlie and Calvin stopped talking about the creatures' "eyes." If the local press is accurate, however, the disappearance of the eyes from their description seems to occur gradually: from "eyes," to "slits,"

to finally, "no eyes at all." On the Sheriff's secret tape eyes are *noted*, and at Keesler Air Force Base (the next day) "eyes" are acknowledged. Two days later, however, on Sunday, October 14, 1973, *The Mississippi Press* reported that "Hickson and Parker did see strange wrinkled creatures with pointed ears, *slits for eyes*, a sharp nose and a hole below the nose." [My italics.] It is possible that this is an error in reporting, where the "slit under the nose," noted by Charlie and Calvin was mistakenly attributed to eyes. One week later, October 19, 1973, the same paper interviewed Charlie and Calvin and quoted Charlie as saying, "I didn't see anything that looked like eyes. There was something pointing out like a nose and then an opening under this, but no eyes."

It is interesting that when Charlie wrote about the abduction (a few months after it occurred) he recalled Calvin asking how the creatures could see *without* eyes. Charlie then notes that his reaction to Calvin's question was a thought: "But the face was so wrinkled, I couldn't really tell if they had eyes."

Although it cannot be proved, I believe this latter statement may be closest to the truth–that is, the face was so wrinkled it was impossible to tell if eyes were hidden there. It is easy to understand that Charlie and Calvin may have *initially assumed* that the creatures had eyes, especially since the face of the creatures appeared to have characteristics which corresponded to the other standard humanoid features, i.e., "ears, nose and mouth."

Under hypnosis, when the sketch of the creature was near completion, the artist, asked Charlie if there was "any difference between his sketch and 'it'?" Charlie answered: "Only thing–above the nose-like thing, above it–there's a dark area there, that I can't tell what it is. Above it–It's real–I don't know, it looks different–I don't know–I can't see it good enough."

Here we find Charlie struggling with the discrepency between what his eyes *see* (dark shadows above the "nose") and what his mind suggests *should be there*–two eyes. Charlie's *conscious* mind could *assume* that there must have been eyes there, but his *unconscious* mind, which rules under hypnosis, does not *assume*, it forces him to answer honestly, "I don't know–I can't see it good enough." (See Fig. 14.)

Perhaps, it is not surprising that the men's *conscious* recollection about the eyes should be confused, considering their emotional state at the time of observation. Men who are terrified cannot be expected to function like cameras.

Fig. 14: This model is based on the creature's description given by Charlie while under hypnosis. Deep wrinkles above the "nose" made it difficult to determine if the aliens had eyes.

During one hypnotic session, when we were attempting to obtain more detailed information about the interior of the craft, Charlie made another unexpected observation about the creatures.

CHARLIE

We're goin'–we're–goin'–we're goin' toward that thing. Oh, that light–that light! [Pleadingly.] Don't take me away! Don't take me away! [Almost sobbing.] Don't take me away! Don't–Somebody help me!

KRAUS

Don't be afraid, Charlie. We're right here with you.

CHARLIE

I wonder what they're gonna do. Damn that light's bright! I'm gonna–what happened to Calvin? I never seen any-

thing like this. That light's gonna put my eyes out. [Sighs deeply.] Oh boy! [Breathing becomes heavier.] We're inside.

KRAUS
What light you talking about?

CHARLIE
I don't know, I don't see any—where does it come from? Boy, it's bright. I can't move though. We're—we just—I don't see anything movin' now. Don't see anything movin'—no, we weren't movin'

MENDEZ
Who's "we"?

CHARLIE
Whatever this is that's movin' me.

KRAUS
What do they look like *now*?

CHARLIE
I can't see much of 'em. It's not—It's not a skin—over to my right—It's not skin.

KRAUS
Just focus on it nice and closely. Take a nice close look at it.

CHARLIE
It's a terrible lookin' thing. It's real rough lookin'. It's not a skin.

KRAUS
Ever see anything like this before, that you could compare it to?

CHARLIE
I don't know what it is. It's some type of material or something. It's not a skin.

This detail is possibly of great significance. Charlie and Calvin have always *consciously* described the creatures as

having an "elephant-like skin." They were positive that the creatures were not wearing clothing or a protective suit as our astronauts do. Under hypnosis, however, Charlie is able to get a good close look at the creatures. At this point the creatures are on either side of him and, according to his conscious recollection, well within his peripheral vision.

John Kraus maintains that during a good hypnotic regression the subject can be caused to pause and study something in great detail. Apparently that is what happened here, for Kraus' directions to Charlie were to "take a nice close look at it."

Charlie saw something, some characteristic or quality of his captor's "skin" which convinced him that it was not a skin at all. This discovery is as surprising to him as it is to us; he mentioned it no less than four times: "It's some type of material or something. It's not a skin."

Does this suggest that the aliens are not "living" creatures after all, but robots, as Charlie and Calvin have suspected? The "visitors" may have been some kind of hybrid of animal and automaton. It is wild speculation, of course, but the "creatures" might have been "living" things which do not neatly fit into any of *our* biological categories.

What were they? A little over five feet in height; a head with three pointed appendages; longish arms terminating in mitten-like "pinchers"; legs that never separate with feet that are blunt, like an elephant's; and overall, a "non-skin," grayish in color and very wrinkled. Under hypnosis Charlie observed that the wrinkles, which ran horizontally, were wider on the chest than on the face, a face so deeply scored that he wasn't sure if there were "eyes" hidden in the dark crevices.

What were they? Automatons or living beings? Droids or creatures? A hybrid of man and machine? Or, none of these? The evidence is inconclusive, we can only speculate about the three aliens that abducted Charlie and Calvin.

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CHAPTER 4

THE CRAFT

CALVIN (under hypnosis):
I hear a noise. It's a low whine, it's not loud or nothin'. It sounds like . . . an elevator . . . goin' up.

The modern generation of "flying saucers" was spawned on June 24, 1947. On that day, an experienced mountain pilot sighted nine bright objects, flying in formation, over and behind the peaks of Mount Rainer in Washington State. The pilot, Kenneth Arnold, could not discern the shapes of the distant objects. He did, however, describe their line of flight to an Oregon reporter as dipping up and down, the way "a saucer would if you skipped it across the water." The reporter called the things Arnold had seen "flying saucers." The fact that UFOs had been dubbed "flying saucers" because of their *motion* was quickly forgotten and subsequent sightings focused on flying saucer *shapes*.

Since Kenneth Arnold's sighting, flying saucers have been reported as being disc, bowl, derby, egg, straw-hat, toy-top, mushroom, Saturn, and hamburger-shaped. They have also been described as square, round, and triangle-shaped—and more. Thirty-five years have passed since Arnold's sighting, thirty-five years of inbreeding and cross-fertilization—resulting in a virtual potpourri of "saucers."

No experienced UFO researcher believes that all, or even most, flying saucer sightings are spacecraft of extraterrestrial visitors. Many researchers believe, however, that *some* UFOs (perhaps, very few) do have other-world origins. A great many sightings are of the "lights in the sky" variety, and are therefore, potentially explainable (aircraft, astronomical phenomena, weather balloons, etc.). Probably, the vast majority of "UFO" sightings are simply the result of honest mistakes. When "creatures" are sighted close up, however, we have a very different

situation. In that case, the "honest mistake" explanation becomes less plausible. We are forced to consider other possibilities. What of the Pascagoula UFO?

Considering Calvin and Charlie's *conscious* recollection, the Pascagoula UFO should actually be called the "Pascagoula UO," for at no time was it observed flying. As we shall see, however, a somewhat different story emerged when Charlie and Calvin described the craft under hypnosis.

Again, it proves interesting to compare what the men said under hypnosis with their descriptions of the craft made at other times. When I first questioned Charlie about the craft in September 1974, he responded as follows:

Could you describe the ship?

CHARLIE: It looked to me like it was—the end that was toward us, seemed to be a little more blunt than the other end. It seemed to taper just a little. And I can't even be sure whether it was round like a disc or whether it was more of a cigar shape or something like that, because the angle that I was looking at it I could see one side of it and part of one end of it. And then up toward the front and near the top was something that looked like two windows. And it looked like it had some kind of small dome-like structure on top of it.

You said near the front. You're calling the front—

CHARLIE: The front was what I'm assuming is the end that was closest to me—that was the opening. . . .

And the opening appeared there?

CHARLIE: Yes.

Now these windows, did they conform to the shape of the craft? Was light coming through them?

CHARLIE: No, uh, there was no light coming through them. That's why I say they looked—something that resembled a window to me. They could've not have been windows. But I think it was windows. . . . And the blue light flashing is what gave me an idea that the two things looked like windows.

Oh, I see, you saw them when the [blue] light was flashing and when the light stopped flashing it was harder for you to see them?

CHARLIE: I just can't recall, it's hard to recall. That's why I can't positively say they were windows.

I see, I didn't realize that before, it was the blue light that enabled you to see the windows–

CHARLIE: That's right, that's right. And it was something there that resembled windows or portholes–well, portholes are round, but this wasn't round. It was something that resembled a window.

Let's compare the foregoing description of the craft with what Charlie and Calvin said about it, less than twenty-four hours after the incident. The following is an edited transcript of the Keesler Air Force Base interview. In addition to the details of the description, it is worth noting the emotional states of the men, as reflected by their answers to the questions asked by the Air Force officers.

CHARLIE: . . . We hadn't been there very long–we sat on the bank with our spinning reels–when all of a sudden there was a noise. Well, what I just heard was a buzzing. I don't know why I turned around. I guess it was to see what it was. It was a blue light–a real light, bright blue light. . . . At the time I seen the light it just seemed to stop. I would say it was approximately twenty-five or thirty feet away from us, and I didn't know what to think. I was scared and I know he [Calvin] was from the appearance he had. It seemed that it didn't have exactly a door. It seemed that one end of it just opened up. Three things came out of it–and they didn't touch the ground–just floating, you know, slowly, a couple of feet off the ground. And I couldn't believe it. . . . It wasn't round. It seemed oval shaped and it was approximately eight feet wide, it was a little longer than that, and it had to be over eight feet high. . . .

CALVIN: Turned around and it was there . . . I don't know how to explain it. It was just as still like, and everything, and then I heard a zzzip just like that, and looked around and blue lights coming, and I paralyzed right there. You know, just like if you walk outside and step on a rattlesnake. Think how you feel. That is just how I felt. I would rather it had been a rattlesnake. . . . Something else. The craft—it never did set down on the ground itself. It stayed approximately two feet from it.

CHARLIE: It was off the ground.

CALVIN: Well, really, they didn't nothing touch it—the ground.

QUESTION: You didn't see anything like air that would disturb the—

CHARLIE: I didn't. That is something else I can't understand. I can't understand any of it but something like that, I just can't.

QUESTION: No exhaust or anything?

CHARLIE: I didn't see it. If it was, I didn't see it. But as I said, I was quite scared.

QUESTION: . . . Now, back to the description of the object. You said about eight feet in diameter and about—

CHARLIE: It's a rough guess. I mean, I'd say that there wasn't enough of an area in there that they would have—too many things couldn't have been in there.

QUESTION: No protrusion or anything similar to a wing of an aircraft?

CHARLIE: No sir. I didn't see anything. . . . It wasn't round, it was more or less oblong, or something like that. It wasn't completely round.

QUESTION: Did you hear any motor sounds?

CHARLIE: Nothing but just the little buzzing is all that I heard.

QUESTION: Did it buzz all of the time or just when it moved?

CHARLIE: No sir. When it moved. Inside of it I didn't hear any sound from the vehicle or whatever it was. I didn't hear any sound from it while I was in there.

QUESTION: About how tall were these things?

CHARLIE: Well, it's hard to tell about anything. It had to—it was tall enough that when we went in the opening we wasn't touching anything. [Charlie is referring to the craft; the question referred to the creatures.]

QUESTION: Were there any windows in the craft?

CHARLIE: I couldn't see anything from inside of it. I don't know.

QUESTION: No noise that you can describe?

CHARLIE: Just the buzzing sound. Not a loud noise, just zzzip and it disappeared.

QUESTION: Did it go straight up?

CALVIN: No sir. It just disappeared—zzzip and it just disappeared.

CHARLIE: And really, I don't know how it got there.

QUESTION: Did it seem to be plastic, or transparent, or was it solid looking material?

CHARLIE: It had a glow and I couldn't tell whether it was solid or transparent. I couldn't give you no details of that at all because I don't know.

QUESTION: Was it glowing from the inside or from the outside?

CHARLIE: It was glowing–it was bluish like on the outside and on the inside it was just like, you know, like light.

QUESTION: Did you feel the same temperature, or did you feel warm?

CHARLIE: I didn't have any sensation–any feeling at all.

The foregoing description of the craft is essentially the same as that which Charlie gave in the Sheriff's secret tape, with the following exception–there was no mention of a dome or windows. At the Keesler interview, when Charlie was asked what the material the craft was made of, he replied, "It had a glow and I couldn't tell whether it was solid or transparent. I couldn't give you no details of that at all because I don't know." Therefore, we have a dome and windows in Charlie's current description of the craft, but no mention of either of them in the secret tape or the Keesler interview.

When I asked Calvin to sketch the ship in April 1975, he produced the drawing in Fig. 15. I assumed that the two circles on the left were the "blue lights" he'd mentioned. When I asked Calvin if the blue lights were large, like two headlights, he replied, "Yeah, in a way it was, I remember *two things* being there, you know, like that–but it seemed like the blue [light] just kinda covered the whole thing, hazy blue." Could the "two things" have been windows? And the "hazy blue" light which "covered the whole thing," could its source have been *other than* the two circles Calvin drew? Could its source have been the blue lights both men saw flashing on the craft? We still cannot answer these questions with any certainty. They do allow for the possibility of windows, however, and render Charlie's claim more plausible. In any case, the "window" issue does not constitute an irreconcilable contradiction in the description of the craft. A comparison of Calvin's October 11, 1973 sketch (Fig. 16) with the sketch he made in April 1975 reveals further similarities.

Calvin's recollection of the craft is similar to Charlie's in the following respects. According to his sketches, the general shape was oval with one end (the left, as they faced the craft) more blunt than the other. The ship had a blue light or lights

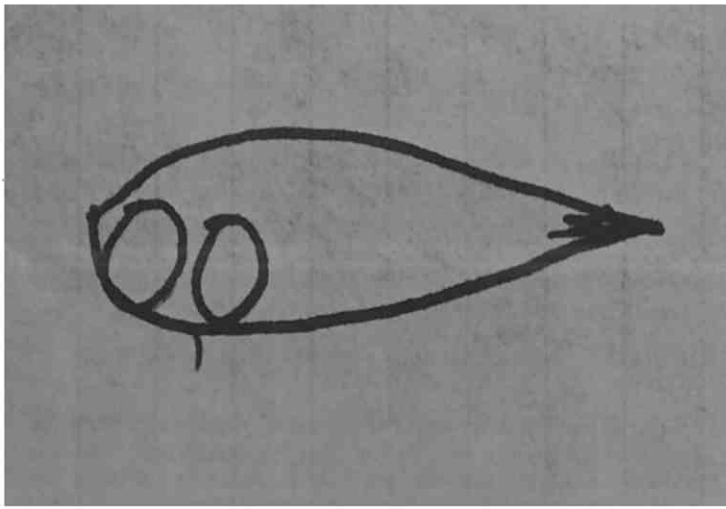

Fig. 15: Calvin made this sketch of the craft from memory in April 1975.

and emitted a zipping sound when it arrived and when it left. The ship hovered a few feet above the ground and had a large opening which appeared just seconds after they first sighted the ship. Intense bright light came out of this opening and in seconds the three creatures appeared there.

Calvin's description of the craft differs from Charlie's in that he does not recall a dome, windows, or the blue lights going completely out. Calvin also remembers the opening as appearing at the right (narrower) end on the craft, whereas Charlie remembers it being on the left (wider) end. Their most striking point of disagreement concerns the location of the opening. Charlie and Calvin viewed the ship from essentially the same place on the riverbank; only a few feet separated the men as they observed the craft. Their location and point of view cannot account for the difference in their descriptions of where the opening was located.

The day after I became aware of the disparities in their description of the ship, I brought Charlie and Calvin together and pointed out their differing recollections. Until that moment, they had been unaware of the differences in their perceptions. The reader may find it difficult to believe, but Charlie and Calvin had never sat down and compared notes. Shortly after the experience they were telling their stories to representatives of the news media, but those days were extremely hectic

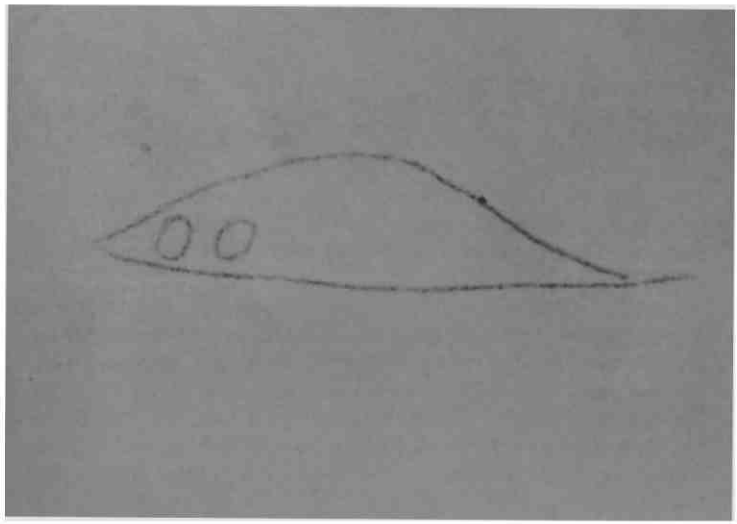

Fig. 16: Calvin's sketch made on the police report sheet, October 11, 1973.

and their emotional state was certainly not conducive to a calm, thorough, and meticulous examination of their experience. It never occurred to them to do that. They had just suffered through the encounter, and they certainly didn't have to convince *themselves* or each other, that it had really happened.

Even after learning of the other's recollection of the location of the opening, each still held to his original statement: Calvin recalls the opening on the right end of the craft, and Charlie on the left. Perhaps, and I want to emphasize the "perhaps" here, the differences can be accounted for by Calvin's mental and physical state at the time he was making his observation. A clue to his condition at the time may be found in his own words.

CALVIN: That's like I told one of the deputies that night–they asked me–that's like I said, I was blinded, I was whatchacall, blinded–everything was gettin' blurred and all, you know, I really couldn't just sit down and–. . . .

Calvin has always said that his vision became "blurred" as the creatures approached them. As previously noted, blurred vision frequently occurs before a loss of consciousness. Given

Calvin's terror and imminent black-out, it is certainly *possible* that he was mistaken in believing the opening to have been on the right side of the craft. The fact that each man stuck to his view even though it contradicted the other, is indicative of their basic honesty. If they were trying to deceive us, it would have been quite simple for one of them to say, "Oh, perhaps, I was mistaken about where the opening was"–but neither of them did so.

One of Charlie's hypnotic sessions was devoted to getting a description of the exterior of the craft as he viewed it from the pier where they were fishing. During that session Charlie worked with Curtis Watkins to obtain a sketch of the craft, the result is Fig. 17. The overall shape resembles a flattened egg with a bulge (dome) at the top. Below the "dome" are two "windows," (on the left) and two round things representing the blue lights. The "opening" can be seen at what Charlie called the "front" of the craft. Charlie's view of the craft was somewhat oblique, that is, he did not think he was viewing it head-on from the front, nor from the side, but rather from a point between those two positions. His view was low, the top of the craft was considerably above him, and he could not see it well.

All of these details were put into the sketch using police-artist techniques. During the process Charlie made many *corrections* on Watkins' work. For example, when he said that the craft was shaped like a flattened football, Watkins sketched several "football" shapes and asked Charlie to choose the one that most closely approximated what he was seeing during the hypnotic regression. The shape was then further refined until Charlie was satisfied that it resembled what he was "observing." While under hypnosis, Charlie also noted that the ship appeared to have a smooth metallic surface, like aluminum.

One of the most shocking elements of the Pascagoula case is the ship's and creatures' apparent nullification of gravity–that mysterious force which holds all things on the surface of this planet, and we believe, is operable on *all other* planets as well. According to Charlie and Calvin, not only did the craft hover a few feet above the ground, without any visible exhaust, or turbulence of any kind, but the creatures apparently never touched the ground either! And when they grasped Charlie and Calvin by the arms they too were lifted off the ground to the level of their abductors and were "floated" into the craft. Charlie and Calvin do not recall feeling as though they were being *carried*, but effortlessly glided toward the craft, accom-

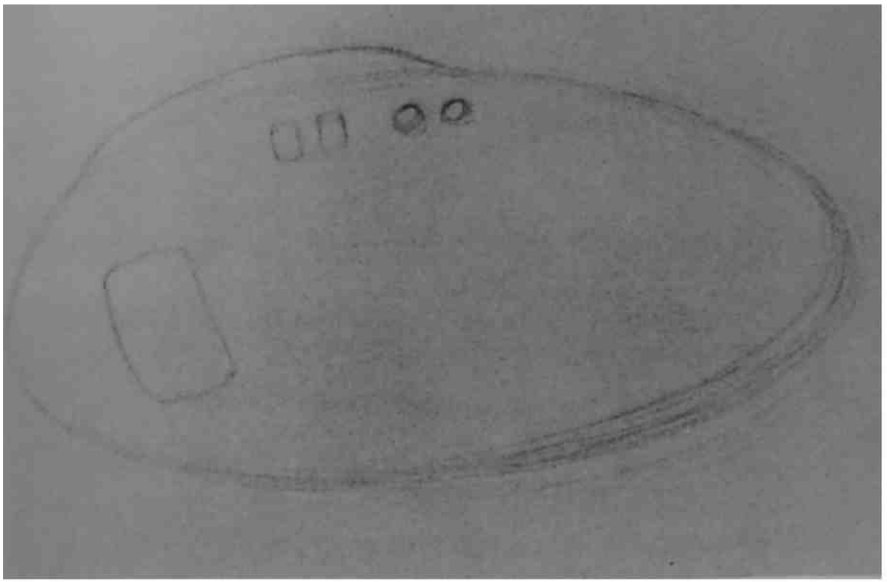

Fig. 17: The craft, as described by Charlie while under hypnosis.

panied and guided by their abductors. In September 1974, I asked Charlie about the "floating" experience:

Do you recall having a feeling of being lifted off the ground?

> **CHARLIE:** I can't say that I had the *feeling* of being lifted off the ground, but from the way they were off the ground and the height that they were then, that when I came up, I had to have come up off the ground, because I came up about their height or a little higher than them. But having the sensation of being–I can't just say I had the sensation of being pulled off the ground. But, I mean, I had to have come off the ground–

Could you feel yourself getting closer as you're gliding toward it?

> **CHARLIE:** Yeah, I couldn't *feel* myself getting closer, I could *see* myself getting closer. That's hard to explain . . . in fact, I couldn't tell you how I *felt*– because I didn't have any feelings.

That was my next question. What does floating feel like?

CHARLIE: I don't know, I don't know–it's just a feeling that I can't explain.

All right, someone asks you, 'Well, how do you know you were floating?'

CHARLIE: The reason I say I'm floating–I know I wasn't walking–and I could sense I was moving–

You didn't feel any bumps or dragging?

CHARLIE: No, but I could sense that I was moving, that's the only way that I can explain it.

Did you see anything in their hands at any time?

CHARLIE: No, I didn't see anything in their hands. Now, of course, I wasn't really looking for, you know, it wasn't really anything that would just stand out. . . .

When they grasped you by the arms, aside from that pain, could you feel them holding you?

CHARLIE: No, I couldn't feel them holding me, no. And I can't understand–well, there's a heck of a lot of it I can't understand, but I can't understand that either.

Calvin's experience when grasped by the creature was very similar to Charlie's. In April 1975, I discussed "floating" with him:

CALVIN: You could see 'em, the creatures, floatin' over to you. . . . Somethin' else–when they touched me, seemed like they just–just–funny thing, I just come up in the air, you know, like I was floatin'.

You weren't walking, he wasn't carrying you?

CALVIN: No, I was floating.

What does it feel like to float?

CALVIN: I don't know, just real light–it wasn't no feeling.

How do you know you were floating, that he was not carrying you?

CALVIN: You know somthing, I couldn't explain that–I know I come up off the ground same level as he did.

You could see that? And he's only got you by one arm?

CALVIN: Yes, one arm.

But you don't feel like he's supporting you with the one arm?

CALVIN: No, I don't, I just feel like–like a magnet pulling me.

Are you straight up, standing straight up, while this is happening?

CALVIN: Yeah, the best I know I was standing straight up.... I remember, I remember a sharp pain to my eyes, well, it wasn't no pain, but you know, it just–you know, how the glare [from the ship's interior] does.

Things were getting real bright as you were getting closer to the door?

CALVIN: Yeah, things are getting real bright then.

Feel like you're closing your eyes or–

CALVIN: No, it just all happened at one time. I remember right up until the time I passed out–it just all went blank.

Once again, a comparison of the men's current recollection, with the story they related within hours of the events, reveals an impressive degree of consistency. The story Charlie and Calvin now relate is essentially the same as that told at the Sheriff's Department on the night of the abduction, and the same as the account they gave at Keesler Air Force Base less than twenty-four hours after the abduction. While this consistency does not *prove* the men are telling the truth, it does

suggest that they are not fabricating the story. From the Keesler interview we have:

QUESTION: You talked about their moving. Did they move with leg motion or . . .

CALVIN: Drifted.

CHARLIE: Just flying.

CALVIN: Like it wasn't no gravity around.

CHARLIE: . . . When they approached us–one on each side of my arms–but I didn't feel any sensation at all when it touched me. And amazingly I was just lifted right off the ground.

CALVIN: I recall them getting me and just like a big magnet drawing me to it [the craft]. I wasn't on the ground–I was off the ground. . . .

And from the Sheriff's secret tapes:

CHARLIE: . . . And two of 'em just floated around side of me and lifted my arms, with their 'pincher' things. . . . They done something, I just raised off the ground.

QUESTION: They didn't use no force though?

CHARLIE: No force, they didn't hurt me any. . . . And they glided me in that thing . . . like you was floating in air. . . .

From the foregoing accounts and other testimony we can extract the following characteristics of the "floating" experience:

1) The creatures never touched the ground, but floated above it at about twelve to twenty-four inches, the same height as the craft.
2) Upon being touched or grasped, the men were effortlessly lifted off the ground to the approximate height of their abductors.

3) No sensation of being lifted or touched by the aliens was experienced.
4) There were no feelings or sensations of moving. The men saw that they were raised and moving toward the craft effortlessly.
5) Temporary complete paralysis (with the exception of the muscles that move the eyes) was a concomitant condition.

Speculation may be forgiven where *knowledge*, at least for the present, appears to be beyond our grasp. The creatures did not appear to be wearing any kind of device that might enable them to float, no backpack or belt was seen by Charlie or Calvin. The creatures levitated at approximately the same height as their craft, and when the men were "lifted," they rose to approximately the same level as their abductors. These factors might suggest the possibility that everyone was moving along an invisible "carpet" that extended outward from the bottom of the craft. The complete lack of any ground turbulence suggests that the "floating" was not accomplished by any kind of jet or rocket propulsion. On the other hand, the "floating" power may not have come as an extension of the craft at all, but could have been contained independently *within* the aliens themselves.

What remains, in addition to innumerable unanswered questions, is the apparent fact that for a few moments on the west bank of the Pascagoula River, gravity was circumvented in a way which defies current scientific explanation.

Inside the Craft

Some of the most successful hypnosis sessions were those devoted to Charlie's experience inside the craft. They were successful in that they yielded new information, and in some instances, answered questions raised by Charlie's conscious recollection of the experience.

At one of these sessions Charlie was allowed to "relive" the abduction experience without interruption. No questions were asked by John Kraus or myself. Our intention was to obtain an accurate estimate of the duration of the abduction, especially the amount of time spent on board the craft. Charlie was hypnotised and told that he would re-experience the encounter exactly as it happened and that he would describe it

for us. Possibly, because of the absence of "calming" suggestions, Charlie's hypnotic regression during this session was extremely emotional. This description of the experience is probably the most accurate account we have of his actual *feelings* during the abduction.

CHARLIE

[Charlie is now inside the craft.] There's somethin'—there's somethin' flashin' in the left in front of me, I can't see it good. [Something else catches his eye.] Oh Lord! What's that? What's that? [The following words are said in a somber, resigned tone.] This is it. Somethin' comin' out from the wall—comin' toward me. I think I'm gonna die here. In front of me—right in front of my eyes—What in the world is that? What—what is it? I wish I could close my eyes! [Tearfully.] Oh God, I wish I could close my eyes! I can't move! What's he doin' to me? He's there in front of me—right in front of my eyes, what in the world is it? What is that? Oh Lord, what is it?

Where's Calvin? I wonder where Calvin is? I guess they're gonna kill me—or take me away somewhere. What about my family? [As Charlie utters these words his voice trembles with sorrow.] Oh God, I won't never see them again. Lord, please don't let them take me away—please don't. Please, oh Lord! Somebody help me!

Why in the world is that thing movin' around like that for? [Mournfully.] What's it doine to me? That thing's goin' down—it's gone, I believe. Gone down—Thank God! I wonder what they're holdin' me for? See their arms, wonder what they're holdin' me for? What they're—what they're holdin' me for? Lord have mercy! Here it comes again over my head! Here it comes again! Here it comes again! [Somewhat resigned.] I guess this is it. I guess this is it. [Pause.] I wonder what it's doing? It's just—it's just there. What in the world is it. Now what's happening to me? I wish that thing would get out [from] in front of me—wish it would get out [from] in front of me. I can't stand to look at it no more! [Pause.] Thank God! That thing is gone. It's gone.

Don't think they're holdin' me any more. I wonder if they take me away—nobody'll ever know what happened to me—

[His voice cracks.] Blanche and the kids won't never know what happened to me. I can't stand it no more. I wonder where they went. [Long pause.] I wonder what that is over there in the left–corner? All right ol' boy, get a hold of yourself. You've been in [two?] tough [things?] before. Just bid your time. All right, Charlie, get a hold of yourself. Remember a long time ago, you almost died–in Korea. After you'd cut off your [inaudible] you buckled down to it–got out of it alive. Now, brace yourself, damn it! You can take anything you have to. [He sobs.]

I wonder what's gonna happen to me? I can't move or nothin'–I'm just here–the light's puttin' my eyes out. Damn it! Just kill me if you want to and get done with it. Whatever you're gonna do–do it! I can't stay like this forever. Something's got to happen. Hell, I can't even move my toes. [Long pause.] Oh my God, they've got me again! Yeah, this is it. Oh me–oh Lord–oh–[Pause.] We're still on the ground, I see the other side of the river. [Charlie utters these words with great relief, apparently because he realized that they had not taken him away after all.] Yeah, my God, they're gonna put me back down. [Incredulously.] They're gonna put me back. [Pause.] I wonder if I'm hurt in any way?

When I first read Charlie's account of the abduction I questioned the reference to his Korean wartime experience. Frankly, I doubted if thoughts of his war experience actually crossed his mind as he was held captive inside the ship. I half suspected that Charlie had added this episode to his story for "dramatic effect." He swore, however, that what he wrote had really occurred. The hypnotic account above supports Charlie's written account of the "Korean" question and shows just how these thoughts were generated.

Three other things mentioned by Charlie in that account were explored during subsequent hypnosis sessions. First, ". . . Somethin' flashin' in the left in front. . . ." Second, the thing (examining-eye) ". . . comin' out from the wall. . . ." And third, the very bright light inside the ship, ". . . the light's puttin' my eyes out." Let us begin with the intense illumination which Charlie consciously recalls as coming from the ceiling, floor and walls, and the "flashin'" screen.

CHARLIE
It's the brightest light I've ever seen. I can't see anything now for the light.... The glow appears to be—that is strange, appears to be—no, it can't be. Not a red coal of fire, but a light coal—the entire—all the walls seem to be glowin' from that type of source.

KRAUS
Oh, I see what you mean, as though a hot coal—

CHARLIE
Like a hot coal of fire.

KRAUS
The walls appear to be this way?

CHARLIE
The wall, the overhead, and the floor.

MENDEZ
Charlie, can I ask you a question? You speak about the light glowing—sometimes you speak about the *walls*. Can you really see a wall, the way you can see a wall in one of our rooms, or is it just the glow that you see?

CHARLIE
It's a glow. It looks like a light coal of fire. Just glow—glowin', a coal—glowin'.

MENDEZ
So it's not a *wall* glowing, it's just *a glow*?

CHARLIE
It's just a glow. [Long pause.] There's gotta be a wall there somewhere. There's somethin' gotta be there.

MENDEZ
Do you *feel* there's got to be a wall there somewhere, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I'm enclosed in somethin', I got that feeling, I feel that. Inside of me I can—I'm enclosed in somethin'.

KRAUS
It's a white light though?

CHARLIE
A white light.... I see something now. Yeah, there's something in front of me, just a little bit to the left.

KRAUS
Take a good look, your eyes are getting used to the lights now.

CHARLIE
That's some kind of screen–screen–like a television screen, something like that.... There's something movin' there. [Pause.] Hum–[Pause.] Somethin's movin' across that screen. Yeah, there's something moving across that.... It looks somethin' like a television screen. Looks like it's about–fifteen, sixteen inches wide and it's about–ten or twelve high. That's not all that far off though, that's pretty close.

KRAUS
How far away would you say that is?

CHARLIE
I'd say it's about–it's not over six or seven feet from me.

MENDEZ
Is the screen glowing too, Charlie?

CHARLIE
No, the screen–that screen it's different than the glow from the wall. It's–It's not glowing there.

MENDEZ
Is the screen darker than the wall?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

MENDEZ
Does it have any frame around it?

CHARLIE
It's glowing–it seems to be glowin' right up to it and it just seems to be fitted in there. Just fitted in there.

MENDEZ
Can you see anything else around the outside of the screen?

CHARLIE
It's some kind of screen, but there's nothing on it–just a glow around it. Everything's glowin' except it.

KRAUS
Is it a screen, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I think so, I'm not sure. It's not that plain, you know–I can just tell it's there.

This is a startling revelation. Charlie has always said that there were things inside the ship that he had seen but could not remember. He said so at Keesler Air Force Base, but could provide no details. The best he could do was assert, "There were things in there." If his judgment, as related under hypnosis, is accurate, one of the things he has been trying to recall is that "screen."

This is of particular interest because, if it was a screen, it suggests that the alien technology may not be all that far in advance of our own. The screen may have been a monitoring device for the instrument which seemed to be taking a "reading" on Charlie. That instrument (the examining-eye) is next described by Charlie and some new, fascinating details about it are revealed.

CHARLIE
That light's so bright though, I can't really make that out. Let me look. I see something out there, almost directly in front of me. It's movin' on toward me. It's almost round. It's in front of me now. I can see it real good. [Long pause.] I see something movin'. It looks like a big–crystal–that's right in front of me. Something inside of it is–that I can see inside of it is moving.

Prior to this account, Charlie was able to recall only that the examining eye was shaped somewhat like a football, though a bit smaller, with a front part that was a different color or made of a different material than the rest.

KRAUS
Describe it. You can describe it real easy.

CHARLIE
It looks like a—no—yeah, it looks like a small round ball, silver-lookin', that's movin' inside of it. It's movin' round, movin' clockwise. I can't see all the way around it, the only thing I can see is the front of it—there's something in it moving, clockwise. It's not very big though.

KRAUS
Any idea how big it might be?

CHARLIE
It looks to me like it might be—it looks like a big steel bearing—it's round, yeah. It's still movin'. It's just movin' 'round, clockwise—movin' slow. I can see it good. It seems like I'm looking through a crystal, a hazy—between a hazy gray and a hazy blue—it's hard—I've never seen a color just like that, though. Now it's movin' down in front of me. That thing's movin' down in front of me. There's not anything attached to it. I can see now, there's not anything attached to it. It's goin' under my feet. I can't see it now. I see this again in the wall now, this screen thing. It's blurry now—blurry, blurry.

MENDEZ
Are you alone, Charlie?

CHARLIE
No, they're still holdin' me. They're holdin' me by my arms.

KRAUS
Can you see them?

CHARLIE
I can see some of them, but not all of them. I know they're there.

KRAUS
Can you smell anything? Take a good whiff. See if you smell anything.

CHARLIE
No.

KRAUS
Can you feel anything? Can you feel them touching you?

CHARLIE
I can't feel anything. I can't even wiggle my toes.

KRAUS
Can you move your eyes, can you?

CHARLIE
I can move my eyes.

KRAUS
Can you hear anything?

CHARLIE
There's no sound.

KRAUS
Look out in front of you now Charlie. Describe what you see.

CHARLIE
I see it comin'—that thing comin' back. It's comin' over my head—[There's a tremor in Charlie's voice.] It's right where it was.

KRAUS
Don't be afraid, now. Is it close to you?

CHARLIE
It's right up in front of my face.

Apparently, the "eye" device made a single orbit around Charlie's body, beginning in front of his face, moving down the front of his face, moving down the front of his body, under

his feet, around his back, up over the top of his head, and back down again to stop in front of his face.

This "scanning examination" may have been the primary purpose of the abduction. Its importance is suggested by the fact that the aliens never left Charlie's side *while* the device was scanning him. After the "eye" disappeared back into the wall, the creatures left Charlie momentarily. Could they have gone to check the "read-out?"

MENDEZ
Is there an object, Charlie, something we could find at home or in the kitchen that looks like this thing that you see in front of you?

CHARLIE
[Long pause, as Charlie appears to be weighing his answer.] You know, a older model car, where the headlights sets on the fender–where it tapers back like this–[He gestures with his hands. The shape Charlie describes is something like a "tear-drop" or egg-shape.]

MENDEZ
What is it doing, Charlie?

CHARLIE
It's just stopped there–there's somethin' inside of it.

KRAUS
Take a good close look at it.

CHARLIE
It's just like it was, it's just like a crystal. This ball is going around–inside the crystal.

MENDEZ
When you say a "crystal," Charlie, what have I seen that looks like that "crystal?"

CHARLIE
It's a–it's between a light blue gray, I believe, and it's clear. It–it appears to–it looks like a–no, it don't look quite like clear blue water, but close to that. Uh–but it seems to be–I don't know whether it's glass or–I don't

know whether it's glass or—it can't be water, no way! This ball's still movin'.

Charlie's difficulty in finding the right words to describe the "examining-eye" is, no doubt, due to several factors, the most important being that he is trying to describe something that neither he, nor anyone else on Earth, has ever seen before. It appears, however, that what he is struggling with in particular is the transparent quality of the "crystal." It is possible that the "crystal" was relatively thick, and that this thickness and the color reminded Charlie of the transparency of water.

MENDEZ
What's the shape of the crystal, Charlie? You told me the color, what's the shape?

CHARLIE
It's round, but it's—there's somethin' that's in the other end of it that don't look like that. It's a—it looks more solid.

MENDEZ
What looks more solid?

CHARLIE
The part back from the—from the front. Let me—let me see a minute now. You know how a headlight fits on a car? Seems like that end might be—might be fit in—in this other part, something similar to that.

MENDEZ
Now—I didn't quite follow—the other part is like *what* part of the headlight?

CHARLIE
It's like the—the metal of the—the more of a solid part.

MENDEZ
You mean the reflecting part inside the headlight?

CHARLIE
No, the—the light itself where it sets into the body part of the car, it looks like it might be a—well, I can tell that this thing—it must come apart there because it's a different

color and a different kind of material. It's a–the front part seems to just set in the other part.

KRAUS
Like the lens would come off a headlight? Like a glass would come off a headlight?

CHARLIE
Yeah, right, right.

MENDEZ
And the part that comes off is the crystal part?

CHARLIE
Right.

One of our greatest concerns in using hypnosis to explore Charlie and Calvin's experience was the possibility of accidently influencing their testimony with leading questions and other more subtle cues. The reader will recall that one of the problems of hypnosis is that the subject, while in a deep hypnotic trance, is extremely suggestible and desires to please the hypnotist. If the hypnotist is not careful it is possible that he will feed answers to his subject. Our experience, however, with Charlie and Calvin was that on several occasions where we *intentionally* tried to lead them to an answer, we found it to be impossible. The passage above is an example of accidentally providing Charlie with an "answer" ("You mean the reflecting part?") that he could easily have accepted, but he did not. He rejected the *suggestion* and struggled to bring out the *right* response as it existed in his memory. Below are instances where Charlie simply says, "No, that wasn't the way it was at all."

MENDEZ
The surface of that crystal, what does that look like? Something I might know?

CHARLIE
It's–it's smooth, like glass–but it's a–between a light blue and a gray–maybe like blue water.

KRAUS
But you can see through it?

CHARLIE
I can see through it. I can see the ball, that's all I can see. The ball inside, it's movin'.

MENDEZ
Now, Charlie, the ball inside, how big is it compared to the whole crystal?

CHARLIE
It's much smaller than the crystal. Umm—probably—almost as big as a golf ball.

MENDEZ
And how big is the crystal?

CHARLIE
The crystal—let me compare it with somethin'. Let me see. You know how big a half gallon jug is? It's about as big as the bottom of a half-gallon jug—almost that big in diameter.

KRAUS
Is it flat like the bottom of a jug or is it round like the outside of a marble?

CHARLIE
It's rounded like the outside of a marble, yeah.

MENDEZ
You said it's smooth.

CHARLIE
Its surface seems to be smooth, clear, not rough.

MENDEZ
Like a diamond? You know how a diamond has different surfaces, it's angular and—

CHARLIE
No, no, it's not like a diamond.

KRAUS
This ball on the inside, can you take another look at it? . . . Is that attached to anything that you can see?

CHARLIE
I don't see anything, I guess it–I guess it could be, from the other side.

KRAUS
Now don't guess, just take a look and see, just tell us what you see.

CHARLIE
I can't see the other side of it.

MENDEZ
You said it was moving clockwise, in a circle?

CHARLIE
Yeah, it's movin' in a circle.

MENDEZ
Does it move at the same rate of speed, or does it slow down and speed up?

CHARLIE
It looks to be movin' about the same rate of speed.

MENDEZ
Now, how big is that circle? Does it move near the edge of the crystal–the outside edge or more toward the middle?

CHARLIE
It moves more toward the outside edge–not touchin' the outside edge though (Fig. 18).

MENDEZ
How thick do you think that crystal is?

CHARLIE
Hum. [Pause.] I can't tell.

KRAUS
What's that crystal doing now. What's it doin' right now. Take a good close look at it.

CHARLIE
The crystal's not doin' anything.

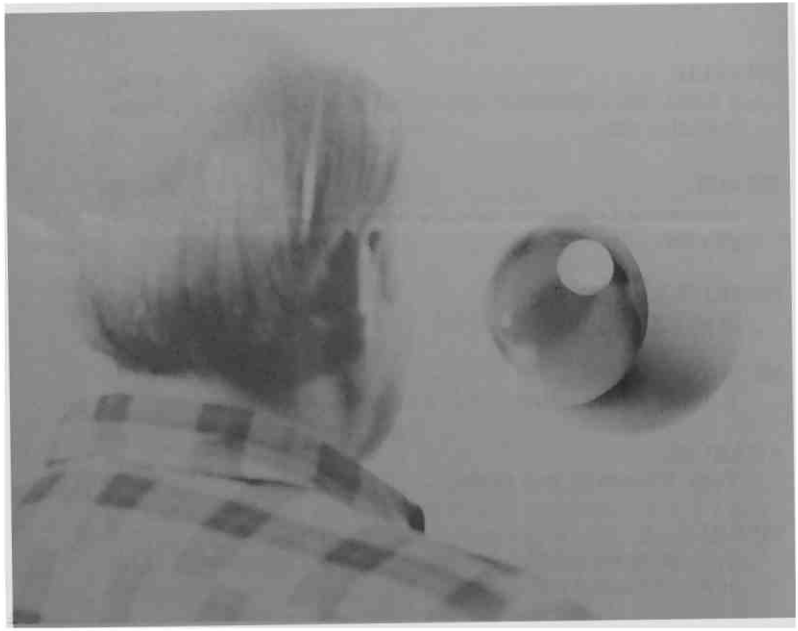

Fig. 18: This photo reconstruction is an attempt to show how Charlie was approached by the floating "examining-eye" within the craft.

KRAUS
Just standin' still? Where abouts, in relation to your body?

CHARLIE
In front of my face, real close.

KRAUS
Can you feel anything, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I can't feel anything. The light's still bright, real bright.

KRAUS
But, your eyes are gettin' used to it now?

CHARLIE
Uh-uh. [That is, "No, they aren't getting used to the bright light."]

MENDEZ
The ball still moving, Charlie?

CHARLIE
It's still movin', it's going around—slow.

MENDEZ
How slow, Charlie? Have you seen it make one revolution? Did it get back to where it started from?

CHARLIE
Yeah, it's—let's see—It's movin' about as fast as—

KRAUS
Is it coming to the top? Tell me when it gets to the top.

CHARLIE
It went by the top then. [When Charlie said this I glanced at the second hand of my watch.]

KRAUS
Tell me when it passes the top again.

CHARLIE
[As Charlie waited I observed the second hand of my watch.] It's coming up now. It's passing now.

MENDEZ
That's thirty-five seconds for the ball to make one revolution.

KRAUS
Look at that screen again. Can you see it yet? Can you see it again? [Charlie answers affirmatively.] O.K., fine, just a question, not a suggestion, just a question, Charlie. Could it be—a window?

CHARLIE
[Long pause, as though considering Kraus' question.] It could be.

John Kraus' suggestion that the "screen" might be a window is an intriguing one. One wonders. It is possible, *anything* is possible. There are two things, however, which suggest that

the "screen" was not a window. At one point Charlie notes that there was something moving across the screen. The other consideration is the placement of the screen. It was not far from the spot where the examining eye came out of the wall and it faced the creatures and Charlie. Its location was convenient and logical, *if* it was a kind of read-out monitor for the examining device.

KRAUS
Anything else you can see about the ball, about the crystal? Study it carefully.

CHARLIE
Let me rest a while. [A half hour later, after having a cup of coffee and a cigarette Charlie was ready to resume the session. The trance state was easily re-induced, and Charlie began where he left off.]

CHARLIE
[With some tension in his voice.] It's there in front of me. The ball's still goin' around. It's movin' back to the wall now. It just disappeared—it disappeared into the wall. I believe those things [aliens] turned me loose then, but I can't move.

KRAUS
Don't be afraid, just relax.

CHARLIE
They're still there.

MENDEZ
What position is your body in Charlie?

CHARLIE
I'm leaning backwards, kinda—about a forty-five degree—

KRAUS
Like a reclining chair, you mean?

CHARLIE
Somethin' like that, yeah.

MENDEZ
Are you in a chair?

This question is another instance of intentionally leading the subject. I knew Charlie always said that he floated while inside the craft. I wanted to see, however, if I *could* suggest to him that he was in a chair. A more neutral way of stating the question would have been, "What are you leaning on?" But even the more neutral example could suggest to Charlie that he was leaning on *something*.

CHARLIE
No, I'm not in a chair. That glow is comin' from the floor though–. . . I can't–I can't see any good. I can't hear nothin'. . . . I'm just wonderin' what they're gonna do with me.

MENDEZ
What else are you thinking and feeling, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I'm wonderin' where Calvin is. Wonder what they're gonna do. I don't think he got away–no, he couldn't of got away.

MENDEZ
When is the last time you saw Calvin, Charlie?

CHARLIE
A few minutes ago–out there close by where we were fishin'.

MENDEZ
What was he doing when you saw him?

CHARLIE
He couldn't do anything now, he–he–[Sighs deeply.] Something had–had hold of him–he–he [Charlie is having difficulty getting his words out.] didn't seem to me–he was movin'. Something has hold of him.

MENDEZ
Does the something do anything with Calvin now that it's got a hold of him?

CHARLIE
I can't tell, I can't see, I can't remember.

MENDEZ
O.K., let's go back inside the ship. What else are you thinking and feeling?

CHARLIE
I'm wonderin' what–what–what are those things? [His voice is strained.] What is this? Where am I at? I can't stand much more.

KRAUS
You're very relaxed and calm.

Calvin's description of his experience inside the craft did not yield the wealth of details obtained from Charlie's account. It seems that Calvin was unconscious the entire time he was in the craft. Nevertheless, his account did contain a few intriguing additions to Charlie's.

KRAUS
What's going on in your mind now, Calvin?

CALVIN
I hear a noise. It's a low whine, it's not loud or nothin'. It–it sounds like the noise an elevator would make goin' up. It's not loud though.

KRAUS
You can hear it though.

CALVIN
I can hear it. I can't see nothin'.

KRAUS
Tell me what's going on in your mind now.

CALVIN
Where's Charlie? I'm wonderin' where Charlie is. I just hear the noise.

KRAUS
Can you feel anything?

CALVIN
I can't feel nothin'. I have no feelin's at all–just–just a whining noise.

KRAUS
What are you thinking about, right now?

CALVIN
I don't have no thoughts.

KRAUS
Can you still hear?

CALVIN
I just hear a whining noise.

KRAUS
Can you *smell* anything?

CALVIN
No, I can't smell nothing–then I hear a 'click' noise, and I see bright lights–and I seen the outside.

The persistent whining noise Calvin heard the entire time he was on board the ship might have been made by the craft's power plant. He was quite graphic in his description of it: "... like the noise an elevator would make goin' up." Presumably, the ship was hovering while the men were on board. This would have required the expenditure of *some kind* of energy–could this have been the source of the "whining" Calvin heard?

Calvin reported he could neither see, feel, or smell anything–but he could hear. What was the "click" noise Calvin heard? Could it have been the door opening? Charlie's observations (see below) allow for this possibility. Perhaps Calvin's departure from the ship went something like this: he hears the "click" noise (sound of door opening), he sees "bright lights" (the brilliant illumination of the craft's interior), and lastly, he sees "outside" (the riverbank as viewed through the door, perhaps as he is led through it).

We know that Charlie did not hear a "click" noise, and we also know that Calvin was taken off the craft first. Could Calvin have been closer to the door when it was opened, because he was to leave first? And at this moment was Charlie

further away from the door, in another "room?" Questions without answers. Under hypnosis, Calvin recalls the moment when he was returned to the riverbank.

KRAUS
What's happening? What's happening now? You're right there.

CALVIN
I'm facing—I'm facing the river. I can't move though.

At this point Calvin was either leaving the ship or had paused at the door of the craft and was facing the river. In the next few minutes he described his passage back to the riverbank. Before we consider that part of his story, however, let us turn to Charlie's re-enactment of his exit from the craft.

CHARLIE
They're taking hold of me. They're just movin' me around. They're takin' me—through a—through a doorway.

KRAUS
Can you see the door nice and clear? Can you describe it?

CHARLIE
It's an opening—it's about—oh, I'd guess about six foot high. It's not square, it's not round, it's got radius corners in it, top and bottom. [Like doors on a ship.]

MENDEZ
Can you see how thick the walls are?

CHARLIE
I can now.

KRAUS
Tell us about it.

CHARLIE
Hum! [Knowlingly, as though realizing something for the first time.]

KRAUS
Tell us about it, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Hum! I believe that—I believe that's a sliding door—along the casing—the door—looks like it could be where a door would slip back in. It's pretty thick. It's probably two or two and a half inches thick. . . . It could be that it slides back into the wall, I'm not sure. We're moving on through the doorway now. It's real dark outside.

Charlie worked for a few years at a door factory before joining the shipyard and, of course, he has also worked with ship doors, so he has more than the average man's knowledge of doors and their construction. Charlie and Calvin were always baffled by the instantaneous way the opening appeared. Charlie's recollection under hypnosis suggests that the mysterious "opening" was a physical contrivance, not unlike our sliding doors. This also suggests that the "craft" was a vehicle, a physical object with a physical door for entering and exiting. This is significant considering that some UFO researchers believe (or at least have suggested) that UFOs are not *physical* spacecraft, but are instead, insubstantial "projections" of some kind. If Charlie is correct, at least *some* UFOs are material (physical) objects.

CHARLIE

They're puttin' me down. I feel the ground, I can feel. I see Calvin! [These words are uttered with excitement and relief.]

KRAUS

Where's Calvin?

CHARLIE

He's just a little ways to the left. He's just standin' there. I can't get up.

KRAUS

Don't be afraid.

CHARLIE

I'm gonna see about Calvin.

MENDEZ

Where are the things that had you, Charlie?

CHARLIE
They're behind me somewhere. Something is wrong with Calvin. I can't see him good, but I'm—I can't see anything real good now. I hear something.

KRAUS
What do you hear? Describe it.

CHARLIE
It's a funny noise. I see light now.

KRAUS
What lights, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I see blue lights.

MENDEZ
Think back to the noise. You can hear it. Can you imitate it?

CHARLIE
[Charlie makes a hissing noise several times.] No, that's not loud enough, something like that. I don't see anything but the lights—just lights. They're going away.

KRAUS
Where? Which direction?

CHARLIE
They're going up—straight up. They just left and went straight up—real fast, real fast—gone—they're gone.

Until this account, Charlie had always maintained that when he heard the noise and turned toward the craft he saw the blue lights flashing and the ship was gone—*instantly*. This suggested to some that the ship, and perhaps, the total experience were not physical realities. Charlie's recollection under hypnosis, of the ship's departure is significant because it is evidence that the object was a vehicle, or some kind of craft, that accelerated very, very rapidly in an upward direction. Let us return to Calvin's account of leaving the ship and his hypnotic recollection of its departure.

KRAUS
Are you alone? They still with you? Are you alone?

CALVIN
No, they're with me. They—one still has my arm—

KRAUS
Which arm?

CALVIN
My right arm. And I can't move.

KRAUS
Can you see him?

CALVIN
Yeah, I can see him.

KRAUS
Can you describe him for me?

CALVIN
His—his skin is rough looking, it's a grayish, wrinkled color. His hands, mitten—crab—crab-like hands, like mittens.

Calvin's use of the word "mittens" here may be evidence that his regression was not as *pure* as Charlie's and that his *conscious* mind, rather than his unconscious, is supplying at least some of the details of his abduction. Calvin never described the creatures' hands as "mittens" until he heard Charlie say it during a discussion a few months earlier. Calvin's ability to use *conscious* information in his hypnotic descriptions is in sharp contrast to Charlie's regression where he was unable to use words which we know his conscious mind had used many times before.

KRAUS
Don't be afraid. You can describe him very clearly.

CALVIN
I don't remember no knees on him. No joints, his legs were together. There's another one coming out—two more. [Apparently, Calvin is backtracking here, going back to the

beginning of the experience when the creatures first came out of the ship.]

KRAUS
Two more–what are they doing?

CALVIN
I don't know, I just hear 'em coming out.

KRAUS
You hear them? What's their sound?

CALVIN
I hear a mumble.

KRAUS
Listen to it carefully, what's it sound like?

CALVIN
It's just a mumble–just a mumble–there's just one noise.

KRAUS
Can you describe the noise for me? Listen carefully now.

CALVIN
It just–sound like–just a mumble. It's not like any mumble I ever heard.

KRAUS
Can you still see?

CALVIN
I can still see–I can't blink my eyes, they're real dry. [Now, Calvin is describing his exit from the ship and return to the riverbank.]

KRAUS
What's the creature doing now?

CALVIN
He's puttin' me down. I can't move, I can't turn.

KRAUS
Which way you lookin' now?

CALVIN
Towards the river.

KRAUS
What's around you? Look around you. Can you move your eyes?

CALVIN
They're open–I can't move them though.

KRAUS
Tell me what you see right in front of you. Don't be afraid.

CALVIN
I see a boat. It–the name of the boat the 'Doorwind.' [Darwin?]

KRAUS
Was it going by?

CALVIN
No, it's setting.

KRAUS
O,K., what else? Where are the creatures? Can you still see them?

CALVIN
No, I can hear–I hear this noise–where's Charlie at? I remember Charlie shaking me. I still can't move. Charlie–

KRAUS
What's he say?

CALVIN
'God, Calvin what happened?'

KRAUS
Don't be afraid now. Don't be afraid.

CALVIN
I'm startin' to feel real weak, real fainty–I remember–I remember lookin' back, seein' the blue lights. Charlie was standin' there.

KRAUS
What are they doin'?

CALVIN
Nothin', they was just flashin', then it disappeared–just went straight up.

KRAUS
Backtrack just a bit now. You can see those blue lights again. Can you see those blue lights again? What's happening. Every movement–describe, every movement.

CALVIN
I hear a noise. It's a loud 'zip' kind of noise–whistle. The craft shoots up approximately fifty feet and it disappears–and it's gone.

Calvin's testimony under hypnosis definitely corroborates Charlie's observation that the ship accelerated *upward* very, very rapidly. Of course, neither man was present during the other's sessions; nor had they ever heard their own or each other's tapes of the sessions.

What is to be said of the strange "mumbling" Calvin heard? Could this be the same kind of sound Charlie thought he heard the creatures make at one point? Charlie described the sound as a kind of humming noise; unfortunately, Calvin only noted that it was like no mumbling he had ever heard before.

It is also noteworthy that Calvin's hypnotic account is sometimes disjointed. This is obvious above where he mixes his description of his exit from the craft with the first appearance of the creatures. Is this another sign that his regression is not as "pure" (literal) as Charlie's?

Let us pick up Charlie's narrative where we interrupted it: Charlie and Calvin are together on the riverbank and the ship has just left. The following transcription is from the session where Charlie was allowed to "relive" the abduction without the interruption of our questions. Like the section earlier, its tone is very emotional and quite different from the more "analytic" sessions we had. Both types of session, however, were genuine hypnotic regressions.

CHARLIE
What in the world have they done to him? What in the world have they done to him? I've got to get to him.

[Shouting.] Calvin! Calvin! *Calvin!* Maybe I ought not have hit him so hard. I–Calvin! Calvin, say somethin'! Say somethin', Calvin! What in the world have they done to him? He can't talk. Calvin! Now–at least he can talk. No, I don't think they hurt me–I don't think they did. You all right? Calvin, you all right?

I don't know what they was. I don't know what it was. I don't *know*. I don't know why I'm hopping, Calvin. I don't know. My legs is still weak. You sure you ain't hurt? I don't know what it was, man. I–I swear I don't. I don't know *what* it was. I don't know. [With an almost angry tone.] Well, how in the hell did you think I'd know? I don't *know!* I know we gotta get out of here. I know we have. They've gone–I know they've gone. Whatever it was, I seen it when it left. I don't know how it left, it just left.

[Walking toward the car.] Man, we left that car a little further than I thought we did, Calvin. Wait, just one minute–you seen my tackle box? [Charlie is taking a drink from a bottle of *Jim Beam*.] Yeah–[Charlie sighs.] Damn–that helped. [Sighs again.] No, I didn't break the damn window out. I don't know how–I don't *know*. I know we gotta get out of here. Watch where you're backing up right now. Watch it, Calvin, *watch it!* You're gonna back off in that damn canal there. Now, let's get out of here, let's go.

Charlie's reference to the broken window is another intriguing and inexplicable detail. This is the first time Charlie ever mentioned the car's broken window. A few hours earlier, while driving Calvin to the airport, I had learned *for the first time* that the front passenger-side window of Calvin's car had been completely knocked out. When Calvin told me this, Charlie was not present. Calvin had no idea how this happened nor could he explain why he could only find a few small pieces of glass in the car. Calvin did not recall seeing or stepping on any glass outside of the car either. Apparently the window was destroyed sometime *after* they parked the car at the Schaupeter Shipyard, but *before* they reached the car minutes after the abduction. The car was parked less than one hundred fifty feet from where the craft hovered, and about two hundred feet from where Charlie and Calvin were fishing off the pier.

I *did not* mention the broken window to Charlie prior to his entering hypnosis. Therefore, his noting the broken window under hypnosis corroborates the story Calvin told me earlier in the day. Was the window destroyed by the ship's departure, or the aliens, or someone else? And why only *one* window?

Besides raising some unanswerable questions, the hypnosis sessions with Charlie and Calvin provided a great deal of additional information about the craft. The sketch done with Charlie under hypnosis reveals an elliptical ship, about thirty feet in length and fifteen feet in height, with a dome, windows, and blue lights. The outer surface of the ship appeared metallic, though no seams, rivets, or joints of any kind were seen. The mysterious "opening" may have been a sliding door leading to an interior whose "walls" were never seen, unless walls of light are possible. Inside the ship Charlie saw a TV-like screen and a fascinating object that floated around his body, an examining "eye."

Post-abduction activities

The question of exactly what to do about their experience was foremost in Charlie's and Calvin's minds as they sped away from the riverbank. Charlie has written that their first impulse was to tell no one for fear they would not be believed and possibly thought crazy. They soon realized, however, that they had a duty to perform in notifying "the authorities." It had occurred to them that their abduction might have been part of the beginning of an invasion. Under the circumstances this was a reasonable assumption, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the first stop Charlie and Calvin made after leaving the old Schaupeter Shipyard was a public roadside telephone, to call Keesler Air Force Base.

After the Air Force switchboard operator turned them away they were very confused. Their conscious recollection of their movements after that telephone call has never been very clear, or complete. We were hoping that the hypnosis sessions would clear up some of the questions and fill in the blanks concerning their subsequent activities that night.

Let us begin the examination of this part of their experience by considering Charlie's hypnotic regression from the moment just prior to their leaving the riverbank.

MENDEZ
How much *Jim Beam* was there in the half-pint. . . ? [This was another question asked to corroborate "conscious" testimony. Charlie had always maintained that this was his first drink of the day.]

CHARLIE
It was full, the seal was still on.

KRAUS
What's happening now, Charlie?

CHARLIE
We're just talkin' now. We don't know what to do. Calvin's still shook up.

KRAUS
How do you feel?

CHARLIE
I'm scared too.

KRAUS
What are you going to do, Charlie?

CHARLIE
We're going to go and call the Air Force Base in Biloxi [Keesler]. We're comin' out to the highway now.

KRAUS
Who's driving, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Calvin's driving. I just told him to slow down, he drives so damn fast.

MENDEZ
Where are you going, Charlie?

CHARLIE
We're going across the bridge.

MENDEZ
Toward Pascagoula or Gautier? [Where Charlie lives.]

CHARLIE
Toward Pascagoula. We're stoppin' there–

KRAUS
Stopping where?

CHARLIE
Service station–telephone there.

MENDEZ
What station is that?

CHARLIE
Standard station.

MENDEZ
Where is it located?

CHARLIE
Cross the street from the Lion station there by the bridge.

MENDEZ
I know where that is, now what are you doing?

CHARLIE
I'm calling the operator. It's ringing. I got her. She's gettin' me Keesler Air Force Base now. Didn't answer the phone yet.

KRAUS
Give us both–[He was going to say "both sides of the conversation."]

CHARLIE
I'm asking her, 'Is this Keesler Air Force Base?' I'm telling her now that–we were fishin' out on the river–some type of craft–[Long pause. I believe this is the first time while under hypnosis Charlie has used the word "craft" to describe the object. At this point of the experience he had apparently decided that it was a vehicle of some kind.] She says that they don't handle things like that. The Air Force don't–the Air Force don't handle things like that anymore. She told me to call the Sheriff in Jackson County–I just hung up. Calvin's saying a few bad words

after I told him about it. We're just not gonna tell anybody—we're goin' home.

KRAUS
What's happening, what are you doing now, Charlie?

CHARLIE
We're in the car, Calvin is turning around, we're headed toward Gautier. He's not driving too fast now, told him to slow down. Calvin just asked me what in the hell could of that been—what were they—what was that? I told him I didn't know.... We're still talkin' 'bout what should we do. Told Calvin that if the Air Force didn't handle something like that, I don't know of anybody else we should tell. So we decided not to tell anybody.... Calvin's slowing down now we're gonna stop. We're gonna stop at this 7-Eleven [store]. We're talking again, what should we do.

MENDEZ
Are you stopped now?

CHARLIE
Yeah, we're stopped now.... We're sittin' in the car—We're wondering if we call the Sheriff could we get him not to let anyone know except the Sheriff's Department. We're still talkin', wondering what we're going to do. We decided there we would go on home. Calvin's pulling back on the highway—

MENDEZ
O.K., before you go any further Charlie, how long do you think you were talking things over there at the 7-Eleven?

CHARLIE
Oh, not long, maybe—I don't know . . . maybe ten, fifteen minutes. I'm not sure.

MENDEZ
Did you get out of the car at all?

CHARLIE
No, not there.... We're going on toward—toward home. He's turned off now [the main highway]. We're talking again about calling the Sheriff. Calvin said let's call him—

got to let some officials know. He's gonna turn in there at the L'General [store]. He wants me to call the Sheriff; he's pretty shook up. Gonna lose that dime. Yeah, I'm gettin' him. . . . He told me for us to come on to the Sheriff's—no, he said better than that—that they would come out there [to Gautier] and escort us. I told him O.K. Calvin don't like the idea of havin' to wait for 'em to get there. We're waitin' there by the telephone.

KRAUS
You're very relaxed and calm, very aware of what's going on.

CHARLIE
We're just talkin'. Calvin's all to pieces—he's real shook up.

KRAUS
How do you feel?

CHARLIE
I'm still scared. I'm trying to figure out what that could have been. We're talkin', waitin' for the Sheriff's Department. He's wondering—what we gonna do, what's gonna happen. Wondering if they come back. He's real scared, he's frightened. He's afraid they're gonna come back. I'm saying, I don't think they'll come back. They've gone—I mean—they didn't hurt me. I'm trying to calm him down some. We're going over to the Sheriff's Department. . . . They're there [the Sheriff's car] they're gonna follow us over there.

MENDEZ
Are you on your way to the Sheriff's Department, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

MENDEZ
You didn't go home then?

CHARLIE
No. . . . They're in back of us. . . . Calvin's driving, we're still in Calvin's car. . . . We're on the highway going towards

Pascagoula. We're talkin'. I'm telling him again not to drive too fast. He's still shook up. . . . He's turning off there now to go down to the Sheriff's Department.

KRAUS
How far down is the Sheriff's Department?

CHARLIE
Oh, it's only three-quarters of a mile down there.

KRAUS
What's happening now?

CHARLIE
Police are not behind us. Apparently turned off another street, I guess. Calvin's stoppin' on the corner there.

KRAUS
How come he stopped?

CHARLIE
He said he was gonna go there in front of the *Mississippi Press* [offices] and—said there's a clock there, he was gonna see what time it was. He's comin' back now.

MENDEZ
Where are you Charlie when he does this?

CHARLIE
I'm in the car. [Pause.] He's back now.

KRAUS
Did he find a clock?

CHARLIE
He said the clock wasn't runnin', I don't know.

MENDEZ
What else does he say about the *Mississippi Press*?

CHARLIE
He said he knocked on the door there and somebody told him there wasn't nobody there—they weren't open. We'll go on now [to the Sheriff's, which is just a few blocks away].

MENDEZ
Did you get out of the car?

CHARLIE
No.

KRAUS
What's happening now, Charlie?

CHARLIE
We're almost there now. We're there now. I want to rest awhile.

Charlie was brought out of his trance at this point. He had been speaking for more than two hours. John Kraus had told Charlie that he could come out of hypnosis whenever he wished and Charlie was exercising that option.

The following is the conclusion of Calvin's account of the abduction as recalled under hypnosis. His narrative continues from where it was interrupted, with the two men on the riverbank only minutes after the craft has departed.

KRAUS
What's happening to you right now?

CALVIN
Charlie–Charlie says, 'What are we gonna do?' I remember goin' to the car, the doors was locked, both doors was locked. We're tryin' to get in. The window–the window's gone, it's knocked out. Charlie says, 'Don't get nervous, it was nothin'.' Charlie tryin' to settle me right then. We're talkin' about what we should do. We're not gonna tell nobody. 'Charlie, let's keep it to ourselves, not tell nobody–nobody'll believe us anyway–they'll call us fools.'

KRAUS
What's happening now? You're right there.

CALVIN
Charlie–Charlie got something under the seat. He said, 'God, Calvin I need a drink settle my nerves!'

KRAUS
What's he got?

CALVIN
Charlie's got a drink–Charlie got a bottle.

KRAUS
Where'd he get it from?

CALVIN
Under the seat. He took one swallow and put it back. He says, 'God, I can't believe it Calvin!' He says, 'What are we gonna do?' We're startin' to settle down a little bit.

KRAUS
What's happening Calvin?

CALVIN
We're goin'–we're gettin' in the car, we're goin'–we stop on the other side of the bridge–We're still talkin'. 'Charlie, what time is it?' He says, 'What time–what time did it happen, Calvin?' [The "other side of the bridge" Calvin refers to here is where the Standard station and public phone, from which they later called Keesler Air Force Base, are located.]

MENDEZ
What time is it Calvin?

CALVIN
I don't know, I didn't have a watch. There's a clock–I remember seein' a clock–I can't remember where.

Asking Calvin to recall the time apparently had the effect of reminding him of a time that evening when he did see a clock. Although initially he could not remember where he saw it, the next question seemed to prod him into recalling it.

MENDEZ
Where are you now, Calvin? Where did you stop?

CALVIN
I see a clock–[Inaudible.] *Mississippi Press.* 'Charlie–I'm tryin' to go up see what time it is.' I got out and I went up–I couldn't find no time. I couldn't–I just looked through the window–there's a big glass window in front. There's

three or four people sittin' around, they didn't notice me.

The clock was seen at the offices of the *Mississippi Press.* This is the same clock that Charlie recalled seeing just before the men arrived at the Sheriff's Department that night. Here, it *appears* that Calvin places the incident much earlier in the evening. This apparent inconsistency can be explained, however.

Calvin's mentioning of the incident *at this point* in his narrative is a kind of unconscious digression, a digression triggered by the "What time is it?" question. From Calvin's remarks below it is evident that he returns to the normal sequence of events after he recalls the clock incident.

CALVIN

I'm going back to the car. We ought to telephone—'Charlie, let's call somebody and tell—' He didn't think we should right now, he wants to keep it to ourselves.

When Calvin answers "I'm going back to the car," he is referring to his movements after looking through the window at the offices of the *Mississippi Press.* Then he pauses; after that pause his remarks concerning making a call are a continuation of the narrative above, which was interrupted by the "time" question. That is, the discussion concerning telephoning is occurring at the Standard station "on the other side of the bridge" (Highway 90 drawbridge).

The stop at the *Mississippi Press* offices is also of particular interest, because it involves a potential contradiction between Charlie's *conscious* recollection and what he said at the Sheriff's Department on the night of the abduction.

On the Sheriff's secret tape Charlie says, "I went by the *Mississippi Press.*... I said, 'Well, I'd like to see a reporter or somebody.'—You know, that can get the news to—you know, maybe to the Sheriff's Department or somebody—anyone. They said, 'Ain't no reporter here, won't be here until the mornin'.'" Here, Charlie claims that he want to the newspaper's offices *after* he called Keesler Air Force Base and *before* he called the Sheriff.

Charlie's *conscious* recollection was that he did not stop at the offices of the *Mississippi Press at all* that night.

Under hypnosis, Charlie says that they stopped at the *Mississippi Press* on the way to the Sheriff's Department so that Calvin could check the time. This stop, would have been made, therefore, *after* they called the Sheriff.

Which story is true?

I believe Charlie's conscious recollection is mistaken. Under hypnosis, both men recall stopping at the *Mississippi Press*, therefore, they must have done it. Both men also recall that they stopped so that Calvin could check the time. I also believe that this is probably true. Then what of Charlie's claim, on the Sheriff's tape, that *he* went to the *Mississippi Press* looking for a reporter? Either *two* stops were made at the *Mississippi Press* that evening, or Charlie was enlarging on the truth a bit when he said *he inquired* if there was a reporter they could speak to at the newspaper office. Charlie and Calvin do not believe that they visited the *Mississippi Press* twice that evening, and neither do I.

A careful analysis of the secret tape suggests that Charlie probably told the Sheriff he stopped by the *Mississippi Press* offices because the Sheriff had put him in the position of justifying his delay in reporting the incident that evening. Just before Charlie says that he went to the *Mississippi Press*, the following dialogue occurs between him and Sheriff Fred Diamond.

SHERIFF: Was this right after dark this afternoon? [It is now after midnight.]

CHARLIE: It wasn't too long after dark. . . .

SHERIFF: Well, why you waitin' until this time of the night to call us? [This is said in an accusing tone and puts Charlie in the position of defending his tardiness in calling the Sheriff. Charlie does not answer immediately, as if weighing his response.]

CHARLIE: Well, Mr. Fred–When they–and we–after I got out of there–[Note the ingratiating "Mr. Fred," rather than "Sheriff Diamond," which Charlie uses at all other times. Charlie's stumbling over his words also suggests his groping for a way to placate the Sheriff.]

SHERIFF: We got this call approximately–

CHARLIE: I know, I know, but I knew nobody wouldn't believe me–I went by–checked with the *Mississippi Press*–I went by the *Mississippi Press* and beat on that door.... I said, 'Well, I'd like to see a reporter or somebody.' You know, that can get the news to–you know, maybe to the Sheriff's Department or somebody–anyone.

The absurdity of this last statement is obvious: Charlie went to the *Mississippi Press* to find a reporter to carry the news to the Sheriff (whose offices are only a few blocks away)? Perhaps even Charlie senses the absurdity of what he's saying, for after he says, "... maybe to the Sheriff's Department," he adds, "or somebody–anyone." I believe Charlie is talking nonsense here because he is *improvising*. He knows they stopped by the *Mississippi Press*, and under the pressure of the interrogation and on impuse, he decided to make it appear that *he did* attempt to contact the Sheriff earlier in the evening. Calvin is *not* present at this point, so Charlie did not worry about his contradicting him.

Let us continue with Calvin's account of their post-abduction activities. His hypnotic recollection of their movements after leaving the riverbank raises some problems which must be reconciled.

KRAUS
What's happening, Calvin? Don't be afraid now. You're right there.

CALVIN
Call–we made a phone call, I'm standing out with Charlie on the outside of the phone.

KRAUS
Who you callin'?

CALVIN
I don't know, Charlie said we was gonna have to tell somebody–then we made our minds up to–now. Callin' the Sheriff's office–no, we're callin' the Air Force Base. They didn't believe us. They told us to notify our local authorities. We go back sit in the car for a moment. Charlie and I decide to call the Sheriff–so we call the Sheriff's office.

> We tell them what happened, they told us to go back to the apartment, they'd meet us. We go back to the apartment, patrol car pulls up—talks to us. He [the police officer] wants us to follow him in.

From Calvin's comment above one might assume that Keesler Air Force Base and the Sheriff's Department were called from the same telephone, the telephone at "the other side of the bridge." This is probably not the case. The telephone at the Standard station, from which they called Keesler Air Force Base is only several blocks from the Sheriff's offices. The "apartment" Calvin refers to above is Charlie's home and it is *several miles* down the highway. When Charlie called the Sheriff's Department and briefly told his story they undoubtedly asked him where he was. If he was calling from just a few blocks away, they certainly would not have told him to drive several miles away from the Sheriff's offices to wait for them, especially if they thought that the men might be very drunk or under the influence of drugs. But if they were only a few blocks from Charlie's apartment the Sheriff's deputy might very well ask them to go to Charlie's home and wait for a patrol car to come and check their story. Therefore, Charlie is probably right about the sequence of events after they called Keesler Air Force Base. That is, the men did not remain at the Standard station telephone, but drove toward Charlie's home in Gautier, several miles away, with the intention of not telling anyone what had happened. Upon arriving at the L'General store, which is a few blocks from the Hickson apartment, the men changed their minds and decided to call the Sheriff's Department. They used a public telephone that stands outside the L'General store on College Villa Avenue.

Calvin's comment *contracts*, time and simply leaves out the activity of the men between the two telephone calls.

When Charlie (under hypnosis) recalled this portion of the evening, I asked him if they went home after they called the Sheriff's Department. He answered, "No." Yet, Calvin said they met the patrol car at Charlie's apartment, and a check with Captain Glen Ryder, who was in that Sheriff's car, revealed that they indeed had met the men at Charlie's apartment. Why, then, did Charlie say they never went home? Perhaps, the answer is to be found in what hypnosis textbooks call the "literal mindedness" of the subject in a deep trance. According to one authoritative text, it is not uncommon for the deep-trance subject to take questions quite literally. For example,

when asked the question, "May I ask your name?" many subjects have replied, "Yes." When I asked Charlie if they had gone "home" (that's the word I used) he answered "No," because they had not gone *home*, but only to the front of his apartment and waited *outside* for the Sheriff's car to come. So there really is no contradiction on this point.

Calvin's post-abduction hypnotic account continues:

KRAUS
What's happening now?

CALVIN
Charlie—he told—he told somebody they'd better not tell nobody—he said, 'Y'all won't tell nobody about it.' He's explaining what we seen. He said, 'Y'all better not tell nobody about it.'

KRAUS
Who said this?

CALVIN
[Calvin's speech is slow and slightly slurred.] Charlie was tellin' a man. Charlie's telling the Sheriff, Fred Diamond. They separate us, they're asking me all kinds of questions. 'Have you been drinkin'?' I didn't even drink then.

KRAUS
You had nothing to drink at all?

CALVIN
I had nothin' to drink. Charlie tried to get me to take one to settle my nerves, but I wouldn't do it though.

KRAUS
What's happening now?

CALVIN
He says he's gonna take a polygraph test, 'If you're lying I can send you to the penitentiary.' [Apparently Calvin's interrogator said this to him.] I told him to give it to me. He takes me in, he asks me what happened. We're sittin' in there—they ask me a bunch of questions. And I remember more about the room with Charlie—Charlie and I settin' in the room with the Sheriff and the deputies and they leave—goin' out.

KRAUS
Just you and Charlie alone now?

CALVIN
Just me and Charlie. We're talkin', but we weren't in there but five minutes. [Calvin's estimate of the time is exactly right.] We just talks about what happened. [Inaudible.] [Calvin slurs his words here.] . . . the good Lord for sending something like that. I said a prayer. They didn't want to believe us. Somebody's laughing about it. I wanted to hit him.

KRAUS
Who laughed about it?

CALVIN
Some woman—some woman, just made me mad 'cause she was laughing. We're going back home—apartment. I don't remember.

Did Charlie and Calvin behave the way we would *expect* normal persons to in such a situation? Their movements subsequent to leaving the riverbank were marked by indecision, (after they called Keesler) anxiety, and confusion.

We know that Charlie and Calvin called the Sheriff's Department at about 11:00 P.M. Working backward from that hour it is possible to approximate the times of their movements after leaving the abduction site. Perhaps it went something like this.

The abduction occurred sometime between 9:30 and 10:00 P.M. At about 10:15 P.M. they left the riverbank—Calvin was driving. They immediately went to the public roadside phone on Highway 90 at the east end of the drawbridge. From there they called Keesler Air Force Base and explained what had happened. This conversation, plus the ensuing confusion when they were turned away, must have taken about fifteen minutes. It might have been around 10:30 P.M. when they left the phone booth and headed west on Highway 90, with the intention of going home (to Gautier) without telling anyone.

They drove approximately five minutes down the highway, parked in front of a 7-Eleven store and talked about what they should do. Under hypnosis, Charlie estimated that this discussion might have taken fifteen minutes. At about 10:50 P.M.

they pulled back out on the highway and headed west toward Charlie's home.

Less than a mile from Charlie's apartment is a L'General grocery store with an outside public telephone. The men stopped at that store and decided they could not go home and "sleep on it." They had to tell someone and they decided to call the Sheriff. The time was approximately 11:00 P.M.

Captain Glen Ryder took the call at the Sheriff's Department and after listening to their story he told the men he would meet them at Charlie's apartment on College Villa Avenue, which was less than a mile from the L'General store. Captain Ryder met Charlie and Calvin at about 11:30 P.M. and after speaking briefly with them, decided that they should come to the Sheriff's Department to tell their story. The two men went in Calvin's car with Calvin driving again and Captain Ryder following in his car.

As Charlie and Calvin turned off Highway 90 to drive the last few blocks to the Jackson County Sheriff's Department, Charlie noticed that Captain Ryder's car was no longer following them. It was at this moment that Calvin stopped at the offices of the *Mississippi Press* to check the time. This took only a minute and since they were driving directly past the *Mississippi Press* Building, this stop did not require a detour of any kind.

It must have been close to midnight when Charlie and Calvin arrived to tell their story to a skeptical Sheriff and his deputies. Before the night was over, however, the Sheriff and his deputies would discover something—something which would dissolve their skepticism completely.

CHAPTER 5

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

The Pascagoula incident of October 11, 1973 is now history. As many as eight out of ten Americans may recall the event: two men claim they were captured and taken aboard a UFO, a flying saucer, a spaceship from another world. What really happened? Can we *explain* Pascagoula? There are six possible explanations which may be offered:

1. The story is a hoax; Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker are lying.
2. Hickson and Parker are the victims of a hoax, that is, someone fooled them into thinking they were abducted by extraterrestrial creatures.
3. Hickson and Parker hallucinated or "imagined" the abduction, that is, the experience was *mental*, it never actually occurred.
4. Hickson and Parker experienced something which goes *beyond science*, something which almost defies our attempts to understand it. Perhaps, an other-dimensional interaction, a time-warp phenomenon, our own future coming back to examine us, a psychic projection from something external to them. . . . What this set of theories has in common is their quality of being beyond our current scientific knowledge. They are all highly speculative and no *scientific* proof of their reality has ever been demonstrated.
5. Hickson and Parker had an encounter with an experimental craft, perhaps of the U.S.A. or U.S.S.R.
6. Hickson and Parker were abducted by extraterrestrial creatures who came to Earth in a spacecraft.

These several hypotheses are not equally tenable. A thoughtful examination of the facts will reveal, beyond a reasonable doubt, that one of these explanations is far more plausible than any of its competitors. Let us consider them in turn and the evidence for and against each of them.

THE STORY IS A HOAX

Dr. J. Allen Hynek arrived in Pascagoula within thirty-six hours after Charlie and Calvin first told their story at the Sheriff's Department. He has always been conservative in his pronouncements on UFOs, some ufologists believe *too* conservative. Dr. Hynek interviewed the men and was present when another UFO investigator, Dr. James Harder, hypnotised Charlie and Calvin. Before he left, Dr. Hynek made the following statement to the press.

> "There is no question in my mind that these men have had a very terrifying experience. Under no circumstances should they be ridiculed. Let's protect them."

What convinced Dr. Hynek and others, the Sheriff and his deputies, for example–that Charlie and Calvin were not lying? Was it the fear and anxiety, as noted by the investigating officers at the Sheriff's Department only hours after the alleged abduction? Captain Glen Ryder, one of the officers who questioned the men that night, said Parker was "scared to death" and "almost in shock." When Dr. Harder hypnotised Charlie and Calvin and attempted to have them "relive" their experience both men became so upset, as evidenced by perspiring, trembling, and crying, that Dr. Harder brought them out of the trance state rather than risk serious psychological injury; Dr. Hynek witnessed this emotional upset. In his many years as an investigator working for the U.S. Air Force, Dr. Hynek had heard thousands of UFO stories; and he was convinced that the men were not lying. Perhaps the secret tape was the decisive element. More than likely, it was all of these factors. The truth is, *all* of the persons close to the case believed that Charlie and Calvin were not lying. These include the Sheriff and his investigating officers, Drs. Harder and Hynek, and the men at the shipyard who knew Charlie well. One of those was Jim Flynt, the acting yard superintendent. He said: "If it had happened to someone else, someone I didn't know, I would never have believed it. But I know Charlie and I know he's telling the truth."

The reaction of Charlie's family to his UFO experience is particularly interesting. In addition to his mother and father, interviews were conducted with his two sisters and three brothers. They are all married adults with families. Their feelings were all similar concerning Charlie's UFO story. They knew he would never make up a story like that. They were sure *something* had happened to frighten him very badly. They were not going to believe any story about creatures from outer space, however, until they saw them with their own eyes. They were somewhat embarrassed by the whole affair and probably wished it had never happened, at least not in their family.

Charlie and Calvin arrived at the Jackson County Sheriff's Department to tell their story approximately two hours after abduction. In the entire history of UFO phenomena it is extremely rare to have a "contactee" experience reported so quickly to authorities. Certainly, one advantage of having such a "fresh" report is that the authorities, in this case, the Jackson County Sheriff and his deputies, have the opportunity to assess the physical and emotional state of the persons making the report.

How might we expect two men to behave who believe they have just been captured by aliens from another world? The Jackson County Sheriff, Mr. Diamond, made the following statement to the *Mississippi Press*.

> "For several hours that night we listened to what both men had to say. We questioned them separately. Then, we placed them together in a room and monitored their conversation. Their stories–told individually and together–were the same. To them, their experience was real. They showed it emotionally."

Captain Glen Ryder was also present at the Sheriff's Department on the night of the abduction. He made the following statement to Murphy Givens, a reporter with the *Mississippi Press*.

> "I thought they were pulling my leg. The young boy [Parker] was scared to death. He was almost in shock. . . . I didn't believe their story at first, but I do now, after I got them on tape. If they were lying to me, then they should be in Hollywood."

The famous secret tape has frequently been cited as proof that Charlie and Calvin were not lying, that they truly believed they had been abducted by extraterrestrial creatures. It has been reported that the men were placed in a cell that night which contained a hidden microphone, and their conversation

monitored. Actually, Charlie and Calvin were never placed in a cell, but were questioned in various rooms at the Jackson County Sheriff's Department. The men told their story at least twice that night—before it occurred to the Sheriff and his deputies to secretly record their testimony. While Calvin was being interrogated by one of the deputies, Charlie was taken to Detective Thomas Huntley's office, a small room furnished with a few chairs, table, and a desk in which a tape recorder was permanently concealed. This was not the first time the "bugged" office had been used at the Sheriff's Department to record a witness' testimony.

The secret tape begins with a deputy asking Charlie to tell his story again. "Well, this will be the third time!" Charlie replied. The request was repeated and Charlie began to relate the events of the evening leading up to the abduction. At the completion of his story, which took about half-an-hour, the Sheriff promised Charlie that he could soon go home. At that point, Charlie's interrogators excused themselves on the pretext of getting coffee—Charlie was offered a cup, but declined. As the men left the office Calvin was brought in and left alone with Charlie. The door to the office was closed, the tape recorder left in operation, hidden in one of the desk drawers. The men were alone for about five minutes. The following is a verbatim transcript of the secret tape covering that five minute period.

CHARLIE: Calvin, you O.K., hoss?

CALVIN: Tellya, I'm scared to death.

CHARLIE: We need to get over there and let me tell Blanche she—I'm telling you man, that's something that'll scare you *damn near to death*, you know? Jesus Christ!

CALVIN: You hear about something like that, but you can't believe it.

CHARLIE: Yeah, you hear about it, I know, Calvin, I know, but—

CALVIN: Reckon it's something the United States would have up there?

CHARLIE: No, no, it just couldn't be.

CALVIN: I don't know–

CHARLIE: Not what we seen though, not what we seen–it's something–and the Air Force and all know it's up there too, see–and this ain't gonna be the only time, it's gonna happen again. And until they–

CALVIN: This evenin' I like to had a heart attack tonight, I ain't shittin' ya.

CHARLIE: I know–

CALVIN: I came damn near to dyin'.

CHARLIE: I know, it scares me to death too, son.

CALVIN: I'm just damn near cryin' right now–I can't–

CHARLIE: I know–it something you just can't get over in a lifetime, see–*Jesus Christ!*

CALVIN: What's so damn bad about it, won't nobody believe it!

CHARLIE: I thought I had been through enough of *hell* on this Earth and now I had to go through something like this, see. But they could've, you know, I guess they–well, they could've done anything to us–they didn't hurt me.

CALVIN: Reckon why they just picked us up?

CHARLIE: I don't know, I don't know. I'm telling you man, I can't take much more of that.

CALVIN: I got to get home, get to bed or get some nerve pills or something, see the doctor or something. I can't stand it. I'm about to go all to pieces.

CHARLIE: I tell you, when we get through, I'll get you something to settle you down so you can get some damn sleep.

CALVIN: I can't sleep yet like it is. I–I'm just damn near crazy.

CHARLIE: Well, Calvin, when they brought you out of that damn thing–when they brought me out, well, I like to never in hell, you know, goddamn! I like to never in hell get you straightened out, man!

CALVIN: *My damn arms*, I remember–my arms they just froze, just like that and I couldn't move, just like I stepped on a damn rattlesnake!

CHARLIE: They didn't uh, they didn't do me that way though, they–oh boy!

CALVIN: I passed out, I passed out, that's the first time I ever passed out in my life. [Inaudible] . . . and it is.

CHARLIE: I've never seen nothin' like that before in my life. It's something–you can't make people believe in that though–

CALVIN: I don't give a shit whether they believe it or not, 'cause I *know*–

CHARLIE: They'd better wake up and start believin'.

CALVIN: You're damn right!

CHARLIE: They'd better wake up and start believin'.

CALVIN: You're damn right!

CHARLIE: [For the third time.] They'd better wake up and start believin'.

CALVIN: 'Cause I *seen* um. I can't figure out the damn thing–did you see how that door come right open in front of us all of a sudden?

CHARLIE: Yeah, I don't know *how* it opened, son. I don't–

CALVIN: I didn't see no door swing or–

CHARLIE: I don't know how it opened–I don't know *how* it opened–

CALVIN: I didn't see it open. All I seen was this here zzzzzzip–

CHARLIE: Have you ever seen something–

CALVIN: Then looked around–them damn blue lights and them sons-a-bitches was just–just like that they come out.

CHARLIE: I know, you can't believe it and you can't make people believe it.

CALVIN: I paralyzed right there, I couldn't move!

CHARLIE: They're gonna believe it one of these days. They're gonna believe it one of these days. It might be too late. I knew all along they was–they was people from outer worlds up there, I knew all along. I never thought it would happen to me.

CALVIN: You know yourself, I don't drink.

CHARLIE: I know, I know that.

CALVIN: We're going to be accused of being a damn dope-head and everything else–'cause I know I ain't!

CHARLIE: And very little I drink–and I drank some awhile ago when I got out of that damn thing, to settle my nerves.

CALVIN: [Inaudible.]

CHARLIE: And I'll probably take me a couple of drinks when I get to the house and make me sleep.

CALVIN: I'll tell you somethin', if I thought it would help my nerves I'd go drink somethin' right now.

CHARLIE: When I get to the house I'm gonna get me another drink and make me sleep 'cause I–I can't–

CALVIN: I can't–it's somethin'–I won't never forget it–

CHARLIE: Look! What are we waitin' on? I gotta go tell Blanche–Why did they say we had to wait?

CALVIN: Uh–I gotta go t' the house, I am done sittin' here gettin' so damn sick right now, I ain't shittin' ya. I gotta go t' the house.

CHARLIE: Wait a minute, let me go and talk to 'em. [Charlie leaves the office.]

CALVIN: [Calvin is alone now.] Yeah, it's just hard to believe. [Pause.] For it to happen on the Pascagoula River. Talk about strange things. I know there's a God up there– [Inaudible. Perhaps Calvin says, "I'm not going to ask why." His voice fading to a bare whisper, "Why did it have to happen to me?" The Sheriff's deputies enter the office at this point.]

The original recording of this conversation was made on one-quarter inch reel tape; it is kept in a safe at the Jackson County Sheriff's Department, Pascagoula, Mississippi, in the care of Detective Thomas Huntley. This tape is available to persons doing research in the UFO field.

The secret tape is strong evidence that Charlie and Calvin weren't lying, that something did indeed happen on the west bank of the Pascagoula River that October night. Listening to the tape is even more convincing, if that is possible, than reading a transcription of it. For when we hear Charlie and Calvin talking in that office, sometimes both at the same time–speaking not so much to communicate with each other, but to reassure one another and themselves, we cannot doubt that they have suffered a traumatic experience.

Their anxiety and confusion is revealed by the tone of their voices and the rapidity of their speech–things which are almost impossible to transcribe. Parker, in particular, is on the brink of hysteria.

"I'm just damn near cryin' right now–I can't– . . . I can't stand it. I'm about to go all to pieces. . . . I'm just damn near crazy. . . . Uh–I gotta go t' the house, I [inaudible] I'm gettin' scared right now, I ain't shittin' ya. I gotta go t' the house."

Parker was nineteen years old at the time. A man, especially a young man, will usually try to hide his fear, such is his conditioning. Calvin was so disturbed, however, that he found it impossible to conceal his terror. Approximately three weeks after the incident Calvin suffered a nervous breakdown and was hospitalized.

When Charlie said, "I knew all along they was people from outer worlds up there," it is sheer bravado. In all probability, prior to his abduction, Charlie gave little thought to the possibility of extraterrestrial life. However, that night, within hours of the abduction, he said, "I knew all along . . ."–possibly for the same reason that children say (when someone has frightened them out of their wits) "I knew you were there all along!" Somehow, that false claim makes them feel better.

The *Mississippi Press* carried the following headline on its front page on October 31, 1973, "HICKSON PASSES LIE DETECTOR TEST ABOUT SPACE CREATURES." The polygraph test was administered by Scott Glasgow of the Pendleton Detective Agency, Inc., of New Orleans, Louisiana (Fig. 19). Mr. Glasgow is a graduate of Purdue University and had given approximately five hundred polygraph tests since joining the Pendleton Agency ten months earlier. The *Mississippi Press* reported that Glasgow said, "I am convinced that he believes he saw a spaceship and that he believes he was taken into the spaceship by three creatures." The polygraphist later signed an affidavit testifying to that conclusion. This affidavit was read to millions of Americans by TV personality, Dick Cavett, when he had Charlie as a guest on his late night show a few days later.

When Charlie took the polygraph test Calvin was back home, one hundred and thirty miles north of Pascagoula, at Laurel, Mississippi. At the time of the test, Calvin was recovering from a nervous breakdown. He was under the care of Dr. R. L. Alexander and had just been released from Community Hospital in Laurel, where he had been taken by his uncle when the breakdown occurred.

Considering the opinions of the qualified experts, the testimony of fellow workers, and family members, the secret tape, and the results of the polygraph test, it is certain beyond a reasonable doubt, that Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker

Tim W

Fig. 19: Scott Glasgow, polygraph examiner, explains to Sheriff Diamond the results of the test he administered to Charlie a few weeks after the abduction. Calvin was hospitalized at this time.

did not lie when they reported their UFO abduction. Hypothesis nunber one, that the story is a hoax, is therefore, untenable.

HICKSON AND PARKER WERE VICTIMS OF A HOAX

Is it likely that some person or persons deceived Charlie and Calvin? Could an elaborate prank have been conceived and executed to fool the men—to make them believe they were abducted by creatures from another world? Leaving the question of motive aside for the moment, consider the nature of their experience and the circumstances attending it.

To get from the paved highway to the old steel pier, one must drive about a hundred yards along a dirt road that is little more than a wide path cut through the eight to ten-foot-high river grass. It was shortly after dark and the two men had been fishing from the old pier for about an hour. They neither saw

nor heard any other person on the bank of the river that evening. To their rear there was an abandoned, dilapidated building, which at one time served as a fabrication shop for the Schaupeter Shipyard Company. Beyond the building there was nothing but hundreds of acres of river and grass and beyond that, a paved elevated road leading to the gates of the huge Litton-Ingalls Shipyard, almost a mile downstream from where the men were fishing.

The immediate area was quite isolated, although the pier and riverbank were visible from the Highway 90 drawbridge. Downstream from the pier there was a railroad bridge which pivoted open to allow ships to pass. This bridge also had an operator whose control shack was on top of the bridge and afforded an excellent view of the pier, less than two hundred yards away.

Directly opposite the old steel pier, one hundred fifty yards across the river, there was a pier where commercial fishing boats docked. Upstream from this point there was a tugboat company, which was fairly active, with tugs coming and going at all hours. On the downstream side of the commercial fishing dock was a warehouse, which was inactive at night. From time to time there was some river traffic before the pier where the men sat with their spinning rods in their hands.

Having set the scene—let the "prank" begin.

The men hear a peculiar sound at their backs—they turn and see an elliptical "something" about one hundred feet away. It hovers silently two feet above the ground; there is no visible turbulence around or beneath the object. The object's blue lights stop flashing and an opening appears, out of which three creatures "float," like the object, two feet above the sand. Is it necessary to continue? Isn't it obvious that this "prank" would have been a major project for the special effects department of a large film studio? And if they were lucky, they might have done it for only about $100,000 (that's about what it cost to make *Bruce*, the *Jaws* shark). It could be done—and it would fool us *on film*. But what about doing it in the open, on the banks of the Pascagoula River, where our eyes are not limited to what the movie camera sees? And we haven't even gotten to the part where the men are carried—no, "floated," inside the craft.

It is simply inconceivable that on the banks of that river anyone could *create* an illusion such as described by Charlie and Calvin. Need we consider the question of a motive for playing such a "prank?" The hypothesis that the men were

the victims of a hoax is, perhaps, the most preposterous of those put forth. We must discard it because it is so obviously absurd.

HICKSON AND PARKER HALLUCINATED

It has been suggested that the "abduction" of Hickson and Parker happened—but only in their minds. Perhaps the two men were high on drugs, of suffered some rare kind of mental disease. In which case, it is argued, the men were victims all right—victims of a hallucination.

The suggestion that the experience was drug-induced is simply unsupportable. Approximately two hours after the abduction the men were in the hands of the Jackson County Sheriff's Department. In administering to a population of over 100,000 in the Pascagoula area, the Sheriff's Department has had considerable experience with drug offenders and alcohol abusers. Sheriff Diamond, Detective Huntley, and Captain Ryder, who escorted the men to the Sheriff's Department that night, have gone on record as testifying that the men were not intoxicated, nor under the influence of any drugs.

Some forms of mental illness do produce hallucinations. However, hallucinations that are *shared* by two or more persons are relatively rare. In the case of Hickson and Parker, both men claim they saw the same thing—up to a point—the point when Parker loses consciousness: the strange elliptical craft hovering above the ground, the three creatures floating out, the capture of each other, etc. The only kind of shared hallucination described in the psychological literature is known as a *Folie a Deux*. Could they have suffered from this condition? In an attempt to answer this question and resolve any other doubts concerning the mental stability of Hickson and Parker, both men were given a battery of standard psychological tests in January 1976, at Harper Hospital in Detroit.

The psychological examiner's complete report is reproduced in Appendix C. The various tests indicated that both Hickson and Parker revealed no evidence of psychosis, no deterioration of mental abilities, no evidence of organic brain damage or schizophrenic thinking—nor was there any evidence of the development of psychotic processes. With reference to Hickson the report states:

> "In conclusion, the data of this examination described Charles Hickson as a man of average intellectual functioning and who, at this

time, presents himself as a sane person who is intact with reality. Neither his history nor any suggestion in these data point to the likelihood of psychotic behavior, hysteria, or any presence of organic brain damage, which could come from injury to the head such as a concussion, chronic alcoholism or early birth or childhood injury, and which could effect cerebral damage and bring some abnormal behavior."

The report's verdict in Parker's case is very similar to that of Hickson's:

"In conclusion, Mr. Parker's attainment in this evaluation indicates that he possesses average intellectual functioning, but only marginal development of academic skills. The test data do not indicate any evidence of brain impairment such as would be incurred by serious blows to the head or to some disease process, and his personality measures do not indicate that there are currently any psychotic processes, thought disorder, halluncinatory or delusionary experiences. For whatever reason, his lag in development of academic skills could reflect some lack of motivation or absence or opportunity or school achievement."

With reference to the possibility of a shared hallucination, the so-called *Folie a Deux*, the report concludes: ". . . the essentials described in the literature . . . with respect to *Folie a Deux* do not appear so likely as to explain the events of the report of the unidentified craft and creatures, claimed to have been seen by Calvin Parker and Charles Hickson."

BEYOND SCIENCE

This category is actually a "catch-all" collection of several different hypotheses. What these distinct theories share is the characteristic of being totally speculative, that is, no scientific proof supports them. The proponents of these views might describe them as being "beyond science," in the sense that our science is not sufficiently sophisticated to account for them. Presumably, at some time in the future, science will encompass what is now regarded as *paranormal* phenomena. Let us consider two different kinds of hypotheses which have been proposed to explain some, if not all, UFO experiences.

One theory involves so-called "other-dimensional" interactions. The proponents of this hypothesis postulate that there are other "realities" co-existing with ours. These other realities are said to occupy a plane of existence different from our own; therefore, there is normally no interaction between us. The analogy of TV waves coexisting with us, as they flow through the rooms we inhabit, may be offered to illustrate this

hypothesis. TV waves are present all around us, however, we remain unaware of them until we utilize a device (our TV receiver set) that is capable of absorbing and transforming those waves into images and sound. Similarly, it is suggested, another mode of existence (another dimension) might be "with us," but remain unnoticed until there is some change in "their" mode of existence which brings them into our time-space reality.

In a letter to Dr. J. Allen Hynek, J. H. Bruening of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology, University of Mississippi, suggests that such a movement from one kind of existence to another would not involve time or travel, but might simply occur as a dematerialization "where" they are, and an instantaneous materialization "where" we are. Bruening speculates that so-called apparent violations of the laws of physics by UFOs might be accomplished by "partially dematerializing." In Bruening's point of view, UFOs become physical objects when they "enter" our dimension.

At the opposite end of the spectrum of hypotheses is the suggestion that UFOs are not physical at all; let us consider such a hypothesis.

This theory maintains that UFOs are caused by the psychic energies (mental and/or spiritual) of aliens—or, according to some, earth creatures. These energies are said to "create" the apparent craft, lights, discs, and other phenomena that we classify as UFOs. According to this theory "creatures" are not physical, though they may produce physical effects.

How non-physical entities can produce physical events is sometimes explained, analogically, by the example of the *poltergeist*. The poltergeist phenomenon is the well-documented occurrence of various knockings, tappings, movements and breaking of objects, with no discernible cause—other than the *poltergeist*, that is.

The psychic projection hypothesis is also inspired by the apparent existence of telepathy. If thoughts can be projected, it is argued, why not images? Of course, this does not explain how UFOs can leave physical traces, as they sometimes do. But then, there remains a great deal that is unexplained by these hypotheses—as their supporters well know.

Similar theories that go beyond science must be rejected as *plausible* explanations of what happened in Pascagoula for the simple reason that there is not one shred of evidence to support them. We must grant that *anything is possible*, but it is a long way from that admission, to the claim that the *most*

plausible explanation for what happened to Charlie and Calvin was an other-dimensional interaction or a psychic projection of some kind.

THE CRAFT WAS AN EXPERIMENTAL DEVICE OF THE U.S.A. OR THE U.S.S.R.

If the United States had developed a "hover" craft with the characteristics noted by the men, then it must utilize a system of power that is radically different from any currently known. Such a source of energy would truly revolutionize our technology. If we had such a craft, would we test it on two of our own citizens, after dark, on the banks of the Pascagoula River? At the risk of offending the reader's intelligence, let us pursue this idea just a bit further.

The craft lands at an abandoned shipyard on a sandy spot surrounded by the rusting hulks of junked automobiles. For what purpose? To give two distraught fishermen a free examination and a tour of the craft's interior? And what were those three things that floated out of the craft? Were they our test pilots incognito? Obviously, if Charlie and Calvin's descriptions of craft and creatures are even half accurate, the suggestion that the U.S. government was responsible—is absurd.

These same arguments are even more cogent when we consider the suggestion that the craft was of foreign origin, viz, from the U.S.S.R., for the obvious reasons that no government is going to test or use its supersecret experimental craft in the backyard of its enemy. We really have no choice; this hypothesis must join the others, for it is wholly untenable.

HICKSON AND PARKER WERE ABDUCTED BY EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES WHO CAME TO EARTH IN A SPACECRAFT

The plausibility of this hypothesis is obviously dependent upon the *probability* that there are intelligent extraterrestrial creatures in existence somewhere in the Galaxy. The current scientific opinion is that the probability is great that intelligent extraterrestrial life exists in our own "Milky Way" Galaxy. The justification for this opinion is the subject of the next chapter.

Assuming that there *are* other intelligent creatures in the Galaxy, how likely is it that they might visit us? There is, of

course, only one intelligent, technological species that we can look to for comparison in speculating on this question—our own. Consider the evolution of science and technology on this planet. From the speculations of the ancient Greek philosopher, Democritus, that all matter was composed of infinitesimally small particles called "atoms," to the current theories pointing to "black holes" in space as astronomical gateways to other "universes," human intelligence has been impelled by the need to know, to understand, how the Universe works.

Man's technology is but an extension of his body and senses. His science is one grand reaching out for understanding and power. In terms of years, science and technology are in their infancy on this Earth. Nevertheless, they have already resulted in man taking his first step toward the stars. In time there will be manned explorations of the planets of our solar system. Then we shall travel to the planets of nearby stars, some of which have already been discovered.* In all probability, by the time we are ready for that journey, we shall have discovered many more planets orbiting our neighboring stars. Is there any reason to believe that intelligent life elsewhere will behave differently?

Given the technological means, could an intelligent species resist the temptation to explore the Universe—to directly experience other life forms? Certainly, *we* could not; the popularity of *Star Trek* and an enduring science-fiction literary tradition attest to our enormous interest in the subject.

What might be the technological capabilities of a civilization that is more advanced than our own? When we encounter such a civilization, will its control over nature impress us as *magic* rather than science, as Arthur C. Clarke, science-fiction author, has suggested? A tentative answer to this question might be found in the evolution of our own science and technology.

In 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, man first successfully raised his foot off the planet—and in 1969, a mere sixty-six years later, he set it down on the moon! From Kitty Hawk to the Sea of Tranquility—in sixty-six years—well within the lifetime of a man. If technology, wherever it exists, always develops at such a rate, what would a civilization be able to accomplish that is a few hundred—thousand—or even, a *million* years in advance of our own?

Given the nature of the evolution of the Galaxy it is entirely possible that there are planets that came into existence *billions*

*Astronomers believe that Barnard's Star, a nearby smallish red sun, may have two Jupiter-sized planets orbiting it.

of years before the Earth was formed. Any contemporary college astronomy textbook will contain an account similar to the following genesis.

Eighteen billion years ago there were no planets–there were no stars–there was no Universe. We are not sure exactly what there was, but most scientists now believe that there must have been a cataclysmic explosion which scattered the "cosmic egg" in all directions. After a million years or so the Universe contained tremendous amounts of gas, probably hydrogen and helium gas. This "Big Bang" did not distribute the atoms of the gas uniformly, however. In some areas the gas was more dense and turbulent. Many of these areas formed galaxies first. Within these galaxies, under the force of gravity, denser pockets of gas attracted more and more atoms of gas, until they compacted into huge balls. Temperatures within the centers of these gigantic spheres of gas rose to millions of degrees. At this point hydrogen fusion reactions occurred and the first stars were born.

A star is a massive sphere consisting mostly of hydrogen that is undergoing fusion (the same process that occurs in an exploding hydrogen bomb). What keeps the star from blowing apart is a tremendous gravitational force resulting from the very large mass (amount of matter) composing the star. That is, a star is in a state of equilibrium in which the *outward* force of the hydrogen fusion at its core is balanced by the *inward* force of gravity directed toward the center of the star. The fusion reactions release enormous amounts of energy. The energy has the potential to be either life-creating or lethal.

In the early evolution of the Universe we did not have any planets capable of sustaining life as we know it. That occurrence had to await the death of those *first generation* stars. As the first massive stars died, however, they produced other elements, elements heavier than the hydrogen and helium they were composed of. Those elements, (carbon, oxygen, magnesium, neon, silicon and others) were violently propelled away from the star when it blew apart. The atoms of heavier elements joined clouds of hydrogen gas that existed between some of the stars. That enrichment of space continued for billions of years, and it continues today. Once again some of the hydrogen gas, where it was most dense, began to coalesce, grow, attract, and compact more gas, until tremendous temperatures were reached, igniting new, *second generation* stars.

But, in some cases, *all* of the gas which had been enriched by the heavier elements did not form stars. Some of it con-

densed into smaller spheres. Over a period of time the smaller spheres lost their hydrogen and helium as it escaped into space and these chunks of matter, which orbited their nearby star, became planets, some of them with a firm terrestrial constituency such as Earth, Mercury, Venus and Mars.

In our Galaxy, which is, perhaps, ten billion years old, this process of planetary formation might have begun as early as nine billion years ago. Since our star, the sun, and its planets is probably about four and one-half billion years old, there could be many stars with planets that are much older. It is possible that there are some solar systems in our Galaxy that are a few *billion* years older than ours. If life still exists on the planets of such systems, it would have an incredible evolutionary head start on us. That is why Clarke suggests that the capabilities of such a civilization would strike us as *magic* rather than science.

The process of star and planetary formation is *not* an event which occurred only once, several billion years ago. New stars and planets are constantly being formed. Since the formation of the Galaxy, about ten billion years ago, until the birth of our star and planet about four and one-half billion years ago, stars and planets have continuously come into existence—and died as well. When we consider that our Galaxy has one hundred to two hundred billion stars, it must be granted that enormous numbers of those stars probably have planets and many of them could sustain life. The current scientific estimates of that probability are discussed in Chapter Six.

A frequent objection raised against the extraterrestrial hypothesis is that the distances between stars are enormous and that the fastest rate at which one could travel is approximately the speed of light 186,000 miles per second or about six trillion miles per year, which is one *light year* (the distance light travels in one year). The distances between stars are measured in light years, and most of the stars in our Galaxy are many thousands of light years away from us. There are, however, approximately five to ten thousand stars that are within one hundred light years of our sun.

The "speed of light" argument against the extraterrestrial hypothesis sometimes takes this form:

1) Nothing which has ordinary mass and is moving can ever travel faster than the speed of light. (This is current scientific belief.)
2) Because of the distances between stars, a visitor to the Earth (even if he traveled at almost the speed of light)

would spend hundreds, if not thousands of years on his journey.*

3) If a space visitor spent such a great deal of time getting here, he would not be content to pick up two frightened fishermen. He would want to learn more about our Earth culture by contacting scientists, political leaders, and artists.
4) Therefore, the suggestion that we have been visited is absurd, or, at best, highly unlikely.

This argument contains at least two assumptions which are questionable. First, it is *assumed* that "a thousand year journey" would be "a great deal of time" *for the star-traveler* who visited us. A thousand years is a long time *for us* given our life span on Earth. But, can we assume that this is true for *all* life forms in the Universe? Secondly, and perhaps, more important, is the presupposition that a star-traveler would be limited by the speed of light. Can we assume that our current physical science is the last definitive word on how the Universe works? Surely, the history of science cautions against such an assumption. Einstein's theories of relativity illustrate that point very well. Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravitation was thought to be universally valid until it was revealed the law had certain short-comings–there were some phenomena it could not account for–but, Einstein's relativity theories explained them. Newton's law was not *wrong*, it simply did not go far enough.

Perhaps, our hypothetical star-traveler does not journey *in time* at all. It is presumptuous of us to think that our current science, which has only been science, that is, empirical and based upon experimentation, for a mere few hundred years, is a *final* description of the Universe. To say that space travel is *limited* by the speed of light is to make just such an assumption.

There is one other objection which must be answered, since it appears, at first glance, to render the extraterrestrial hypothesis absurd. It is frequently formulated as follows:

> "If UFOs are the exploratory craft of a vastly superior civilization and if they are studying us, why is it that they have continued to return with such great frequency? If they are truly superior, one would think that by now (UFOs have been reported for at least forty years) they would have all the data they need."

This argument contains at least two assumptions that are questionable. First, it implies that the extraterrestrial hypothesis is offered as an explanation for *all* UFOs. No reputable

*That is, as measured on his home planet; the "on board" time for him would be considerably less according to Einstein's theories of relativity.

researcher would make that claim, however. Here, it will be argued that there is *at least one* UFO case which was an extraterrestrial visitation: the Pascagoula incident. This does not imply that the extraterrestrial hypothesis is the most plausible explanation of *all* UFO incidents.

The second dubious assumption is that the "space-visitor" UFOs are *all* coming from the same place. That is, it is assumed that only *one* civilization is visiting us. If we allow for the possibility of one extraterrestrial visitor, we must also admit the *possibility* of several. Certainly, we are not justified in *assuming* that, if we are being visited, then we are being "studied" by one, and only one, alien culture.

Thus far it has been argued that the extraterrestrial hypothesis is, at least, possible, because the objections raised against the hypothesis are not very convincing. The argument *for* the extraterrestrial hypothesis in the Pascagoula case, however, can be stated with much greater force: The *most plausible* explanation for what happened to Charlie and Calvin is that they were abducted by extraterrestrial aliens, apparently for the purpose of some sort of examination. The "proof" of this statement consists of not just one fact or factor, but several, which when considered together demonstrate, *beyond a reasonable doubt*, the truth of the proposition. Let us reiterate those points and introduce a few new ones:

1) *If* there are six, and *only* six explanations for the experience of Calvin and Charlie (as was suggested at the beginning of this chapter) and if numbers one through five are implausible, then number six begins to look like the best (most plausible) explanation of the experience—provided, of course, hypothesis six does not suffer the same defects as its competitors.
2) It has been demonstrated by testimony, a polygraph test, and the secret tape that Charlie and Calvin were not lying. Psychological tests show no evidence of pathological lying on the part of either of them.
3) It has been argued that it would have been next to impossible for anyone to perpetrate a hoax conforming to the characteristics of the experience suffered by Charlie and Calvin.
4) Psychological tests have revealed that Charlie and Calvin are currently mentally healthy. There was no evidence of any kind of emotional or mental condition that could account for some kind of "hallucination."

5) The more esoteric hypotheses, such as "other-dimensional interactions" and "psychic projections," are interesting, but can hardly be considered *plausible*.
6) It has been argued that the suggestion that Charlie and Calvin had an encounter with an experimental, secret craft of a government of this Earth, is absurd.
7) The evidence acquired through the hypnosis of Charlie and Calvin supports the truth of their stories.
8) A thoughful consideration of the details, of the particular characteristics and aspects of the experience, suggests a true happening.
9) Pascagoula was not an isolated case. There were well documented UFO encounters *before* and after the Pascagoula incident; they will be discussed below.
10) A recent scientific symposium estimated that in our Galaxy alone there could be about *one million* other civilizations that are equal to, or surpass ours in technology. And there are *billions* of other galaxies in the Universe! These findings are discussed in detail in Chapter Six.

Before considering other UFO incidents of 1973 that support the extraterrestrial hypothesis, let us pause to examine and elaborate on point (8).

There is a quality of *credibility* about the Pascagoula abduction story that comes from the *logic* of its details. That is, the way the abduction-examination was carried out *makes sense*. It was done quietly, quickly, and efficiently, with minimum hazard to all parties. In fact, some critics have noted that the Pascagoula abduction is quite "unexotic" in its method and procedures. They have a point. After all, essentially what happened is that the ship landed, they picked up the men, examined them, put them back and left. This "unoriginal" aspect of the abduction is especially striking when we contrast Pascagoula with other abduction claims such as the Antonio Villa Boas case, which included seduction, or the more recent Travis Walton case, characterized by adventure and violence. Walton claims to have actually fought for his freedom.

The Pascagoula abduction is *logical*. If what is desired is the examination of a specimen, then it is reasonable to locate that specimen, come in quietly and—quickly capture, examine and release the specimen. It is not necessary to justify one's actions, give a tour of the ship, or leave "proof" of one's visit. Possessing a superior technology and force would insure that one could accomplish the task efficiently and without injury.

The details of the abduction are convincing in another way as well. They "ring true." The details are believable because they do not go too far, there aren't too many, nor do the men remember too much. Of course, it is impossible to specify just where "enough" detail ends and "too much" begins, but we can have a good *intuitive feeling* for an *absence* of the extremes. Somehow, the details of the Pascagoula abduction do not go *too far*. Our sense of credence is not offended.

The details of the incident are also convincing because of their uniqueness. Consider the appearance of the aliens. They are not what one might commonly fabricate or even imagine. The same may be said of the "floating," the examining "eye," and many other details. When all the particulars of the Pascagoula incident are thoughtfully considered, they add up to an incredible happening, that somehow, in a gut-level, feeling-kind-of-way, "smells" true.

It has been suggested that the UFO "flap" of 1973 was *caused by* the Pascagoula incident. On this view, it was the nationwide publicity given the Pascagoula case that stimulated people's imaginations–resulting in their "seeing" UFOs all over the south-eastern part of the country. Certainly the power of suggestion is a genuine phenomenon. However, what many do not realize is that there were significant UFO reports made *prior* to the Pascagoula incident. The following case, personally investigated by the author, proved to be almost as dramatic as the Pascagoula abduction!

THE DELK CASE
Petal, Mississippi, *October 7, 1973*

Constable Charles Delk was interviewed in April of 1975. Additional information on this case was generously provided by two UFO researchers, Mr. James Ladner and Mr. P. D. Nicaise.

Sunday, October 7, 1973, *five days before* the occurrence of the Pascagoula incident, Charles W. Delk, elected Constable of Beat 2, Forrest County, was relaxing by viewing his favorite TV program *Columbo*.

At about 8:15 P.M. Constable Delk received a call from the Sheriff's dispatcher about a citizen's complaint of a strange flying object with blue and green flashing lights. Delk declined to investigate the complaint, informing the dispatcher that he had received several similar calls in the past two weeks and his

investigations of all of them had convinced him that people's imaginations were fooling them. Delk was reluctant to waste his time once again, especially while *Columbo* was in progress. He returned to his TV.

A few minutes later the dispatcher called again and told Delk that the woman who had sighted the object was really frightened—once more he asked Delk to investigate. Allowing his sense of duty to over-ride his skepticism, Delk agreed to check out the complaint and, perhaps still under the influence of *Columbo*, he joked with the dispatcher about "catching" the thing.

At about 8:30 P.M. Delk arrived at the residence of the person who had seen the flying object—it was gone. As in all the cases he had recently investigated nothing remained to be seen. His suspicions confirmed, Delk got into his car and started the short journey home.

He hadn't driven very far, however, when "something" floating slowly above the tree-tops captured Delk's attention. It was oval-shaped and from the top there protruded an "antenna" which was surmounted by a large globe. The overall configuration of the thing reminded Delk of an "old-timey top," (the kind of "old-time" tin top that was spun by repeatedly pushing on a knob that was connected to the body of the top with a screw-type handle). The entire object "glowed yellow, like a neon sign," Delk said. Around the edge of the body of the "top," many little yellow lights blinked on and off. The effect reminded him of old theatre marquee lights.

The thing was floating so slowly and so low that Delk felt it was going to land. Upon sighting it, he radioed the dispatcher and told him he had the object in sight and was going to follow it to "see who got out of it when it landed."

Delk followed the object about four or five miles out of Petal (which is approximately eighty miles north of Pascagoula) toward Leeville. It was floating slowly at about twenty-five miles per hour, he claimed. The Constable kept radio contact with the dispatcher and he described a very strange scene. As the thing floated over an electrical power installation of some kind, it stopped, he said. It stopped directly over it and two blue "acetylene torch-like" flames shot out from opposite sides of the object. The jets of flame were accompanied by a sound not unlike the escaping gas from a carbonated beverage bottle when it is opened. Delk watched in amazement.

The object's pause above the power installation was brief; it continued on its way, floating slowly, leading Delk in a large

circle that encompassed several miles of the sparsely inhabited countryside. Suddenly Delk found himself so close to the object that he had to hang his head out of his car's side window to look up at the glowing thing. Still in contact with the dispatcher, he reported that he was "right up under it."

At this point Delk's radio, car lights and engine quit simultaneously. The object continued to float away. Suspecting an electrical malfunction, perhaps caused by the rough roads he had been driving over, Delk got out of the car and raised the hood. Everything seemed to be intact. He could see the object moving off in the distance, and although it was moving away from him, it was at that moment that Delk later said he first felt fear. For it occurred to him then that he was in an isolated area with no means of escape and at the mercy of *something* which seemed to have caused his car to breakdown.

Perhaps as much as fifteen minutes passed, then, suddenly the car's lights came on. Delk had left his light switch in the "on" position when he got out of the car. (It was almost 9:00 P.M. at that time and it was dark; sunset having been at approximately 6:30 P.M.) Delk got back into the car and started the engine; a few minutes later, his radio crackled back to life.

The dispatcher was concerned because he had lost contact with Delk while the Constable was "in pursuit." The Sheriff's dispatcher later told Delk that two cars had been sent to find him, one from neighboring Jones County and one from Forrest County. Delk told the story of his car's breakdown and then continued his chase.

After three or four miles of pursuit, Delk caught up with the floating object again. It was still moving slowly within a few hundred feet (or less) of the tree tops. Delk was less than two hundred yards from the object when it began to turn. The UFO (if there ever was an Unidentified Flying Object, this was surely one) slowly pivoted until the globe, which surmounted the "antenna" on top, pointed toward the ground. At this point, within full sight of Constable Delk, the object vanished. It did not go up and out of sight, he claimed, it simply disappeared.

Constable Delk earns his living by serving as a law-enforcement officer in Forrest County (Fig. 20). He is elected to his position of Constable by the people of Forrest County. How likely is it that he would jeopardize his livelihood by fabricating such a tale? Surely, a reputation for flying saucer chasing is not going to help one get elected as a law enforce-

Fig. 20: Constable Charles Delk, elected law-enforcement officer of Forrest County, Mississippi, had an incredible close-up UFO sighting—four days before the incident at Pascagoula.

ment officer. During Constable Delk's interview it became obvious that he lacked the temperament and personality to concoct and "play-out" (over the car radio) such a performance. Was the experience imagined? In all its detail? Prior to his UFO encounter, Constable Delk's record was unmarked by unusual reportings or devious behavior.

THE BOOTH SIGHTING
Pascagoula, *October 11, 1973*

The Pascagoula abduction was not the only UFO incident reported to have occurred on the evening of October 11, 1973. One of the most impressive sightings was made by Larry Booth, a Pascagoula service station proprietor. Mr. Booth, 48 and a World War II "Air Corps" veteran, was interviewed in August 1974, at his home in Pascagoula. The following is an edited transcription of that taped interview.

> Well, what happened, I was watching *Kung Fu*, which comes on the TV at 8:00 P.M. . . . course when the program was over [9:00 P.M.]–just a habit–check the front door before you can go to bed . . . when I turned all the lights off I just walked over to the door to turn the outside light off . . . I just happened to glance out the front door through this long glass [window] at the top of the door. That's when I saw this big object which, I'd say–five to eight foot above the telephone pole out there, above the street light.
>
> This object was standin' still, it wasn't movin' at all when I seen it. But all the lights around the outside of it were turnin'–clockwise motion. And they were all red, no green, no other colors, all red–but no wings or no offset–no outer shape or nothin', just a huge object. Just to say how big it was, I don't know, but I would say it was larger than the props on a helicopter, you know how the big helicopters are with the large props? I would say that it was bigger around than that.
>
> The main thing you could see were the lights all the way around it, a lot of them, close together, and they seemed to be circling–I would say, slower than an ambulance light turns . . . about half that fast. But as the object got further off, naturally, I could only see the rear end of it, and it looked–say, you'd see eight or ten [lights], and it decreased to six. Then, when it got way on out, it looked just like two lights . . . it just narrowed down to–instead of bein' right here, when you look up at a large object–lights all way around it–you can see 'em on both sides.
>
> So what caught my eye was just to look up, I couldn't hear a sound. A helicopter would've jarred everybody in

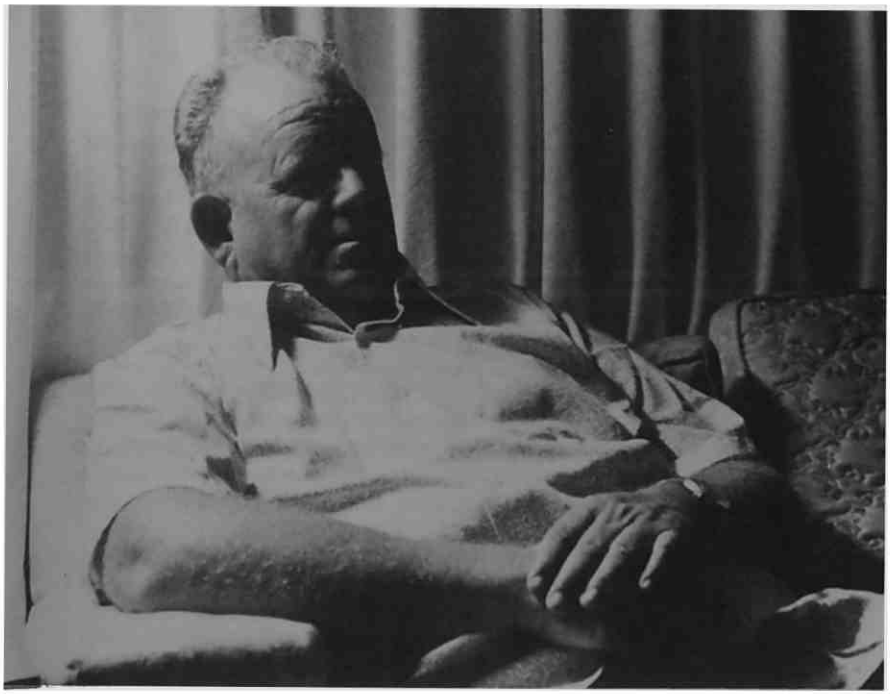

Fig. 21: On the night of the abduction, Larry Booth, Pascagoula resident, had a close-up UFO sighting that is not easy to explain.

here out of the house, and if it had been an airplane, it'd fell, 'cause I was in the Air Corps–and they have to be travelin' at a certain speed even to stay in the air.

So, I started to go back and call my wife–just about the time I went to move, well, it started to move off in a slow motion, real slow, right over the pine tree. So I got over to the edge of the door and watched it 'til it went plum out of sight. And as it got off out away–more in the dark I would say, it seemed to me–a dome shape of some sort, you couldn't tell. It reminded me sort of–you see these pickups, campers, with a little dome on top of it so the light can get inside of it. Well that's what it looked like, it looked like the light was sort of reflected up from the inside. Those lights and the turnin' of it, and that on top was all the shape you could really tell. But you could tell it was round and–I thought nothin' of it. It didn't bother me at all, really. I

said, 'I've seen a strange object.' I said, 'Well, Keesler or Pensacola they always–helicopters and ferryin' and doin' all that back and forth'–and I said, 'They're runnin' some kind of experiment through here, see.' So, I thought nothin' of it. I was goin' on to bed.... So, I wake up the next mornin' and I started to work. Well, I always listened to the news, five minutes to seven news, out of Biloxi. And here comes this about what happened out here on the road [the abduction].

So I began to time the television program, the time–what time I saw it and the directions that he said it went. And the way that it took off and the way that the people of Pinecrest televisions acted up and the way that the people of Pinecrest said that they saw it, different ones–and everything that happened in this direct path–then's when I like to swallow my tongue! I got worried then, about what it was.

Course, I've been questioned–friends and everything some have come up and just read about it and said, 'Well, I know Larry, I been knowin' him for years, I know he's not tellin' a tale.' Well, I'm not tellin' any kind of tale, I don't know what it was, I don't have any idea what it was. But there's two things I figure, that it wasn't an airplane and it wasn't a helicopter.

It was exactly one week after the Pascagoula incident that Captain Larry Coyne, 35, and his crew of three had a UFO experience which ranks as one of the most reliable and best documented cases in the entire history of UFO phenomena.

THE CAPTAIN COYNE CASE

Cleveland, Ohio, *October 18, 1973*

The time was shortly after 11:00 P.M. as Captain Coyne and his crew flew their Bell Huey jet helicopter toward their home base at Cleveland's Hopkins Airport, fifty miles away. Crew Chief Robert Yanasek was piloting the craft when he called Captain Coyne's attention to a red light on the horizon which at first seemed to be "pacing" them, or moving parallel

to them in the same direction. This object, however, soon appeared to be approaching the helicopter at a high rate of speed. Captain Coyne observed the approaching light and attempted to radio nearby Mansfield Air Force Base, believing the light to be a fighter aircraft from that base. His call went unanswered and by that time the light was much closer and was still rapidly approaching at apparently the same altitude as the helicopter. Captain Coyne estimated the light's speed to be in excess of six hundred fifty miles per hour. Fearing a collision the Captain, a commander of the Army Reserve 316 Medical Detachment, took over the controls and put the ship into a dive.

As Captain Coyne and his crew chief watched, the light rapidly closed in on them, and although the ship's altimeter indicated they were losing altitude, Captain Coyne later said that at this point "... we braced for impact." Instead of colliding with the helicopter, however, the red light did what Captain Coyne and his crew had never seen any aircraft do: it came to an abrupt halt about five hundred feet above them. From six hundred fifty miles per hour to zero miles per hour, in an instant! Needless to say, the men in the helicopter were astounded, not only by the movement of the light, but also by its source. The red light was on the forward end of an elliptical shaped craft that had no wings or rotors and no observable intake or exhaust ports.

As the crew watched in disbelief, a green light from the rear of the strange craft was directed down into the cockpit of the helicopter. Captain Coyne recalled that everything turned green in the compartment. The Captain was saved from the necessity of making a decision about what to do by the UFO's rapid departure. His crew watched as it streaked off in the distance. At this moment Captain Coyne glanced at his instruments, for he realized that he had put the ship into a dive. What he saw registered on the instruments only added to his confusion. Although he had the controls in the position for a dive, the instruments indicated that he had actually risen several hundred feet and was still rising! Captain Coyne quickly regained control of the craft and wasted no time in leaving the area. Several minutes later his radio became operative again.

Earlier that day the entire crew had passed its annual physical examination with no unusual conditions noted. Captain Coyne has been with the Army for seventeen years and subsequent to this incident was promoted to the rank of major. There appears to be no question of his competency to com-

mand and fly a helicopter. Nor should we forget the rest of the four-man crew who also experienced this bizarre encounter.

There were other well-documented UFO encounters in the Fall of 1973, *before* and *after* the Pascagoula abduction. The conclusion is inescapable: the evidence demonstrates, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the *most plausible* explanation of what happened in Pascagoula is that Charlie and Calvin were abducted by space travelers from another world.

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CHAPTER 6

EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE–WHAT DOES SCIENCE SAY?

Today, many scientists believe the probability is extremely high that life as we know it exists elsewhere in the Universe, not just in a few places, or on a few planets, but on many. One recent estimate placed the number of extraterrestrial civilizations which are at least at our level of development in the Milky Way Galaxy (our galactic neighborhood), at *one million!*

Scientific opinion has not always been so optimistic. In the early twentieth century it was believed that the formation of planets, and of life, was a relatively rare event. Astronomers currently believe that the formation of planets around a star has been a fairly common occurrence in the Universe, a process which is still continuing today. Given this idea and several relatively recent discoveries in biochemistry and astronomy, extraterrestrial life is now an acceptable notion within the scientific community. So widespread is the opinion, that college-level textbooks routinely include a chapter dealing with the subject. One such text, *Astronomy: Fundamentals and Frontiers*, by Jastrow and Thompson, approaches the question of extraterrestrial life by considering the origin of life on this planet. The following is a summary of their argument in support of the opinion that we are not alone in the Universe.

Modern scientists believe that life on this Earth evolved out of nonliving chemicals, chemicals which were present in great quantities in the atmosphere and oceans of the primordial planet during the first billion years or so of its existence. Three facts tend to support this view.

First of all, it has been demonstrated that *all* life on this planet, whether amoeba, artichoke or anteater, is made up of the same two kinds of molecules: *amino acids* and *nucleotides*, the so-called "building blocks of life."

Secondly, scientists have *made* some of these amino acids and nucleotides out of chemicals they *believe* were present in the early environment of the Earth.

Thirdly, an object exists which appears to bridge the gap between nonliving chemicals and life—the *virus*. Its existence gives credence to the idea that life arose from "dead" chemicals.

Let us examine each of these theories in turn. Our understanding of them will lead to a better understanding of why scientists believe the formation of life, as we know it, may be a fairly common event throughout the Universe.

Twenty different amino acids are important for the determination of life. Each amino acid is itself composed of about thirty atoms of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and carbon. The role of amino acids is vital, because they form proteins, and proteins form cells—and cells form organisms.

Amino acids form proteins according to the directions of one type of nucleic acid. The nucleic acid is itself composed of a "chain" of nucleotides, the other "building block of life." The most important nucleic acid is DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), for it is the DNA molecule that determines what types of proteins are formed, and therefore, what kind of organism is formed. A man and a mongoose have the same kind of amino acids and nucleotides; it is by the variance of their assembly into different proteins that the two creatures are distinguished.

Given the fundamental role of amino acids and nucleotides in the formation of life, it is, perhaps, understandable that the creation of these two molecules by scientists from nonliving chemicals was described in the popular press as "man playing at God." It was believed by some that the making of amino acids and nucleotides was tantamount to the making of life itself. Scientists first made these substances in 1952 during an experiment conducted by Stanley Miller. Miller was a graduate student working under Harold Urey, who later became a Nobel Prize winner.

Apparently, Urey suggested that Miller mix together some of the gases that were likely to have been present in the primitive atmosphere of the Earth, gases such as hydrogen, ammonia, methane and water vapor. Miller subjected these gases to an electric discharge to simulate the lightening of the Earth's early storms, and in less than a week's time, several kinds of amino acids were formed. This experiment has since been duplicated using a variety of gases and a variety of energy "catalysts," such as alpha particles, ultraviolet light (which could have come from the Sun) and simple heat. In each of these experiments amino acids and/or nucleotides have been formed. The ease with which this has occurred in the laboratory has led

scientists to believe that similar events may have been responsible for the start of life on Earth.

The amino acids and nucleotides could have been distilled into the warm oceans of the young planet–there, over a period of millions of years, slowly evolving into the first forms of life–primitive single-celled organisms, destined to be the ancestors of all life on Earth.

That life evolved out of nonliving matter is given credence by the existence of the *virus*, an "organism" that also has some of the properties of nonliving matter. An isolated virus is not alive on its own because it lacks the sugar and fat molecules which all organisms require for energy. Also, it cannot reproduce itself in its "inert" state. When the virus is placed in contact with living cells, however, it springs to life. It does so by dissolving a hole in the cell's wall and injecting its own DNA into the cell. The virus' DNA utilizes the amino acids and nucleotides of the "victim" cell to form replicas of *itself*. Lastly, the virus destroys the cell, freeing many newborn viruses, which then move out in search of new cells to conquer. Thus the virus appears to walk the line between the "inert" or nonliving, and the living. Its existence suggests an intimate relationship between inanimate matter and living matter.

The implications of all this for extraterrestrial life are that if life might have been so readily formed out of chemicals on this earth, then it could also come into existence as easily on some distant planet, provided of course, that the raw materials are present. That is, the hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, and other components. Astronomers now know that these substances are among the most plentiful in the Universe. In fact, quantities of organic compounds thought to be too complex to exist in deep space have recently been found in our Galaxy. One of the compounds is ammonia; the other, a large "cloud" of ethyl alcohol. Organic compounds have even been found in meteorites that have fallen to Earth.

All of these factors have had a tremendous impact on the contemporary scientist's opinion concerning the existence of extraterrestrial life. The magnitude of that impact may be judged from the fact that no scientist familiar with the facts as outlined above, would say that we are definitely alone in the Galaxy. Our Milky Way Galaxy, with its one hundred to two hundred billion stars is but a small portion of the Universe. The current belief among some scientists is that the probability that extraterrestrial life exists in our Galaxy is extremely high. Just how much extraterrestrial life may be out

there is a question which was one of the main subjects of discussion at a conference of distinguished scientists, jointly sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences of the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

This American-Soviet conference was called "Communication with Extraterrestrial Intelligence" (CETI) and was held in Soviet Armenia in 1971. CETI was an interdisciplinary symposium with representatives from the fields of astronomy, astrophysics, biochemistry, biology, exobiology, mathematics, physics, and physiology. The social sciences, though fewer in number, were represented by men in the fields of anthropology, archeology, and history. In addition to American and Soviet scientists, who constituted the majority of the participants, there were representatives from the United Kingdom, Canada, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Most of the participants at the CETI conference were well-known in the scientific community. Carl Sagan, Frank Drake, Philip Morrison, Thomas Gold and Freeman Dyson from the U.S.A. and from the U.S.S.R., I. S. Shklovsky, N. S. Kardashev, V. L. Ginzburg, and V. A. Ambartsumian—all attended. Two Nobel Prize winners also took part in the conference, Francis Crick, co-discoverer of DNA and Charles Townes, inventor of the maser and laser. An assembly of such a distinguished body of scientists to discuss the possibility of communicating with extraterrestrial intelligence would have been impossible during the first half of the twentieth century. The convening of the CETI conference in 1971 is dramatic evidence of the great change that has occurred in the world of science in respect to the question of the existence of extraterrestrial life.

The problem of estimating the number of extraterrestrial civilizations at our stage of development (or higher) was discussed at the CETI conference within the framework of a simple formula: $N = R_* f_p n_e f_l f_i f_c L$. The seven factors of this formula represent the seven relevant questions which must be answered if an estimate of the number of extraterrestrial civilizations (N) is to be made.

The first question, "What is the rate of star-formation (R_*) in the Galaxy?" is important because whenever new stars are born, new planets may also be created, and some of these planets may eventually have life on them.

These new planets are represented in the formula by "f_p"—which means, "What fraction (f) of these stars will have planets (p)?" Will it be one-half, or one-third, or three-fourths?

Once we estimate "f_p," we will want to determine what

number of those planets are *ecologically* suitable for sustaining life, "n_e." In our Solar System we believe that number to be about two, the Earth, and perhaps, Mars. Is our system typical? Most astronomers say we have no reason to think otherwise.

The next relevant question is "Upon what *fraction* of the number "n_e" will life *actually* occur?" This question is represented in the formula by "f_l." Will one-half of the number of planets that are ecologically suitable for life–*actually* evolve life? Or will the fraction be greater, perhaps, two-thirds or more?

Once life has evolved, "Upon what *fraction* of the planets will *intelligent* life arise?" The symbolic representation of this factor in the formula is "f_i."

And when intelligent life arises, "What *fraction* of it will ultimately reach the *communicative* level (f_c)?" The "communicative level" is defined by CETI scientists as the ability to transmit radio waves. Thus, Earth intelligence has been at this level only since the early part of the twentieth century. And some of our own intelligent species apparently have never reached it at all; for example, dolphins and chimpanzees.

The last factor of the formula, "L"–stands for the average *life-time* of the extraterrestrial civilization that has reached the communicative level. That is, once a civilization has reached this level of technological achievement, how long does it manage to survive? If, as a rule, technological civilizations don't last very long (perhaps they invariably destroy themselves and/or their planet), then there may not be many of them around to visit us or to be contacted by us. At least, this was the reasoning of the CETI participants.

Each of the seven factors was discussed at the conference and high and low estimates made of their values. When these estimates are put into the formula their product yields an approximation of "N," the *number* of extraterrestrial civilizations at our level (or higher) currently inhabiting the Milky Way Galaxy. The *high* estimate* of "N" made at the CETI conference was *one million!* As many as one million civilizations may exist in the Galaxy that are equal to, or surpass us in technology. The average distance between these extraterrestrial civilizations (assuming a random distribution) was estimated to be "a few hundred light years." These are estimates, but they are estimates made by some of the best scientific minds of our time.

*Of course, the *lowest* estimate of N would be zero, since if any of the factors of the formula is zero, N will be equal to zero. The CETI scientists did not think this very likely.

The CETI conference concluded with the passing of several resolutions, the most important of which was a call for a concerted effort to "listen in" for extraterrestrial messages: "The striking discoveries of recent years in the fields of astronomy, biology, computer science, and radiophysics have transferred some of the problems of extraterrestrial civilizations and their detection from the realm of speculation to a new realm of experiment and observation. . . . The practical and philosophical significance of a successful contact with an extraterrestrial civilization would be so enormous as to justify the expenditure of substantial efforts. . . ."

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CHAPTER 7

THE "REPEATER" PROBLEM

Another time, another place.

About two months after I met Charlie I attended my first UFO conference. It was a two-day affair sponsored by one of the three nonprofit, independent, civilian UFO investigating organizations: MUFON, The Mutual UFO Network. On the afternoon of the first day I heard the rumor that Charlie had seen additional UFOs since his October 11 experience. I was flabbergasted. But one of the MUFON regulars did not reveal any surprise at all when he heard the news. He simply said, "Oh yes, *the repeater problem*."

Apparently, people who have dramatic UFO experiences frequently have subsequent sightings. This constitutes a "problem" for the UFO investigator since common sense suggests that the probability of *additional* UFO sightings occurring to the *same person*—must be considerably less than that associated with the proverbial lightening bolt.

My immediate reaction to Charlie's *new* sightings was disbelief. For a brief moment I thought it discredited him. Then I remembered Calvin and the breakdown he suffered after the encounter. Perhaps, Charlie was losing his mind and hallucinating. While still at the conference, I resolved to phone him as soon as I got home. This was in June 1974. I had met Charlie in April of that year, and he had given me his home telephone number. While he was in Detroit, we agreed to communicate at some time in the future, to discuss writing a book about his and Calvin's experience. But as I dialed Charlie's number the book was all but forgotten, overshadowed by the doubts I felt.

"I'd rather not talk about it—now," was Charlie's first response to my questions about his new sightings. But I pressed

him to tell me more. He reluctantly said what I had heard was true, but he didn't understand what had happened, so he didn't want to talk about it. I begged him to tell me more. He said there had been another sighting and that his whole family had witnessed the last one. I was dumbfounded. I promised Charlie I would call him again in a few weeks. That call eventually led to my first trip to Mississippi in August 1974. When I arrived, I found Charlie had written down all that had happened to him since October 11, 1973. In his own words, here is the beginning of Charlie's story of the post-abduction experiences.

THE TREE FARM, January 1974.

Many things happened between October 1973 and January 1974 that was changing my life. The newspeople were still wanting interviews at different times, freelance writers were constantly on me, curious people just traveling through, national TV talk shows, and telephone interviews on radio stations all over the country. I had to get away—if not but just one day.

Hunting season was in and I had a new shotgun to try out. Eddie had given it to me for Father's Day: a 1100 series Remington Automatic. There's not much area in Gautier for hunting, but I'm fortunate in having a good friend who manages a tree farm with over seven hundred acres where there is small game: squirrels, rabbits, quail, and ducks. Being reared on a farm where small game was in abundance, I learned a long time ago that squirrels make a very fine stew.

After discussing it with Blanche, I asked Sheila and Kenny [Charlie's daughter and son-in-law] to carry me by car to the far side of the tree farm. I would hunt all way across it and spend almost all day alone, hunting squirrels, and upon reaching the other side of the wooded area I would walk home—only a short ways. Even though everyone agreed, I could sense they didn't want me to go alone.

"Honey, remember back to the many times I have hunted and fished alone in almost remote areas—and always returned safe and sound? I need some time by myself and there's the possibility of a squirrel stew tomorrow."

Blanche started packing a lunch and it wasn't long before I was on my way. Just the idea of the day ahead seemed to relax me.

Upon leaving the car I crossed a bayou and was moving across the rolling hills. This was my thing, out among nature where only a God could create such beauty. And to think us humans, whom he trusted with it, are destroying it with waste and pollution. I couldn't help but wonder how much longer it would be before that particular area would be a wasteland. No matter, I would thoroughly enjoy this day.

I have kept my body in good physical shape and even though the terrain was rough, I was moving along like a 21 year-old soldier who was on a recon patrol in Korea twenty-two years ago—only now I was hunting small game and enjoying every minute of it. I had been on this tree farm many times before. After the terrible hurricane Camille a few years back I had worked here part-time when I was away from the shipyard, helping restore it. It all still looked familiar to me. I reached the hillside dotted with acorn and hickory nut trees where I would sit down, enjoy a sandwich, then wait for my tomorrow's stew to start moving around me.

The shotgun was laying across my lap. I had just topped off the sandwich with an orange when it dawned on me that I hadn't seen any movement at all around me—not even any birds, that seemed real strange. I saw it then, the same craft Calvin and me had seen before, about seventy-five yards away in a small clearing, hovering above the ground. Before I could even think a "radio" seemed to have come on in my mind:

> "We mean you no harm. We mean no one any harm. You may communicate with us later. You have endured. You have been chosen. There is no need for fear, we will communicate again."

The "radio" was turned off, the craft was gone, I had not moved. The shotgun was still laying across my lap. I seemed to be relieved of a terrible strain, here in the middle of a seven hundred acre wooded area, alone, the fear had been taken away; it must be for a reason. I won't tell anyone for a long time, except Blanche, she will understand and I know now I must let everyone know someway that they are up there and they mean us no harm, that possibly they can help us in the future. Since that day I have felt obliged to go to the many places I have been and tell what happened to Calvin and me and to help write this book, hoping it might someway prepare the people of our world for the things that will come in the future.

Needless-to-say, I wouldn't have a squirrel stew the following day, but I did have peace of mind and a knowledge of future communication with those things. I had been given a new surge of strength to carry on and that within itself was a

day well spent in those woods. So, without firing a shot with my new shotgun I started the long walk home, not thinking of anything in particular, but absorbing all of the warmth and beauty that nature had to offer in those woods. After leaving the wooded area, on my way home, I decided not to tell Blanche until tomorrow; she had been through so much in the last few weeks and now this. Of course, this assurance should help her, as it did me.

Seeing I didn't have any squirrels she wondered what happened and I must have given myself away, because she could sense I wanted to tell her something I told her what happened, that it seemed I had been chosen to do something by some force that I have no control over and I don't know what the outcome will be, but maybe it will help mankind, someway. Blanche cried. I will remember that forever; she was concerned about me. How can two people love each other so much? I assured her that no harm would come to me or to her and the kids. Something had told me that, but I had to convince her. I saw the deep worry on her face. Here was the woman that had given birth to all my children, that I have loved all these years. There must be some way I can ease her mind of all this worry. I didn't know then that the attempt would be made later by these beings, but that is getting ahead of my story.

In the next few weeks I had begun to rest and sleep better at night. The fear was all gone. I could go back to the place where they carried me aboard the craft without being upset and did on many occasions, just to sit there alone at night hoping to get more knowledge or maybe recall something that I had been unable to remember. Just to be there on the very spot where something had come down from another world and had taken me aboard their craft is a feeling I have no way to explain.

In September 1974, I questioned Charlie about his "tree farm" experience. The following is an edited transcript of that interview.

You know, I can see somebody saying, because you were alone out there, right, and by your own admission you're under stress; you said you had to get away from it all—I can see someone saying, that for one thing, you said that you sat under the tree, you know—it was a dream. They might say, 'My God, the man's under such stress, he's got that on his mind—and he goes out and he just dozes off for a while and has this dream and it seems so real!' Did you ask yourself that? Did you say

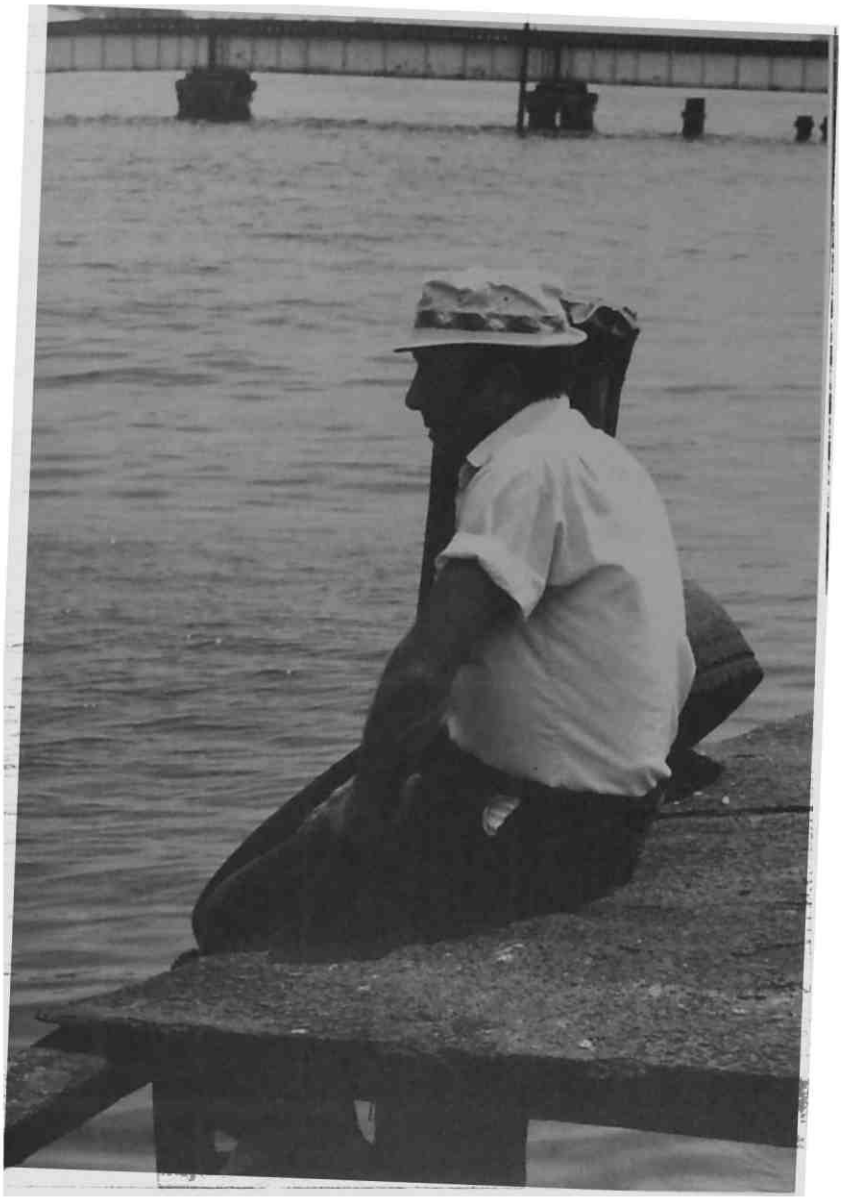


Fig. 22: It was not until after January 1974 that Charlie could go back to the abduction site. When he did go, occasionally at night, he would just sit on the old fishing pier–and think.

'My God, could I have dreamed this?' Did that thought occur to you?

CHARLIE: No, I'll try to explain that. The reason I know it wasn't a dream is 'cause as I said, my wife had prepared me a lunch and as well as I like fishing, I like hunting almost that good and that was what I was there for—to shoot a mess of squirrels. And I was quite alert because I was in an area where I knew there should be plenty of squirrels, I'd seen them there plenty of times before and I was sitting there eating a lunch—so, I know I wasn't sleeping and dreaming.

Weren't you tired from walking through the woods?

CHARLIE: Well, no, not necessarily, because I was used to doing a lot of walking 'cause I'd walked over those woods many a time before. I had worked part-time when I was away from the shipyard on that tree farm—and um, walking was something that didn't bother me, I was well in shape to do it. . . .

The thought never occurred to you that you might have dreamed that?

CHARLIE: I don't—now, it just never occurred to me that I might have dreamed it, no. It just couldn't have been a dream, it wasn't a dream. Course, I know that's only my word to uh—that it wasn't a dream, but there's no doubt in my mind, it wasn't a dream.

Was the ship identical? [to the October craft]

CHARLIE: The best I could tell it was identical, I didn't see the entire ship and I didn't see anything that looked like windows on it, but as I said, I couldn't see the entire ship.

The blue lights?

CHARLIE: I didn't see the blue lights.

See the dome?

CHARLIE: Uh, I could see something that looked like a dome, I couldn't see that part of it as good as, as good as we could see it that night, because there was some trees and some underbrush between it and me. But a big portion of the ship I could see. And the part I seen was–it looked just like the one I seen in October, but I didn't see anything that emerged from the ship, no opening or anything.

Now you wrote that uh, you noticed that everything was very still and that practically at that very moment you saw the ship. Does that mean that you did not see it descend, it was simply there?

CHARLIE: It was simply there. Uh–I don't know what–it being there had any bearing on me not seeing any squirrels or–and normally there's a lot of, not game birds, but a lot of, you know, regular birds that's in that area there, in the woods. But I didn't notice any birds or–and whether that had any bearing on it, I don't know. . . .

Did it appear further or closer than the ship in October?

CHARLIE: Oh it was further; it was definitely further. It could have been twice as far.

Now, the way you wrote–in this chapter of the experience you said, 'Before I could even think, a radio seemed to come on in my mind.' So that, it's almost instantaneous.

CHARLIE: Almost instantly when I seen it–it just–my mind it seemed *blank* and the radio just come on.

The content of the message, let me read you what you wrote, 'We mean you no harm. We mean no one any harm. You may communicate with us later. You have endured. You have been chosen. There is no need for fear; we will communicate again. The radio was turned off.' Now, was that the exact message?

CHARLIE: Yeah, and what that means by I had been 'chosen' or I had 'endured,' what that meant–I–I'm not sure. But I know in the way it was–that I got it, that, you know, it just helped take away the fear and I don't know what it means–and it did say that I would be able to communicate later which–that's been a long time and I've thought a lot about that–I haven't been able to yet.

The idea was communicated–or–'You have endured' and 'You have been chosen' was that the language in which that idea was communicated or is that your way of expressing a feeling?

CHARLIE: That was–that was about the way that it was said, yeah, just about the way that it was said.

Now that obviously has a–we both know–you were reared a Baptist and you know the Bible and that has a very biblical ring to it, doesn't it? 'You have endured–You have been chosen,' and people are going to–

CHARLIE: Well, yeah I know–

Look at that–

CHARLIE: I know, but I can't help that, I mean–and what it means I don't know, what it meant, I don't know. But, really the impression I got, that I would be able to communicate with them some time later on–But as I said, that's got me–you know, I think about that now, which I hadn't been able to communicate with–

Well, this business about 'You have been chosen' what do you think about that?

CHARLIE: Well, that–I can't explain that. The only thing that I can–that I keep thinking about–that why–that they said, you know, that 'You have endured' well, I think I mentioned, I already mentioned the fact to you that this had been–it had been on my mind constantly, you know, that I just couldn't get it off my mind and we–my family had been through a whole lot with the news media and other concerned people and certainly I had–So, the only way that I can take it is that they *relieved my mind* and that some way that I'll be able to communicate with them later. That's the way I *believe* it, I don't *know*. But I keep thinking about it; that's the only thing that I can come up with.

Do you think–when they said, 'You have been chosen,' does that make you feel that 'Well, there's something special about me; they picked me for this experience?'

CHARLIE: Well, it makes me feel that I was chosen to do something, what–I don't know. I've had that feeling ever since then, and then after the other two experiences [In February and May 1974.] that's even–it's been strengthened and I still think that, you know, that there's something else.

Does 'You have been chosen' mean to you that back in October–that they picked you, that it wasn't just luck, that–

CHARLIE: I don't know, I've thought about that a lot, I don't know, but it seems that that could be, but I just don't know, I just don't know.

Well, what I'm getting at, of course, if someone says that to me 'You have been chosen,' it makes me feel like, well, they picked me as opposed to someone else, I have been 'chosen,' at least, that's one way to look at it–there's something special about me–

CHARLIE: I know, but really it don't–in one sense of the way it does give me that feeling and in another sense of the way it don't, because it could be meant, I mean it could have meant–meant that you have just been chosen to be examined or something like that, see. I don't know. Then it could also mean that I have been chosen to do something else, which I got *no* idea what it is! So, I just don't know–I don't know one way or the other right now.

All right, let's drop the message and turn to something else that I think is interesting. Um–you said that 'the radio was turned off, the craft had gone. I had not moved.' Did it disappear before your very eyes?

CHARLIE: It seemed to just disappear.

No sound, no zipping sound?

CHARLIE: Of course, I didn't hear any sound at all. There was no sound. Course now, I thought about that a bit too. But the craft that Calvin and me seen, and the zipping sound we heard as I mentioned before, it wasn't a very loud sound and it was a lot closer. Now, there could have been a sound that I didn't hear, it could have been a zipping sound, but if it was I didn't hear it. . . .

While you're getting the [telepathic] message are you looking at the ship—looking to see if you could see anything—

CHARLIE: Yes, I'm looking—well, sure I was looking directly at it.

Did you think maybe those creatures were going to come out again?

CHARLIE: Well, that's really what I thought, yeah. But, I didn't see an opening or anything else appear, so—

And it was after the message that you felt relieved?

CHARLIE: I just felt relieved that, you know, that—well, I mean, it was just a relief?

You know, I can see the craft just disappearing as being something that is going to make some people think, 'Well, that makes it seem more like we're dealing with a hallucination here than, you know, a real ship coming down, or something insubstantial, like some kind of projection, rather than an actual craft there.' When you looked at it, did you have the feeling you were looking at something solid?

CHARLIE: Well, all I can say, it was real to me; it looked like a solid thing to me and it was real, and how it left there I don't know.

You don't remember turning away or blinking or shutting your eyes?

CHARLIE: No, I—I didn't turn away—well, I've got no explanation for that, it just seemed to be gone.

You didn't see it fade away, for example, before your eyes?

CHARLIE: No, no.

You did not see it go up into the sky?

CHARLIE: No I didn't. I sure didn't.

And you went directly home?

CHARLIE: Yes, I–I didn't hunt anymore, I walked on home, yeah.

Your estimate of the time of day? I don't think you wrote that?

CHARLIE: I think it must have been about the middle of the–I'm not sure of the exact time it must have been about the middle of the afternoon or the evening, you know, the early evening. It was after dinner [lunch] and I guess about the middle of the–

Three o'clock?

CHARLIE: I guess something like that, I'm not sure of the time, 'cause–

What kind of a day is it, were there clouds in the sky?

CHARLIE: No, it was a fair day, it wasn't cloudy.

Why didn't you report the sighting when you were squirrel hunting?

CHARLIE: Well, for two or three reasons. The news people had hounded me day and night; I couldn't even keep my mind on my job in the shipyard. My wife and kids had been through–it had been terrible on them with all the publicity that we'd got and the people that kept barging in at home–and the worry that they had, then uh, I didn't–the thing that happened to Calvin and me–I had found out there was nothing that–that anybody could do about it, or they hadn't done anything about it. So, why the hell report this. That's just the–that's just the feelings I had–there's nothing nobody can do about it, and my family's been through enough and that's why I didn't report it.

I have always doubted the reality of Charlie's "tree farm" experience, simply because there were no other witnesses. Also because the idea that the aliens were monitoring Charlie's movements to the extent that they could contact him at will, seemed preposterous. I have never doubted that Charlie *thought* he had been contacted while squirrel hunting. The straight-

Fig. 23: Charlie took me squirrel hunting on the tree farm where he claims he had his first post-abduction "contact" experience. Here he sits as he did that January afternoon when he witnessed the return of the alien craft and received a reassuring telepathic message. This is only the beginning of the "repeater" problem.

forward manner with which he answered my difficult questions attests to his basic honesty in discussing this incident.

My theory (quite unsupported) was that Charlie's "tree farm" experience was the result of stress. He needed a kind of psychological escape valve and it took the form of a fantasied experience in which his mind was put at ease by those responsible for his condition.

It was with considerable interest, therefore, that I anticipated the hypnotic regression sessions that would probe Charlie's post-abduction experiences. Under hypnosis, would he "experience" the same thing he described in his manuscript? Would new information come to light, as it had in "reliving" the abduction;

In April 1976, Charlie was placed under hypnosis by John Kraus. The induction procedure was similar to previous ones used with Charlie, and he easily entered the sonambulistic state that would carry him back to January 1974. The following is an edited transcript of that session.

CHARLIE

I'm eating my orange now. I got my shotgun here across my lap.... Don't hear any birds or anything–it's real quiet.... I see somethin' out in front of me! In the openin'–I can't see all of it–I just see–somethin' in the openin' out there–

KRAUS

What are you talking about?

CHARLIE

Some kind of–that's the same thing me and Calvin seen, I believe. I can't see it good enough right now.... I'm scared, I'm by myself. I've got a strange feelin'. Who's that? Seems like–somethin' just told me or I had a thought –or something. Something came into my mind I didn't put there. I don't know, I can't understand it–

MENDEZ

What can't you understand, Charlie?

CHARLIE

It just come into my mind: 'Don't be afraid, we mean you no harm.'

MENDEZ
Is that all? Is there anymore?

CHARLIE
No, it can't be!

KRAUS
What 'can't be,' Charlie? Tell me about it.

CHARLIE
'We will return.' [With a light tremor in his voice.] No, it can't be–'return.' [His voice trembles.] Can't–'return.'

KRAUS
Don't be afraid now, Charlie

CHARLIE
It's gone.

KRAUS
What's gone?

CHARLIE
That thing that was out there in front of me, that craft there. It's gone. Hum–I'm goin' home. I'm goin' straight to the house.

MENDEZ
Why are you going straight to the house, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I got a strange feelin'–there's somethin' around me. Somethin' that's close by me. It's the strangest feelin' I ever had. I don't like the idea of being by myself here. That's why I'm goin' home. I'm goin' home.

Charlie's testimony under hypnosis is essentially the same as his conscious recollection with the following interesting exceptions:

When Charlie wrote about the "tree farm" experience he said that he "seemed to be relieved of a terrible strain, here in the middle of a seven hundred acre wooded area, alone, the fear had been taken away. . . ." That aspect of the experience was *not* noted under hypnosis. On the contrary, Charlie expressed

fear for his safety while reliving the encounter. Perhaps, his "relief" came after he had arrived home, or after a few days, but since he had attributed the feeling of relief to his experience at the tree farm, in his memory, he pushed it back in time to the moment of the message.

Another discrepancy involves the message. Under hypnosis the message was shorter: "Don't be afraid. We mean you no harm." There was no mention of Charlie having been "chosen" or having "endured." There was no promise of an opportunity for Charlie to communicate with them.

In the "conscious" message, the return was obviously *implied* by the prospect of future communication, but not explicity promised. Under hypnosis, however, the "return" was emphasized, and there was no stated promise of communication linked to it.

Charlie wrote, "We mean no one any harm." This intention was not stated under hypnosis, though it is easy to see how it might be implied by, "We mean *you* no harm."

The similarity between this message and the October 11 telepathic communication Charlie received as the ship departed—is striking. Charlie wrote: "... something raced across my mind, 'We are peaceful, we meant you no harm.'" (Page 11) Charlie never mentioned the October message until he began writing about the experience, sometime between May and July, 1974. Charlie now insists that the October message "came into" his mind in the same way as the tree farm message. When asked why he did not report the October message at the Sheriff's Department or Keesler Air Force Base the next day, Charlie replied that at the time he wasn't sure that it was a telepathic communication from the aliens, but after the January tree farm experience he was positive the two messages were of the same kind.

Did the "tree farm" incident really happen? Perhaps we should withhold judgment until the other post-abduction experiences have been considered. For this is only the beginning of "the repeater problem."

As if in fulfillment of the promise made, Charlie believes he was contacted again, about one month after his encounter at the tree farm. He describes it below.

THE FEBRUARY MESSAGE

One February night, late, after being at that place by the river, I had returned home and had gone to bed. Later in the night I was awakened by a dog barking outside, behind our apartment, at the end of the lawn in a small wooded area. As I walked behind the apartment toward the wooded area I saw the dog run away as if someone was chasing him. All of a sudden the "radio" was turned on again:

> "You must tell the world we mean no harm. Your world needs help. We will help in the future before it's too late. You are not prepared to understand yet. We will return again soon."

The "radio" was turned off. There was nothing to be seen but a clear sky dotted with stars. I remained there several minutes, but that was the end of that message. One thing was for sure, they had told me that they would help us in the future. In what way, I kept wondering. God knows our world could use help in many ways. And why me, why was it being revealed to me?

In April 1976, Charlie underwent hypnosis again to probe his "February" experience. The first time Charlie was regressed to February 1974, he would not tell us the full content of the "message" he received. When we asked if there was more to the message, Charlie replied, "I can't, I can't." It was clear that he did not want to tell us all of it. We did not push at this point, but went on to other things. About half an hour later, with Charlie still under hypnosis, we returned to the "February" experience. The following is an edited transcript of that session.

MENDEZ
We want to go back to that night in February, Charlie. . . . Tell us what's happening, Charlie—if you want to.

CHARLIE
It's cool—cool weather. That dog just run by, he's scared about something.

MENDEZ
Where are you now, Charlie?

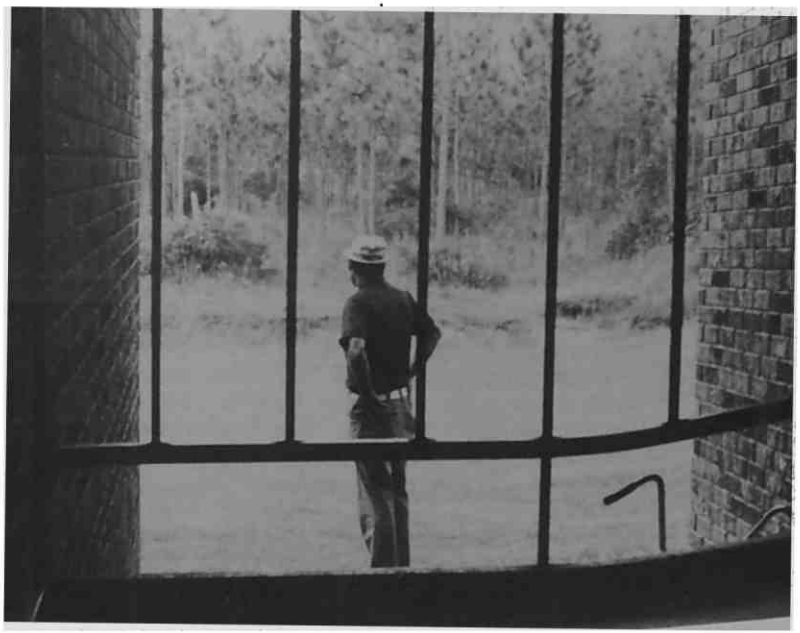


Fig. 24: Charlie believes he received a telepathic message from the aliens one evening while attempting to quiet a dog in his backyard.

CHARLIE
I'm back of the apartments, squatted down there.

KRAUS
Why are you squatted down, Charlie? Why are you in that position? What's happening?

CHARLIE
I just had a strange feeling. I got a feeling there's something around me.

KRAUS
Tell me about that feeling, Charlie.

CHARLIE
It's just a feeling something's around me.

KRAUS
What's happening, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I can't [Inaudible, perhaps "breathe."]–says, 'Don't be afraid, we won't harm you. We won't harm you.'

MENDEZ
Anything else coming to you, anything else coming to your head?

CHARLIE
I can't–uh-uh, uh-uh. [Charlie nods his head negatively.]

MENDEZ
Is it because you can't remember, Charlie? Can you remember?

KRAUS
Is it your desire *not* to speak about it?

CHARLIE
I can't tell.

KRAUS
When you're ready, Charlie, when it is your desire to do so, you can talk.

MENDEZ
You can't tell us what that voice said to you? Is *that* what you can't tell us, what the voice is saying?

CHARLIE
I can't. [Louder and becoming upset.] I can't!

MENDEZ
O.K., you don't have to tell us if you don't want to. Can you tell us what your *feelings* are?

CHARLIE
I'm weak, very weak–I'm cold. I'm going back inside now.

MENDEZ
Where are you now, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I'm in my bedroom. I don't want to talk anymore right now.

Charlie was brought out of hypnosis at this point, and as he frequently did, Kraus reminded him that he would remember everything that had transpired during the session. Coming out of the trance state, Charlie complained of a headache and said that while he was in bed, after he had left the area in back of the apartments, he had felt "as if the top of his head had been lifted off." Using a quasi-hypnotic technique, Kraus attempted to relieve Charlie's headache.

A few minutes later, while Charlie was relaxing with a cigarette and coffee, we asked him about his reluctance to discuss the full content of the message he had received. He told us that while we were asking him about the message he had seen a bright light, close, in front of his face. He asked us if we had been shining a light on his closed eyes while he was under hypnosis. Indeed, we hadn't. Charlie described the light as being about as "wide as his face" and slowly pulsating from very dim to very bright. The pulsating was like a "closing and opening" of a shutter. In discussing it, Charlie appeared quite baffled by the light.

We next asked Charlie if "someone" had been telling him not to tell us about the message. He answered that when he said, "I can't," it was as if "something" was telling him not to talk about it. The "February" experience has not been probed under hypnosis since that time.

Charlie's February message from the aliens contained the promise of a return. That promise was fulfilled about three months later. This time there were witnesses–five, in addition to Charlie. It happened late, on Mother's Day, May 12, 1974. Charlie recounts it below.

MOTHER'S DAY

We would leave Gautier about 8:30 A.M. Sunday morning, May 12, drive north to Sandersville in Jones County, only one hundred thirty miles away and have lunch with Mom on Mother's Day. Mom and Dad own a farm there. I grew up on that farm and it's always a joy to go back. I knew before we arrived that Dad and me would walk over the pasture before lunch was ready as we have done many times before.

Sure enough, he was ready, he would show me the spring calves from his Black Angus bull. As we were walking over those

hills sodded in rye grass I could hear the grinding a short distance away, as his oil wells brought that black gold to the top of the ground. Things have really changed here since I was a boy growing up. Mom and Dad live simple. All the children grown. I couldn't help but recall back to the depression days: times were hard and we worked hard too, but we had a decent living.

I felt so proud standing there with Dad, a man that is loved and admired by anyone that knows him, and realizing that by hard work, being honest and getting along with his fellow men, he had earned that respect. He had walked up to his Angus bull and was rubbing him on the neck.

"What do you think of him, Charles?"

"Why Dad, I think he is as fine a bull as I've ever seen."

He proceeded to show me the spring calves and the one we would put in the freezer in the fall. I mentioned to Dad that Mom would have lunch ready soon and I know from experience that a Southern lady doesn't like her meals to be eaten cold. We had turned back and were crossing a pond dam. Curt was shooting turtle heads with a pellet gun. It brought back old memories, only I could see a little boy with a sling shot. There was silence, I think Dad was recalling too.

"When are you coming back to the farm, Son? Your roots are here, city life is no good for you."

"Dad, I just don't know, I'm a shipbuilder, my work is down there on the Gulf Coast."

By this time we had reached the house; I could smell Mom's cooking, boy, was I hungry.

The conversation around the table was casual: I asked Howard, my older brother, how the catfish was biting.

"Not too good," he replied. "And too, I haven't had much time lately for fishing."

Howard is employed by the Southland Oil Refinery north of Sandersville. With the fuel shortage on I could understand why he didn't have much leisure time. Bobby, my youngest brother, came in about that time. He can smell Mom's cooking a mile away. He's an oil field welder and that rugged work has begun to show on him.

"We are going to have a family reunion later this year," May, my youngest sister was saying, "When Frances (my oldest sister) gets home."

Frances' husband is a career man in the Air Force and he will retire in the fall. Blanche mentioned that Eddie, our Marine, would not be home from Okinawa until late August or

Fig. 25: Charlie was raised in rural Mississippi and frequently enjoys returning to the serenity of his parents' farm.

early September; everyone agreed the reunion would be after he came home.

Everyone had finished eating and we still had a few hours before we would begin our trip back to the Gulf Coast. Dad wanted to show Blanche and me his garden. I knew then what would be on the menu for the next few days at home. Blanche can prepare vegetables more ways than a country boy can go to town. And I was right, I had to pull her away from the garden. She had loaded Dad and me down and it was a quarter mile back to the house. On the way back I recalled what Dad had said earlier, my roots were here, someday maybe I could return to the farm—the simple but good life here.

I learned my oldest brother was at the house when we returned; he and Florence, his wife, had been visiting relatives and had come by to see us. I am proud to say none of my brothers are cowards; they are all brave men. My Dad taught us that, but Leonard and me have something in common:

he served in the Admiral's Third Fleet in the Pacific in World War II. He's been there, he knows what fear is and even though Leonard and me never talk much about battle I get a good surge of strength just being with him. I have never seen a braver man. Being there with Mom, Dad, and all my brothers and sisters, except one, did something for me: it made me feel just great! But all good things must come to an end, time to load up and head home.

Sheila [Charlie's daughter], Kenny [her husband], their baby and Kenny's younger brother, Ernest, came with us. They would sit in front and Kenny would drive. Blanche, Curt [Charlie's twelve year-old son], Tisha [Charlie's twenty month-old daughter] and myself would sit in back. We would take the Interstate 59 to Hattiesburg, then I-49 to Saucier, then take Highway 67, a cutoff road, to Ocean Springs about thirty-five miles, then 90 to Gautier, but my family would be terrified before we reached Ocean Springs. Highway 67 is a very crooked road, thinly populated and not much traffic. As I think back now I can understand why it would be an ideal place.

Kenny was driving slow because of the crooked road. We were about half way between Saucier and Ocean Springs when I noticed out the left back window that a large light, a long way off, was following us. As I kept watching it began to get closer. I saw Sheila punch Kenny's brother and show it to him. I called Blanche's attention to it; Curt had seen it by then, too. It came closer and closer until it was parallel to us, then moved ahead of us. I told Kenny to stop; he was looking at it then. It took a right angle and was coming down in front of us on the highway.

Blanche was screaming and shaking all over. She had alarmed Tisha, she was crying. Kenny had stopped the car by this time and I was trying to get outside. Blanche became hysterical as the craft moved on across the highway to the right side of the car and came down close to the ground. The entire area around it was lit up real bright. It was about a hundred yards away; it was very large, about one hundred feet and had a row of windows completely across it. Blanche was holding me and screaming; she wouldn't let me outside.

"I must go, the beings are aboard, I must meet them."

The kids were frightened, but not hysterical.

"Daddy, don't go, Mama can't stand it," said Sheila.

Here was the chance I had been waiting for—to meet the beings that must surely be aboard that craft. Then the "radio" was turned on.

Fig. 26: The Hickson oil well is not sufficiently productive to generate great wealth, but provides the family with supplemental income.

"Go. There will be another time, another place."

The "radio" was turned off. Surely, there must be goodness in them to realize how terrified my wife was and my kids being scared.

I would have been willing to have given my right arm that night to have walked aboard that craft and met those beings and communicated with them, but they told me it would be another time and so I would take my family home where they would feel safer and look forward to the promise of those beings: "Another time, another place."

Kenny wanted to stop somewhere and call the Air Force at Keesler in Biloxi, but I had been through all that before; it was useless, time wasted. I almost had to laugh, these beings had brought their craft down close by an Air Force base undetected. Either some of our military installations are not on the ball, or by some force, these things are detected only when they want to be. There was no engine noise, or no noise at all from that craft. I wonder what force of energy they use. Some day I will know, but for the time being, I will just have to wonder.

Blanche was still shaking when we reached home. I felt for her, but I didn't seem to be able to get to her and assure her that those things didn't mean us any harm. Even the next morning, when she awoke me for breakfast, she was crying again and asked me to please not go back over there. I had told her the night before I would go back to see, if there had been any disruption of the landscape, but for her sake, to keep her from worrying, I did not return to where the craft came down. Probably they had left no sign anyway.

Where would it all end? What did those things have to tell me? And how long would it be before I could communicate with them? I kept wondering how much a human mind could take about things it didn't understand. There must be some other force helping me. I remembered reading where the average person uses between three and six percent of their mind. Einstein used approximately ten percent. Maybe these beings from another world had the ability to use a higher percentage of their mind, where nothing is impossible for them to do. They seem to be able to contact me and know where I am at all times. Maybe, in some way, they intend to develop my mind to a higher percentage before I am able to communicate with them. Nothing seems impossible to me anymore.

The "repeater problem." There are those who are *always* ready to believe *anything*. For them there isn't much of a "problem." I do not count myself among them, however. For me, Charlie's subsequent experiences, and in particular, Mother's Day, constitute one *colossal* problem. Why should the creatures have come back? And in *that* way? Why Charlie? Why eight months later? Why Mother's Day? If it had *only* been Charlie, but this time there were others. And they all told the same story.

In early August of 1974, I taped individual interviews with everyone who had been in the car. The following is an edited transcript of the conversation between Kenny Gurley, age 19, Charlie's son-in-law, and myself. Kenny and Sheila have an infant daughter, Brandy, and at the time of the sighting were living in Gautier, only a few minutes away from the Hicksons' apartment. Kenny is a high school graduate and is employed as a rigger at the Litton-Ingalls shipyard in Pascagoula.

May 12, why don't we start with that. Just tell me what happened.

KENNY: Well, it's dark, it's nighttime and we're coming home from Laurel. . . . They noticed something up in the sky; I couldn't see it because it was behind me at first. . . .

You were driving?

KENNY: Yeah, I was driving . . . then I seen it at the corner–up the side of my windshield . . . it was a big ol' white light just moving up along in the sky . . . when it was in front of me it kind of moved to my right, toward the passenger's side of the car–

How fast are you going?

KENNY: I was doing about fifty, fifty-five . . . and it was in front of us, so, Charlie and them–he figured what it was, I didn't know for sure. So, he asked me to slow down, I slowed down. Then it got on the other side of the field on my right and we looked off and it stopped and he asked me to stop, so we stopped . . . Blanche was screaming, 'Go on! Go on!' We just sat there looking at it and we looked at it–I could see–what got to my surprise, it was one big light at first then it just got four or five little lights on it

Fig. 27: Kenny, Charlie's son-in-law, and Curt, his son, gave similar accounts of the Mother's Day sighting of 1974.

and up underneath it one big white light. It lit up the whole field out there, up under it and you could see the image of it behind–the sky was kind of lit up, you know, you can tell the difference between dark and a kind of lit sky and between the ground and the sky above it you–it was the image of a spacecraft or something.

What did it look like, the shape?

KENNY: The shape was like a oval shape. . . . Kind of like a football, you know. . . . When it stopped I turned the car off to see if we heard anything, figured it may have been a helicopter or something out there, but we didn't hear no noise whatsoever. And the wind was blowing in our direction. I know that for sure, you could feel the breeze coming through the window.

Did you smell anything?

KENNY: I didn't smell nothing. All you could smell was pine, you know, the pine trees. And it stood there for a

while and we sat there watching it. Charlie was going to get out, but Blanche didn't want him to, she was screaming. . . .

When you were looking at it you said it had four or five lights at the top. What were those lights like, like headlights on a car, taillights on a car?

KENNY: No, they weren't like headlights on a car or taillights. It was just like a window with light shining out. . . .

Could they have been windows?

KENNY: To my–belief that they were. . . .

About how long were you looking at it when it was still there?

KENNY: A pretty good while. I couldn't tell–

Like five seconds?

KENNY: No, it wasn't five seconds, it was over–about over–

Could it have been half a minute?

KENNY: It could have been from half a minute to a minute.

Are you talking while you're looking at it?

KENNY: Yeah, during that time I was telling Charlie what it looked like, you know, we were kind of amazed by what we saw–it was out there and we were talking about it, you know, it was just kind of hard to believe what it was, to me. . . .

When were you convinced it was a flying saucer or a craft?

KENNY: When the thing–we rolled the windows down and listened for it. Then when the lights, you know, when the four lights–like I said it was one big light at first, then somehow it just–something must have turned–the lights

must have went off or something and you had all them four or five lights and that big light up underneath it and that right there with no sound or nothing and when you could see the image of it—when I saw the image of it behind—

You mean the outline, the shape of it?

KENNY: The shape of it behind them lights and behind the sky and trees, I figured that more than likely that's what it was, a spacecraft.

About how far was it?

KENNY: I give it a hundred, two hundred yards, 'cause when I used to play football I could, you know, it was about that far from the fence [which ran along side of the road].

Was it high off the ground?

KENNY: I couldn't tell, but . . . it was above tree-top level, I know.

There were no trees between you and it, you had a clear view of it?

KENNY: Right, there were no trees between us and the craft.

While it was sitting there, there were no changes in it other than that initial change from the bright light to the smaller ones? It didn't change anymore while you were watching it?

KENNY: It didn't change anymore, it just sat there.

You didn't see anything moving behind the windows or shadows or something like that?

KENNY: No.

Could you see the source of the light that illuminated the ground? Did you see where that light was coming from?

KENNY: Where the light was coming from? No, that's what got me.

Did you see it go away after you—as you were driving away?

KENNY: No, I didn't see it go away. The last time I saw it, it was still sitting there. They told me—when they told me to leave I was doing from ninety to ninety-five [Kenny's car engine has been modified for racing.] when I left, you know, that's about how scared—you know, I was getting kind of nervous . . . now, the thing I was scared about there was Tisha and Brandy, two little babies, you know, besides that, if it wasn't for them I myself would have sat there. . . .

Blanche was yelling the whole while?

KENNY: Yeah, she was.

Have you ever seen her like that?

KENNY: No, that's the first time I seen her act like that. . . .

And you have concluded . . . that what you were looking at was a craft, a ship, from another world?

KENNY: I believe, you know, it was a craft, but to be from another world, it may or it may not have been—

Do you think it could be from this world?

KENNY: It could, you know—nobody knows if it could have been from another world.

Kenny is not among the gullible. He saw it. Kenny saw an elliptical-shaped *something* with a row of illuminated windows, silently hovering above the tree tops, not more than a few hundred yards away. Yet, he still finds it difficult *to believe* that what he was looking at was a spacecraft from *another* world. Where does that leave *us*? What can a rational person believe? For me, it is not a matter of faith. If I believe, it is because the cumulative *evidence* will not allow me—*not to believe*. My mind says that the story can't be true. But the testimony of five witnesses suggests otherwise.

I interviewed Blanche Hickson only three months after the "Mother's Day Incident." Her description of herself as a "nervous type" is quite accurate, and since October 11, 1973, the events occurring in the Hickson family have only made her condition worse. Blanche has had to have medical treatment for her "nerves" more than once in the past few years.

She does not find relief in talking about what happened. It took awhile before she became comfortable with my tape recorder and my questions.

Did you see the light in the distance or–

BLANCHE: The light that I seen, it came–from where I thought it was going to land in front of our car. And I didn't watch it any more.

What made you think it was going to land?

BLANCHE: Well, it was just comin' *right down*–to the highway!

You saw it moving?

BLANCHE: Right! And when it got where it was fixin' to land–well, that was the last I seen. [Because she could not bring herself to look at it any longer.]

Did you think you might run into it?

BLANCHE: Well, I couldn't judge the distance now, but it was close, it was close.

Was anybody saying anything in the car?

BLANCHE: Well, Charlie was tryin' to calm me down, and then I don't know what the rest of them was saying. I wasn't saying nothing, I was cryin'.

Did you see it coming from a distance or only when it was over the highway?

BLANCHE: I seen it comin' from the side one time and that's when I got excited–see, it got faster–it did move fast, it sure did. When we thought it was landin' in front of us–that was all I knew about.

Fig. 28: Blanche Hickson, Charlie's wife, was terrified by the close-up Mother's Day sighting she and her family experienced.

Considering Blanche's temperament, it is not surprising that when everything began to happen, her immediate reaction was hysteria. The poor woman was frightened out of her wits when she thought that the same creatures that had kidnapped her husband were now coming for her and her children. Who can blame her?

Blanche confessed that she could not bring herself to even look at the ship (as everyone else was doing) when it hovered to the right of the car. Her last view of it was when the ship came in front of the car, over the road, appearing as if it would land.

Sheila, Blanche's daughter, admitted that she was frightened, but her fear did not overwhelm her curiosity. She got a good look at "it." Sheila described the ship as "big, with a row of windows all the way across it." Her recollection of how the ship approached was essentially the same as that related by Kenny and Charlie.

Like the others, Sheila was struck by the way the ground was lit from the underside of the craft. Her mother's fear must have been contagious, however, for Sheila soon joined her in begging Charlie not to leave the car. And when Kenny, her husband, finally sped away from the scene, Sheila admits she felt greatly relieved.

Curt, Charlie's 12 year-old son, had been watching the bright light in the sky approach from the rear left of the car for a few minutes before everyone started talking about it. He also watched it run parallel to the car, cross in front, and finally settle off to the right over the tops of the scrub pine trees that cover the ground in that particular area.

In August 1974, I walked over the land with Charlie and Curt. We really didn't expect to find anything, but I wanted to see where the sighting had taken place (Figs. 30 and 31).

Although there were a few hardwood trees around, most of them were pine—smallish trees, the largest not much over ten feet tall. If the ship had been just over the tree tops, as they said, it would have been very close to the ground. The terrain is relatively flat. There was nothing to have obstructed their view from the road to where the ship hovered, a few hundred yards away.

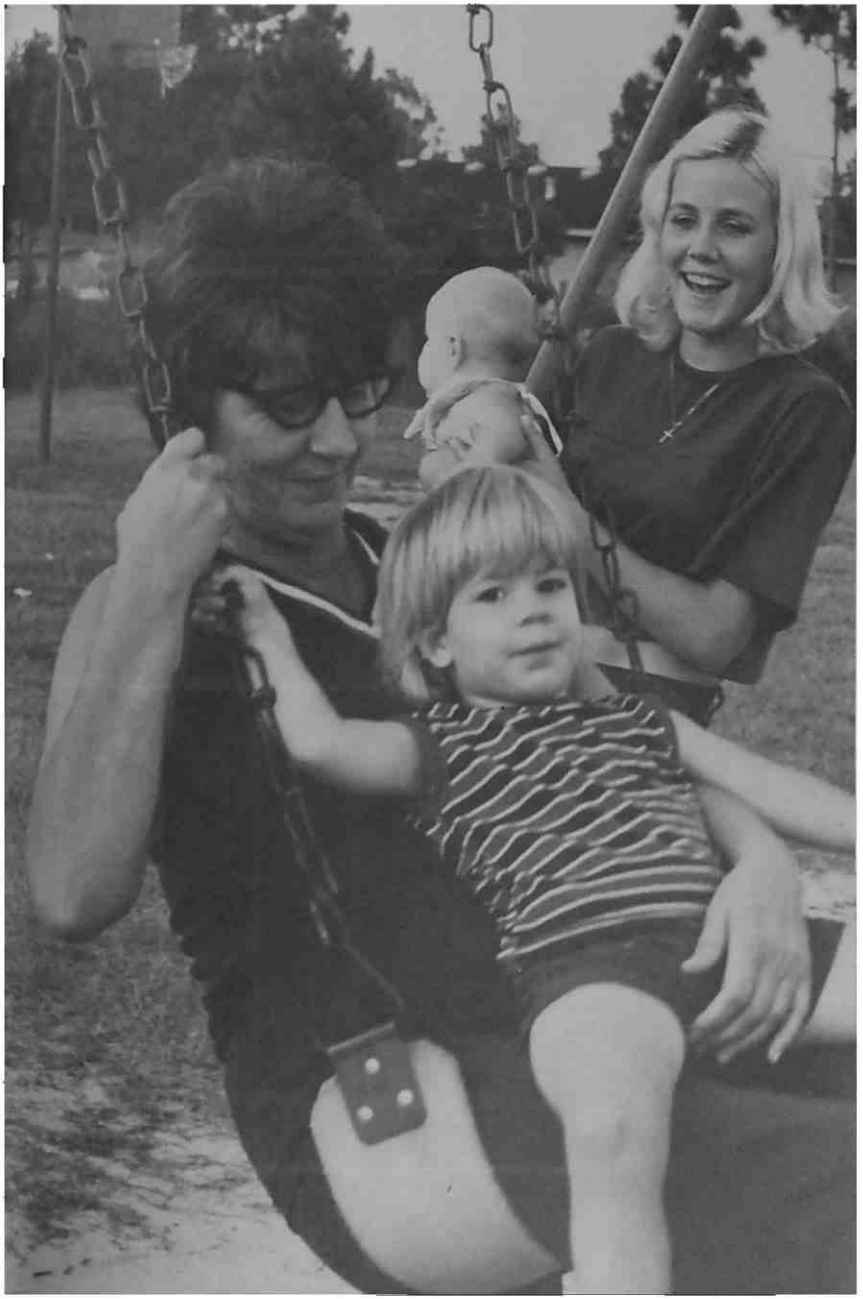
Ernest, Kenny's 13 year-old brother, was sitting in the front seat of the car next to Sheila when she called his attention to the "bright light in the sky." He recalls the same movements of the ship and its eventual hovering to the right side of the car. Like Curt, however, he did not mention the "windows" seen by Charlie, Kenny and Sheila.

All of the witnesses agree that "the light" was first seen in the distance and that it approached the car rapidly, crossing the road in front of it. Everyone, except Blanche, saw the large ship silently hovering off the right side of the car, emitting a brilliant light which lit a large area of the tree tops and ground beneath the craft.

If these five witnesses were *not* looking at an alien spacecraft, what did they see?

The earlier hypnosis sessions, which had probed Charlie's abduction experience, had been enormously successful. What would hypnosis reveal about "Mother's Day?" I did not know what to expect when Charlie was taken back to relive that night in May. Somehow, I felt this regression would be different. It

Fig. 29: Blanche Hickson gives daughter Tisha a swing ride, while Sheila, also her daughter, looks on with Blanche's grandchild, Brandy.



was. But although my suspicion was confirmed, I was not prepared for the way things turned out.

Charlie's hypnotic account of the Mother's Day experience was taped at the Kraus Hypnosis Center in April 1976, almost two years after it happened.

MENDEZ

. . . Mother's Day, May 12, 1974. You're on your way home from Jones County. You've just turned on to Highway 67. . . . Tell us what's happening, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Oh, I feel *real* good. [Charlie is smiling as he says those words.] It's been a fine day at Mom and Dad's. Oh boy, me and Kenny was just talkin'.

MENDEZ

Are you driving, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Uh-uh, Kenny's driving.

KRAUS

Who else is there, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Blanche, she's sittin' here with me. Tisha and Curt. Tisha's asleep. [Charlie chuckles.]

KRAUS

What's happening, Charlie?

CHARLIE

She's so sweet and pretty. [Charlie is referring to his baby daughter, Tisha.] . . . It's been a nice day. . . . [Charlie chuckles again.] Blanche just told Kenny not to take them curves so fast, this road's really crooked.

MENDEZ

Who's in the front seat? Kenny's drivin'? Anyone else in the front seat?

CHARLIE

Yeah, Sheila and Kenny's little brother.

Figs. 30-31: Charlie and his son, Curt, stand where their car stopped during the Mother's Day sighting. The large craft hovered about 100 yards away, above the small scrub pines. The flat terrain enabled them to get a good view of the craft.

KRAUS
What time is it, Charlie?

CHARLIE
About midnight, I think we're goin' to be late gettin' home—hum.

KRAUS
What's going on?

CHARLIE
Probably an airplane. [Charlie begins to squirm in his chair, flexing his legs and wringing his hands.]

KRAUS
What's that, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I don't believe it's a star, 'cause it's movin'.

KRAUS
Tell me about it, Charlie.

CHARLIE
It's gettin' brighter. It *is* movin'. [Long pause.]

KRAUS
What's happening, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I just showed Sheila. Blanche is scared—showed her.

MENDEZ
What does it look like now?

CHARLIE
It's just a big light, now.

KRAUS
Where's it at, Charlie?

CHARLIE
It's on the left side.

MENDEZ
Does Kenny see it?

CHARLIE
He does now. Now it's moving–[Charlie's voice rises in excitement.] It's movin' real fast.

KRAUS
Don't be afraid. Tell me about it.

CHARLIE
Oh boy! I see it now, it's some kind of ship.

MENDEZ
How can you tell that, Charlie?

CHARLIE
[Excited.] I see it! I see it!

MENDEZ
What do you see? Describe it.

CHARLIE
It's real long–it's got windows–it's got a row of windows in it!

MENDEZ
Where is it now, Charlie?

CHARLIE
It's comin' right in front of us–[He shouts.] 'Kenny, stop!' Oh boy! Blanche is havin' a fit. She woke the baby up!

MENDEZ
Can you see it, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I see it–It's–It's in front of us, it's tryin' to come down to the–the highway. No, no, no–it raised back up!

MENDEZ
Is the car moving?

CHARLIE
No, we're stopped, made Kenny stop. It's movin' to the right, movin'–[Shouts.] Don't hold me, Blanche! [He struggles to rise from his chair.] I want to see! I want to see what it is! It's big! It's comin' down to the ground. Oh, it's huge!

KRAUS
Tell me about it. You're not afraid. Tell me about it, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I got to get to where I can see it better. They won't let me! [Louder.] They won't let me! [Somewhat resigned.] They won't let me. [Shouts.] No, Kenny!

KRAUS
What's happening? Tell me what's happening.

CHARLIE
Kenny's drivin' the car real fast. I can still see it from the back window. It's down close to the ground. Oh my God, it's got the whole place lit up! I can't see it now.

MENDEZ
What is Blanche doing, Charlie?

CHARLIE
She's screamin', she's cryin', the baby's cryin'. [Charlie moans.] Ohhhhhhhhhh–ohhhhhhhhhhhh.

KRAUS
What's happening, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Kenny's wantin' to stop and call the Air Force or somebody. Uh-Uh.

Charlie was allowed to relax at this point, because the session had been one of the more emotional ones. A short time later he was brought out of hypnosis, and we discussed what had transpired during the session. As with all the other regressions, Charlie had full recollection of what had occurred while he was in the trance state, "reliving" the experience. It was

during this post-hypnotic discussion that we became aware of the great discomfort Charlie had experienced during the Mother's Day regression.

Soon after Charlie was out of hypnosis, John Kraus asked him a question about the size of the ship. Charlie's response was, "I don't want to see Blanche and the baby cryin' like that no more." Kraus promised him that he would not have to endure that experience again and we did not work with Charlie anymore that day.

It was early evening when we left Kraus' office. Charlie had had a difficult day, and I could sense that he was still under the influence of the terror and pain he had been forced to relive. I suggested that we might relax with a movie after dinner. He was agreeable, and I was careful to choose a film that he would be certain to find entertaining. I knew Charlie liked action movies and football, so I chose *The Longest Yard*, a film about a prisoners' football team that accomplishes the impossible by defeating the prison guards' team. I had seen the film several weeks earlier and was sure Charlie would enjoy it. We had to drive to the opposite side of the city to see the film, but I thought it would be worth it, if it could help Charlie to forget the "pain" of the hypnotic regression.

Charlie sat in his seat and "saw" the movie, but I could tell that he wasn't really paying attention. His face was blank as he stared at the screen. The funny parts of the film failed to elicit even the faintest suggestion of a smile. Afterwards Charlie was very quiet.

The next day Charlie was still pretty somber. He hadn't slept well. As we drove to our appointment with John Kraus, it was obvious that Charlie was uncomfortable. At the Hypnosis Center we talked about the previous day's regression. From Charlie's comments it was evident that he felt anxious, confused and a little bit fearful. We asked him if he would rather postpone the scheduled hypnosis session. He unhesitatingly answered, "yes," he would rather skip it. We all agreed it might be best if we tried it again in the future.

Why had the regression to the Mother's Day incident been so traumatic for Charlie? A reasonable guess would be that it was because of his family. After all, his wife and all his children were there. A man can endure a great deal of personal pain, but how many can stand to watch the suffering and terror of their loved ones? So, Charlie could not bear to witness "Blanche and the baby cryin'" again.

As I put Charlie on the plane, I wondered if he would even undergo hypnosis again, for me, or the book, or anything else.

Conclusion

About one month later we were able to persuade Charlie to undergo hypnosis again, solely for the purpose of obtaining a description of the Mother's Day ship. John Kraus promised Charlie he would not suffer any discomfort if he was given the appropriate suggestions. Kraus proceeded and Charlie was directly taken back to that moment when he could see the ship hovering over the trees to the right side of the car.

The object he described, and Curtis Watkins sketched, was quite different from what the men had seen in October (Fig. 32). The "ship" was much larger and there was a bulge on the bottom, rather than the top. A row of windows, which Charlie insisted were hexagonal-shaped, stretched the full width of the craft. Charlie was not sure where the light that illuminated the ground came from, he assumed, however, that its source was somewhere at the bottom of the craft.

Although the ship was described as "silently hovering," it is questionable just how much could be heard with Blanche and the babies crying. In spite of that noise, however, with the windows down, it should have been possible to hear something like a helicopter at only a few hundred yards distance. But if they were right about the quietness of the ship, it is doubtful that they were looking at a helicopter or any other known aircraft.

On the other hand, assuming that there was *something* there, a helicopter is just about the only type of aircraft that would come close to fitting the description of this UFO. Charlie said there was a military base near by. Could they have had a helicopter operating in the area? Could the occupants of the car have "psyched themselves up" to believe that they were being followed by a spacecraft?

Charlie firmly believes that he saw a spacecraft, probably containing "the beings" who had communicated with him telepathically on three previous occasions and who had once more, given him a message, "Go. There will be another time, another place." That last message was not mentioned by Charlie when he was regressed to the Mother's Day incident. We can only wonder why. The experience has not been probed with hypnosis since. And the promise of the message has yet to be fulfilled.

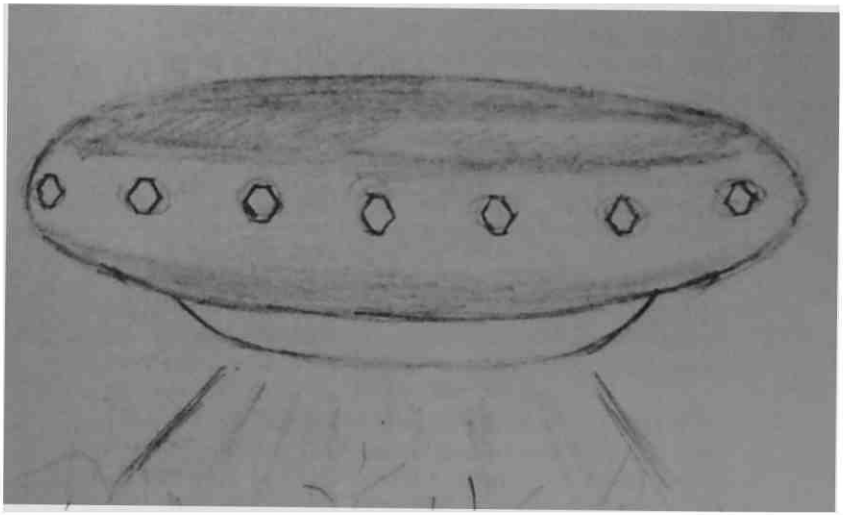


Fig. 32: While under hypnosis, this is the Mother's Day craft Charlie described and artist, Curtis Watkins, sketched. The craft was huge, Charlie said, and bright light coming out of the bottom illuminated a large area of the treetops and ground below.

How much of Charlie's post-abduction experience is real? How much is imaginary? The first two experiences can be easily questioned because there were no witnesses. The Mother's Day episode, however, is not so easily dismissed. Under hypnosis, Charlie's regression to May 12, 1974, had as much *reality* as any of the several sessions dealing with the abduction.

If we accept the Mother's Day experience as valid, does this increase the credibility of the tree farm and February experiences? Perhaps it does. And if they are all true, or even if only the Mother's Day incident is true, then the aliens appear to have had a plan. Just what this plan might have been will be discussed in the next chapter: SPECULATION.

CHAPTER 8

SPECULATION

Charlie flunked his test.

I have just seen the film *Close Encounters*–for the third time. My first viewing was a profound disappointment. The second time I didn't think it was all that bad. And this time–I found myself enjoying it. I believe I was disappointed the first time because the *fantasies* of Mr. Spielberg, the writer and director of the film, were quite different from what I *believed* to be the case.

Like most good movies, *Close Encounters* is a chase. However, unlike Charlie Hickson, *Roy Neary* (the everyman-hero of the film) isn't quite sure what he's chasing. As it turns out, they are both after the same thing–contact with "the beings." The comparison between Charlie and Neary is not gratuitous. Both suffer a *close encounter*, have messages implanted in their brains, and are subsequently obsessed with–*something*.

The big difference between their experiences is the ending. Spielberg has given his movie a happy ending, a conclusion that is beautiful and optimistic–if not somewhat enigmatic. For example, in the film it is never explained just what the aliens plan to do with the *pilgrims*–that they couldn't have done with the Earthlings they kidnapped, nor is the moral justification for kidnapping hinted at. Surely a superior intelligence would know that yanking persons off the Earth would (in most cases) cause pain to the families left behind. Nevertheless, the ending of the film is basically positive. When we see that huge magnificent chandelier-UFO rise above the mountain, we know that something marvelous is about to happen. Spielberg has said that he wanted to reward his audience, he wanted his story to have a "payoff," he had to give us *contact*. His motive is understandable. For in so doing, he fulfills our most optimistic fantasies.

Exobiologists (those who study extraterrestrial life) like Carl Sagan have mused that contact between man and otherworldly beings would be the most important event in the brief history of Earthkind. Anyone who has dreamed about such contact has surely thought, "Wouldn't it be fascinating!" Frequently, the popular fantasy includes our "space brothers" sharing their incredible knowledge of the Universe with us, and ultimately—saving us from self-destruction. Certainly they must have the cure for all our ills and the solution to all our probelms up their sleeves, if not at their fingertips. And Spielberg's aliens (in the movie) did have fingertips. They really weren't shocking to look at. Their facial features, which were basically humanoid, were directly modeled on the creatures of the Betty and Barney Hill UFO abduction case.

The idea of extraterrestrial visitors as *saviors*, has often been cited by critics of UFO encounters as evidence that those who see UFOs are suffering from a deep felt *need* to be saved. The critics argue that for such persons, UFOs become precursors of the "Cosmic Messiah." Presumably, this need is somehow the *cause* of the sighting. The Messiah fantasy, they say, influences one's judgment, thereby turning airplanes, meteorites and other natural celestial activity into "flying saucers."

Critics will point to Charlie's telepathic message, "Your world needs help, we will help in the future before it's too late," as a textbook example of the Messiah fantasy. But the desire to be saved is hardly limited to persons who have experienced UFO sightings and encounters. More than one hard-nosed scientist has expressed the opinion that contact with extraterrestrial intelligence would be a giant step forward in our knowledge of the Universe. That is, we would learn a great deal, because—they would teach us. And although it isn't usually stated, it is implied that this knowledge would probably help us solve many of our problems.

I believe a good number of us are "guilty" of harboring the Messiah wish, the feeling that "we as a planet and as a species are in trouble, and wouldn't it be great if *something* would help us before it's too late?" Presumably this feeling only becomes a problem when it achieves the magnitude of a neurosis—as evidenced by "experiences" with potential saviors, for example, visitors from outer space.

The question of extraterrestrial visitors "helping us" is simply part of the larger problem of speculation: "What *are* their motives anyway?" Why should a superior race of beings visit a planet such as Earth and do some of the things they have

been alleged to do? In *Close Encounters* Spielberg implies that the strange things UFOs do, like causing widespread electrical power failures, "sun-burning" and zapping people with bright lights, kidnapping children, buzzing passenger airliners, leading police on high speed chases and just generally raising hell–are all attempts to call attention to themselves. Thus when they finally land on Earth–someone will be there to greet them. Contact. All their activities are leading up to, if not guaranteeing, contact.

Meanwhile, outside the movie theater–in the real world–many were still waiting for contact. Charlie Hickson was one of them. Although, he didn't always feel that way. Back in October Charlie admitted that he was *afraid* the creatures might return. Not until after his January tree farm experience and message, did Charlie's fear leave him and anticipation take its place.

It is *possible* that Charlie's tree farm experience which "relieved" his mind, was a fantasied episode functioning as a kind of pressure release valve–but for Charlie, the experience was real. There is no question about that. However, for the sake of argument let's assume that the experience was real. Then it appears that the aliens may have had a plan for Charlie. A plan, perhaps not so different from what happened to Roy Neary in *Close Encounters*. Let us assume that *all* of Charlie's post-abduction experiences were true. What would this imply about the motives of the aliens?

It might mean that Charlie was a kind of *test case*, and that the aliens were interested in contact. But only if we were ready for it, only if we could tolerate the shock. Consider the sequence of events after the abduction.

Approximately three months after the abduction, having given Charlie time to recover, and to assimilate the October experience, the aliens returned. Although Charlie was alone, and in an isolated area, he was armed. The aliens appeared, but remained at a safe distance within their ship. They communicated with Charlie telepathically:

> "We mean you no harm, we mean no one any harm. You may communicate with us later. You have endured. You have been chosen. There is no need for fear. We will communicate again."

Charlie said that the primary effect of the experience was to relieve his mind of all the accumulated tension of the past few months. Perhaps that was the purpose. Perhaps Charlie was being groomed, being prepared for contact. He may have been tested to see if he could handle the contact. The alien's message

contained the promise of two-way communication in the future.

The very next month, in February, Charlie received a nocturnal message while in the backyard of his apartment building. The aliens did not appear, but the "radio" in Charlie's mind was switched on again:

> "You must tell the world we mean no harm. Your world needs help, we will help in the future before it's too late. You are not prepared to understand yet. We will return again soon."

That time Charlie was given instructions. He must deliver a message to the rest of us–"the aliens come in peace." Our world, they say, is in trouble. They promise to help us. How? Charlie is told that he is not "prepared" to understand *yet*. This hints at future understanding. The message ends with the promise of a "return," not just "communication" as before, but a *return*. This must mean future contact. Charlie is told it will be "soon."

He waits–three months pass. Whether or not three months is "soon" is *relative*, for us–and them. Mother's Day. This is it, an isolated place, where contact is safe–for them. Somehow they know where Charlie is and they approach.* Charlie has been expecting them, looking forward to this moment. This is the last hurdle, all Charlie has to do is get out of the car and walk a short distance to the hovering ship.

Although Roy Neary (in the movie) had to climb a mountain to meet the aliens, Charlie's obstacle was far greater–his family, his distraught wife, crying babies, and frightened children. Charlie may have been ready, but no one else was. The aliens "tune in" on this mayhem. They decide he's not ready.

Charlie flunked his test. And because Charlie is an average man, we all flunk the test. They picked Charlie because there was nothing extraordinary about him. They wanted to see if *we* were ready for contact, so they picked one of us and conducted a little experiment.

We weren't ready, so they told Charlie, "Go. There will be another time, another place." That was several years ago. The *other* "time and place" may be a very long way off. Perhaps not in our lifetime, nor even that of our children.

The above scenerio is based on a number of assumptions and very few demonstrable facts. We cannot assert its validity, we can only wonder.

*Could the pain Charlie felt in his arm when the creatures captured him have been the result of the implantation of a "tracking" device?

Another possible explanation for some of Charlie's post-abduction experiences is that they were self-generated. What one psychologist termed a "post-traumatic psychosis." Certainly, what Charlie suffered in October was severe enough to cause psychological aberrations. But we can't be sure. We do know however, that when both men were psychologically examined, almost two and a half years after the event, there was no evidence of a "post-traumatic psychosis."

The Mother's Day incident will not fit the "post-traumatic psychosis" theory at all because witnesses were involved. Although, I suppose, this sighting *could* be an example of "mass hallucination." At times, I'm sure Charlie feels like the "B.C." cartoon character who, after seeing a "flying clam," runs up and excitedly asks his buddy, "Did you see what I saw?" And when the reply comes, "Yes, I did," our hero, somewhat deflated, concludes, "Then I know what it was—mass hallucination."

We'll have a great deal of difficulty convincing Charlie's family that they made a mistake, that they saw *something*, but not what they think. Nevertheless, the mass hallucination theory appeals to many: the Mother's Day sighting was a case of mistaken identity, they'll say, emotionally intensified by Charlie's presence and the power of his personality as the head of the family. Perhaps, it was a helicopter or other aircraft—or a combination of uncommon lights, blown out of proportion by the "psyched-up" imaginations of the witnesses. Some will like this explanation very much. I personally find it unsatisfactory.

In any case, the evidence for the reality of the *October* experience is substantial. When we consider the other UFO activity both before and after Pascagoula, the Sheriff's secret tape, the results of hypnosis, the psychological tests, the histories of the two men and all the other evidence, it is fairly obvious that *something* profound happened to Charlie and Calvin on the evening of October 11, 1973. When all the possible explanations are examined and their *plausibility* assessed, one stands out far above its competitors: Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker were abducted by creatures from another world.

Extensive UFO activity in the late summer and fall of 1973, suggests that our planet was the object of an extraterrestrial surveillance. The purpose of these visits may well have been to collect data. Some of the desired data would have involved making physiological "maps" of the dominant intelligent

species of the planet. That's where Charlie and Calvin come in, they were simply in the right place at the right time.

Larry Booth's close-up sighting occurred a short distance away across Highway 90 at approximately the same time that Charlie and Calvin were abducted. The low-flying round object with its perimeter of rotating red lights that Booth saw, may have been a decoy, or simply another surveillance ship.

The abduction-examination was carried out quickly and efficiently, the ship hovered on the riverbank barely fifteen minutes. The three creatures that conducted the examination may have been robots. They might even have been made humanoid in appearance so as to minimize the shock suffered by the "specimens"–Charlie and Calvin. That they appeared to have two legs that were not required for walking, suggests the "humanoid fabrication" theory. The three appendages on the head, placed where our ears and nose are, might also support this idea. On the other hand, the abductors could have been creatures just as alive as we.

The craft was a vehicle, a "nuts and bolts" affair with a sliding door and instruments–a mapping device (the examining-eye) and, perhaps, a TV-like monitoring screen. The craft did not "dematerialize" when it left, but rather accelerated very rapidly, upward.

This suggests that the alien civilization is a *technological* one, like ours. This is interesting in light of a common belief that a truly advanced civilization would not need machines at all, but would mentally command what they wanted accomplished, and it would be done. Apparently the Pascagoula aliens are not quite *that* advanced.

Other persons on the planet might have been examined like Charlie and Calvin. We don't know of any, but that doesn't mean they don't exist. If two Aboriginies hunting in the desert were abducted, for example, who would have heard of it?

One might wonder why the aliens would risk landing in a relatively populated area such as Pascagoula, when so many safer areas are available. Perhaps the risk was worth taking to insure that the "specimens" were representative of the most technological inhabitants of the planet. From the air it is obvious that Pascagoula, with its highways, automobiles, dwellings and shipyards, is a highly developed settlement. It's not New York, but then who would want to risk landing in Central Park after 9:00 P.M.? Pascagoula was a good risk, a logical risk.

Looking down on the abduction site one can see that it was a good spot for an ambush (See Fig. 33). Standing on the pier, facing the craft, Charlie and Calvin were at the point of a small triangular peninsula. They were caught with water on two sides and the craft blocking the only exit of escape over land. Behind the craft there was nothing but acres of empty marsh. Downstream, the lights of the huge Litton-Ingalls shipyard were visible, but it was a considerable distance away, perhaps a mile or so.

If one stands on the spot where the craft landed and looks north, part of the almost quarter-mile long Highway 90 bridge with its four lane traffic and central drawbridge operator's building is clearly visible. The bridge leads into Pascagoula and carries a heavy volume of traffic during the day. At night the traffic is considerably lighter, though fairly constant. Why didn't anyone driving over the bridge see anything?

The explanation is simple: Although the Highway 90 bridge is relatively close to the abduction site, it would have been extremely difficult for a motorist to have seen anything. Test drives over the bridge have shown that when one is leaving Pascagoula (heading west) the site is only visible for a few seconds before arriving at the crest of the bridge. The site then becomes obscured by a heavy concrete guardrail which runs the entire length of the bridge. This is true for both left and right westbound lanes.

As one approaches the bridge driving in an eastward direction, into Pascagoula, the site is off to the right, but is not visible because of very high marsh grass (Fig. 34). When driving *upon* the bridge the abduction site is not visible until one *passes* it. Then, it is necessary to look *backward* in order to see the site. This is possible just before reaching the crest of the bridge, however, in the next few seconds one drives over the crest and the site is again impossible to see. This is the case in both right and left eastbound lanes.

Traffic usually moves over the bridge at about thirty-five to forty miles per hour. Therefore, a driver or passenger would have only a second or two to view the abduction site. And if someone had been looking off to the side as they were travelling over the bridge, what would they have seen?

The craft was not glowing when it landed, but had only a pulsating blue light or two. When the blue lights went out, the opening appeared and bright light streamed out. This light would have been visible from the bridge, but only for a short time. The door remained open only long enough for the aliens

Fig. 33: Hwy. 90 and railroad drawbridge operators' shacks, (A) and (B) respectively; arrow indicates fishing pier; and oval, the craft.

to come out, capture Charlie and Calvin and float them aboard, then the door was closed.

The above action happened very quickly according to Charlie and Calvin, probably in less than one minute. When Charlie and Calvin were taken out of the craft the door would have been opened again for an equally brief amount of time.

Even if someone had been looking back in the direction of the site as they drove over the bridge, it is doubtful that they would have seen more than a flash of light for a few seconds. They would not have had enough time, nor would they have been close enough, to see any details, such as the creatures escorting the men aboard the craft.

On the first anniversary of the abduction we requested (in an article in the *Mississippi Press*) that anyone who had observed anything unusual while driving over the bridge that night contact us. No one did.

The craft wasn't hovering over the riverbank more than fifteen to twenty minutes, according to the hypnotic time trial. With its blue lights off and door closed, it would have been virtually invisible from the bridge.

The Highway 90 drawbridge is manned twenty-four hours a day. The man on duty that night swears that he did not see anything out of the ordinary. This is not surprising considering that in the evening he has been observed to be most frequently standing outside his office on the *opposite side* from that which would give him a view of the abduction site. Or else he spends his time in the small room sitting in a large easy chair, with his back to the pier and riverbank where the craft set down.

The drawbridge operator was an unwitting participant in an interesting experiment conducted by the International UFO Registry (a civilian UFO investigating organization.) The night experiment consisted of shining a spotlight from the abduction site to the drawbridge operator's building. A later check with the operator revealed that he didn't see anything that time either.

One wonders about the alertness of the Highway 90 *night* drawbridge operators. Late one night in September 1975, a semi-truck crashed through the bridge's concrete guardrail, just a few hundred feet from the operator's office, without his noticing! The mishap was not discovered until the morning, when the gaping hole was noted, and the truck with its dead driver was found submerged in the river below.

A few hundred yards downriver from the abduction site there was a railroad bridge which pivots on a central platform

Fig. 34: At the Pascagoula riverbank, visibility was limited by extremely high river grass which surrounded the abduction sight in October 1973. The young man in the photo is over six feet tall.

to allow ships to pass. At the top center of this bridge there is a shanty where the operator sits. He has an excellent unobstructed view of the abduction site just a few hundred yards away. But he didn't see anything either. Interestingly, the International UFO Registry conducted the same "spotlight" experiment with the bridge-tender, with the same results. he saw nothing. When I visited the railroad bridge shanty, I noticed that the operator's portable TV was placed in such position that when watching it, it was impossible to see the abduction site. So no one saw anything.

The truth is, there wasn't very much to see, and even less to hear. Except for a few brief moments, there wasn't any light to be seen at all. Even with the full moon, which was out that night, it would have been difficult to see that anything extraordinary was happening among the junked autos and other trash that littered the riverbank.

It has been frequently argued that if an alien civilization took the trouble to visit us they would surely want to do more than just examine Charlie and Calvin. Wouldn't they, for example, want to speak with the President, or at least some of our brilliant scientists? Certainly, our scientists would want to speak with them—and the aliens would be aware of that. Why, then, would they avoid contact, *official* contact, that would let us know *for certain* that we are not alone?

A possible answer is that, first of all, they have already revealed themselves to us, on more than one occasion. And secondly, official contact would be risky for them, especially if it became evident that they were unwilling to share any of *their* knowledge with us.

From their point of view we are an unknown entity, or rather, a too well-known entity. If they have surveyed the planet they have undoubtedly seen us at war. They would have observed our war machines. It is possible that they have seen our kind many times before: a planet barely into its technological age, struggling with a poisoned atmosphere and a nation-state politics not far removed from tribalism.

After all, doesn't every major nation tend to view global politics in terms of *us* against *them*? Choose from the following to plug in to "us" and "them"; "U.S.A.," "U.S.S.R.," "China," "Third World," etc. We all operate in "our own national interests." We speak of *mankind*, but in reality we act selfishly. There is no unity on the planet. No *one* speaks for Earth. Each nation has carved out its own little piece of the planet. We each allow the other to live and die in misery. And we frequently kill each other within our own "borders."

How much of this would be known to an extraterrestrial visitor? Would it be necessary for them to actually see our "little" murders in the streets, or the greater insanity of our stockpiles (plural) of nuclear weapons? Perhaps, it isn't necessary for them to *witness* any of this, since it may be deduced as probable, given our particular stage of technological development. They may have seen our kind before.

If they are aware of our neanderthal "humanity" and politics, it would be as irresponsible of them to give us *greater* knowledge, that would allow us to manipulate nature in more powerful ways than we do now—as it would be to give a loaded machine gun to an angry three-year-old.

Any knowledge which reveals nature's secrets has the potential for evil, as well as good. Witness what we have done with our knowledge of the atom. In addition to a few peaceful and even life-saving uses of this tool, we made one bomb, then another, and finally many many more. We put those bombs in silos under the ground, in the oceans, and in the air. If they are not already in orbit, they may very well soon be. And "they," the "enemy," have done the same.

How advanced would an extraterrestrial civilization have to be, to suspect what we've been doing? If we survive long enough to journey to the stars, to become "extraterrestrial visitors" ourselves, what will be our attitude as we fly over that distant planet with its "primitive" technology and politics? Will we rush in and teach them how to make a neutron bomb? Of course, we won't. But if we *told* them about nuclear fission it would be just a short time (it took us less than forty years) before they would make a neutron bomb on their own. Who would dare assume that kind of responsibility?

There will be no sharing of *their* knowledge. The sad truth is, we can't be trusted. No sane, moral being would take a chance on giving us (and that includes the "enemy" too) *more* power—and that's what knowledge is. Therefore, there probably will be no contact—and if there is, it will certainly be limited to a—"Hi, you're not alone—and, we wish you well."

This thought is regrettable, but not devastating. We simply must make it on our own. The "Cosmic Messiah" is a myth—and myths are risky bets. Let us look within, rather than without. We, are our own greatest problem—but for better or worse, we are all we've got. We must act and speak out for sanity and humanity whenever and wherever the opportunity exists. The knowledge that we share the Universe with others is encouraging. It implies that someone else is making it, surviving, even perhaps, thriving. Why not us?

APPENDIX

A A VISIT WITH BETTY HILL

B LETTERS

C PSYCHOLOGICAL REPORT

D OBJECTIONS AND REPLIES

Portsmouth, N.H.
November 3, 1973

Dear Mr. Hickson,

Last night I saw you on the "Dick Cavett Show" . . . I could see that you were "weighted" down by your experience. I know from experience the emotional impact, the pressure of all this. To me, at times, it was almost unbearable, I tried to tell myself that it did not happen, to get relief from the pressure, but then I would know that I was trying to kid myself. The only hope I can give you is the pressure will lessen in time. You will never forget the experience, but you will learn to live with it . . . I have lived with this for 12 years. When a person tells me that he wished it happened to him, I know he does not understand the situation, or he is out of his mind, to wish this kind of pressure on himself. Last night when you were talking, I was sitting on my couch, crying in sympathy for you. I woke up crying during the night and have been crying for you and Calvin Parker, and for Barney and myself.

Sincerely,

Betty Hill

APPENDIX A

A VISIT WITH BETTY HILL

Until Pascagoula, the best known UFO abduction was that of Betty and Barney Hill. Their case has been documented by John G. Fuller in *The Interrupted Journey*. The following synopsis should prove helpful to those not familiar with the Hills' story.

It was September 19, 1961. Betty and Barney Hill were driving home to Portsmouth, New Hampshire from Montreal, Canada when they sighted a UFO in the desolate White Mountains of their home state. During the following weeks they were continuously troubled by that experience. Although they didn't consciously remember all that had happened to them, Betty had nightmares about being kidnapped by aliens from a flying saucer, and Barney suffered from an unexplained anxiety. In discussing their UFO experience with friends, they ultimately discovered that there were two hours of their trip home from Montreal for which they could not account. For more than two years they kept wondering about the missing hours. Finally, late in 1963, they sought help at the office of Dr. Benjamin Simon, M.D. of Boston.

Dr. Simon chose to use time regression hypnosis to probe the Hills' experience. Time regression hypnosis is a technique whereby subjects capable of achieving a deep trance state may be "taken back" in time and made to "relive" and retell their past experiences. In such instances recall is said to be detailed and accurate. Fortunately, Dr. Simon made tape recordings of all of the hypnosis sessions. Under time regression hypnosis the Hills, independently and unknown to each other, told an almost identical story about being abducted by extraterrestrial beings. Both said they had been taken on board a spacecraft, given a physical examination, and released after being hypnotized and told that they would forget the entire experience.

The Hills' stories, independently related, were amazingly consistent. Their reputation was above reproach. There was never any question of their fabricating such a tale, and Dr. Simon ruled out simultaneous hallucination. What really happened?

Charlie and I visited Betty Hill at her home in Portsmouth (Barney died of a stroke in 1969) on September 14 and 15, 1974. I recall standing behind Charlie on Betty's porch waiting for someone to come to the door. When the door opened there was Betty Hill greeting Charlie like a favorite brother whom she hadn't seen in a very long time. "Oh, he looks just like his pictures–just like on TV," she chimed to someone behind her as she took Charlie's hand and warmly embraced him. I felt very much like the "outsider," and it was at this moment that I realized what was happening. Charlie had returned Betty's warm greeting–of course–here were two people, who must have at times felt almost like freaks because of their experience. They were delighted to meet one another because in a strange way, they were kin. Their greeting was exchanged in the spirit of "Hi, I know you, you've been there too!"

Betty led us into her living room and introduced John Oswald, a chemist, who is currently engaged in an intensive investigation and data collection project concerning all UFO sightings in the Exeter area (twelve miles from Portsmouth) over the past twenty-five years.

Our conversations flowed quickly and easily, but not without some confusion, since Betty and John wanted to question Charlie, and Charlie and I wanted to ask Betty a few things. I had just finished rereading *The Interrupted Journey*, and had prepared myself for this meeting by mutilating my copy with folded corners and red margin notes.

I kept my tape recorder going during most of our conversations, including those over a magnificent turkey dinner prepared for us by Betty. Those conversations and *The Interrupted Journey* have served as the main sources in dealing with the questions raised below.

Fig. 35: William Mendez, Betty Hill and Charles Hickson, September 1974.

WERE THE ALIENS WHO ABDUCTED CHARLIE AND CALVIN SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE TO THOSE IN THE HILL CASE?

A comparison of Figures 14 and 36 clearly reveals that the aliens did not bear the slightest resemblance with regard to facial features, skin texture or clothing. The color of the Hills' aliens was described as "grayish, almost metallic looking" and a light "bluish gray," (*TIJ*–305, 309)*, in the Pascagoula case, dull silver. The humanoid form was common to both, consisting of head, torso, arms and legs, although the legs of the Pascagoula aliens were never observed to separate. In height they were similar, five feet to five feet two inches tall. Betty Hill wondered if the Pascagoula aliens could have been hers with a head-covering. We do not know. Neither Charlie nor Calvin had the impression that they were wearing a head-covering of any kind, nor did the wrinkled skin appear to be a suit.

*All references to *The Interrupted Journey* (TIJ) are from the paperback Berkley Medallion Edition, April, 1974, Serial number 425-02572-125.

Courtesy of Marjorie Fish

Fig. 36: This model is based on a description of the aliens made by Betty Hill while under hypnosis.

As for locomotion, the Pascagoula aliens "floated" about eighteen inches from the ground, while in the Hill case they were observed to walk on the ground as we do. In a few instances, however, Barney does speak about "floating." (*TIJ*– 126, 155) In discussing this with Betty Hill, it was her recollection that Dr. Simon had interpreted Barney's references to "floating" as a description of his hypnotic experience, i.e., the feeling of coming *out of* the hypnotic trance state. Therefore the question of floating, in the sense of defying gravity, never arose, and the exact nature of Barney's floating was never probed by Dr. Simon.

Those acquainted with the Hill case will, of course, recall that the tops of Barney's shoes were scraped, suggesting that his feet dragged along the ground as he was supported under his arms and taken into the ship. In our discussions with Betty Hill, she described this scene: "... I'm walking in the woods and Barney is behind me and the two humanoids are– got him under the arm holding him up because he's still in this condition, this trance, or whatever power they had over him

and–cause he was much taller than they were and they were holding him up and his feet were sort of bumping along behind him."

It appears that Barney was carried, rather than floated, into the ship, his feet trailing behind, yet his description of floating is in some respects strikingly similar to Charlie's:

> BARNEY: I felt floating, suspended . . . I could not feel them. And I only became aware that I could not feel them when we were going up an incline. And I felt I could not feel them. My arms were in the position of being supported. But I was not walking. . . . (*TIJ*–155)

> CHARLIE: The best I could, yes, cause I didn't have–I mean I didn't have any feelings at all. . . . When they took hold of me–I went up about the height that they was [eighteen inches from the ground] and I didn't have any feelings at all. . . .

Of course, it is possible that the experiences of not having any feeling, i.e., tactile sensations, has nothing to do with "floating," but is a result or concomitant of something else. For example, in Barney's case being hypnotized by the aliens, and in Charlie's experience, perhaps receiving a tranquilizing drug when he felt the pain in his left arm.

It is interesting that when Barney was fully conscious and listening to the tape recording of himself describing his experiences, he *denied* "floating" and not having feelings: "At the part of the tapes where my voice said that I was just 'floating about,' I then knew that I wasn't really floating about. I was being half-dragged to the ship. I could actually feel the suspension–rather of being suspended with the arms holding me. And what was so curious is that I could feel the pressure of the arms. When I talk about this, I feel chills about the whole thing, the pressure of the arms, of these small men holding me and dragging me along." (*TIJ*–301)

Which Barney should we believe? If Barney was still alive the exact nature of his "floating" might be probed. Lacking this opportunity, we have no choice but to allow the matter to rest here, unsatisfying as it might be.

If we consider the sound of the aliens as part of their "appearance," then it should be noted here that the Pascagoula aliens seem to have emitted a humming sound (Charlie is

honestly vague about this) whereas in the Hill case, the aliens seem to have spoken English with an accent (*TIJ*–254), and when communicating amongst themselves, made a sound which Betty tells us Barney once described as "a swarm of insects, but sing-song-like, up and down."

WERE ANY OF THE PASCAGOULA CRAFT SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE TO THE HILL SHIP?

There is no striking resemblance between the craft that Charlie and Calvin saw on October 11, 1973 and the Hill ship, although both ships were generally saucer-shaped. Charlie and Calvin are not sure if their ship would have appeared elliptical had they been able to view it from above. It may have been cigar shaped; of course, from the side a saucer or "frisbee" –shape would also appear cigar-shaped.

The Hill ship had a double row of windows, red lights on the side apparently attached to extendable "fins," and a centrally located ramp. When we visited Betty she recalled their experience when they got a good view of the ship.

"When we first saw it, when it first came out over the highway–before the capture, when Barney walked–that part when Barney walked across the field to look up at it, I saw [with binoculars] the double row of windows and the red light on each side and I saw the movement [of the red lights apparently attached to the fins] and this is when Barney took the binoculars and said he was going to identify this, and he got out. And that's when he saw the fins coming out and saw something [a ramp?] coming down from the middle–from the underneath part, which gave him the idea–with the leader telling him to stay there, 'You're going to be O.K.'–which gave him the idea he's going to be captured."

The Hill ship was also described as circular, surrounded by a "walkway" rim approximately eighteen inches wide. The entire ship was about fifty feet in diameter.

The Pascagoula craft was smaller, perhaps thirty feet long with a bulge at the top front, that might have been a dome. Just below the "dome" there were two windows and the flashing blue light(s). There were no fins, ramp or rim. The mysterious opening was below and forward of the windows. The craft floated, without benefit of any landing legs, about two feet from the ground. Betty recalled that her ship "was sitting

in some kind of depressed area in the ground;" however, she did not "know if the object itself was sitting there or if there was some kind of support." (*TIJ*–309) A comparison of the sketches of the Hill ship (reproduced in *The Interrupted Journey*) with the sketches of the Pascagoula craft does not reveal any obvious similarities.

The departures of the ships also differ. The Pascagoula craft made a "zipping" sound and with its blue light(s) flashing it was gone in an instant. The Hill ship underwent a far more dramatic metamorphosis.

DOCTOR
It had gone?

BARNEY [under hypnosis]
It was going.

DOCTOR
Going. Could you still see it?

BARNEY
It was a bright, huge ball, orange. It was a beautiful bright ball. And it was going. And it was gone. . . .

On a different occasion Dr. Simon questions Betty under hypnosis:

BETTY
. . . And it starts glowing–it is getting brighter and brighter.

DOCTOR
What is getting brighter?

BETTY
The object.

DOCTOR
This is the object you saw in the sky before?

BETTY
Yes. Only now it is a large ball, a big orange ball, and it is glowing, glowing, rolling just like a ball. . . . Now it

does and goes down, and there is a dip, and then–zoom–it keeps going away farther and farther. And I say, well, Barney, there they go, and we are none the worse for the experience. . . . (*TIJ*–213)

The incredible composure Betty exhibits at this point in their experience can perhaps be attributed to the fact that she is not fully conscious, but is still in the "hypnotic" condition imposed by her alien captors.

The craft sighted by Charlie and his family on May 12, 1974 also bears little resemblance to the Hill ship. It did not have red lights on it; no fins, ramp or rim were noted. It was large, generally elliptical in shape and may have had a row of windows (lights?). Could this have been a craft of the same design as the Hill ship, i.e., from the same place? It is possible, but surely we cannot assert this with any degree of force. Yet, Charlie wonders if when he ultimately meets the "beings" whether they will be identical to the aliens described by Betty and Barney Hill.

DOES THE TELEPATHY EXPERIENCED BY CHARLIE BEAR ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ITS COUNTERPART IN THE HILL CASE?

Although Barney didn't know the term "mental telepathy" when Dr. Simon treated him in 1964, his description of the process of communication between himself and the leader indicates just that: an exchange of thoughts without the mediation of audible language.

DOCTOR
Did these men speak to you?

BARNEY [under hypnosis]
Only the one I thought was the leader.

DOCTOR
The one you thought was the leader in the spaceship?

BARNEY
Yes.

DOCTOR
What kind of language did he use?

BARNEY
He did not speak by word. I was told what to do by his thoughts making my thoughts understand. And I could hear him. And I could not understand in that I *could* understand him. And I was told that I would not be harmed.

DOCTOR
Was this some kind of mental telepathy?

BARNEY
I am not familiar with this term. (*TIJ*–240)

In every instance where Barney discusses the nature of the communication between himself and the leader it appears to be telepathic.*

Betty, on the other hand, first describes her communication with the leader as verbal and in English.

BETTY [under hypnosis]
Only one spoke, the one who was on my left. Then he was more or less . . . he had an accent. He had sort of a foreign accent . . . but he was, you know, very business-like. So then we kept walking, and we came to a clearing. And there was–I wish it were lighter so I could get a better picture of it–there was a ramp to the door. The object was on the ground. . . . (*TIJ*–190)

Later, after considerable questioning by Dr. Simon, Betty begins to change her description of the communication so that it conforms more to Barney's telepathic experience. In this instance, Dr. Simon may have been asking leading questions, and as Fuller rightly points out, Betty may simply have wanted to please Dr. Simon by giving him the response she thought he wanted. (*TIJ*–263) When I asked Betty about all this in September 1974, she said that she *understood* the leader in English, but may not have heard him *speak* English. Betty also insisted, however, that she witnessed the leader's mouth move when he talked to her. In Betty's case it is obviously difficult, if not

*See *TIJ*–117, 221, 237, 247, 272, 302, 305, 306, 310, 311, and 333.

impossible, to determine if telepathic communication occurred. It is possible that both verbal and telepathic communication were used with the Hills.

A comparison of Charlie's telepathic experiences with Barney's does not reveal any significant similarities. At no time does Barney speak of his mind going "blank" before the reception of a message, as in Charlie's case. Nor are Barney's messages described as beginning and ending like a radio turning on and then off. The only factor in common between Charlie's and Barney's communication with the aliens is the feeling that information was received internally, inside the mind, without the external stimulus of sound.

WERE THERE ANY SIGNIFICANT SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE TWO CASES?

Perhaps, one. Both of the Hills and Charlie appear to have been given some kind of physical examination. The instruments and procedures used, however, seem to have been different. Betty Hill had skin scrapings, fingernail clippings, ear wax and hair clippings taken from her. Her feet and hands were examined by eye and by touch. She also related, under hypnosis, that the "examiner" told her he wanted to check her nervous system. Her description of the instrument he used for this test is interesting:

BETTY

> They're like needles, a whole cluster of needles, and each needle has a wire going from it. I think it's something like a TV screen, you know. When the picture isn't on, you get all kinds of lines something like that. And so, he puts me down on the table, and they bring the needles over, and they don't stick them in me.... I feel just the needle touching, that's all. It doesn't hurt at all. But then he does it all up in the back of my ears, and in here somehow ... [She points to different parts of her head.] and up here. Up in all different spots of my head. And then he probes more of my neck here and in through here somehow or other. And then they have me roll over on my stomach, and they touch all along my back. (*TIJ*–195)

Betty suffered some pain when she had, what the leader told her was, a pregnancy test:

BETTY

So then they roll me over on my back, and the examiner has a long needle in his hand. And I see the needle. And it's bigger than any needle that I've ever seen. And I ask him what he's going to do with it . . . [She is beginning to get upset again.]

It won't hurt me. And I ask him what, and he said he just wants to put it in my navel, it's just a simple test. [More rapid sobbing.]

And I tell him, no, it will hurt, don't do it, don't do it. And I'm crying, and I'm telling him, 'It's hurting, it's hurting, take it out, take it out!' And the leader comes over and he puts his hand, rubs his hand in front of my eyes, and he says it will be all right. I won't feel it. [She becomes calmer.]

And all the pain goes away. The pain goes away. . . .

DOCTOR

Did they make any sexual advances to you?

BETTY

No.

DOCTOR

They didn't?

BETTY

No. I asked the leader, I said, 'Why did they, why did they put that needle in my navel?' And he said it was a pregnancy test. I said, 'I don't know what they expected, but that was no pregnancy test here.' And he didn't say any more. (*TIJ*–196)

Barney was also examined on a table. But his description of the experience is not as comprehensive as Betty's. In addition to having his feet, back and mouth probed, Barney dimly remembered a circular, cold instrument being placed in the area of his groin. Barney later developed a circle of warts in the same area where he recalls this instrument was placed.

Charlie's "examination" was entirely by instrument, an instrument which floated around him and never touched his body. If this *really* was an examination, then the two abduc-

tions may have had the same purpose: to obtain bio-physical data on the dominant, intelligent species of the planet. One day, our astronauts may explore alien worlds. Will the scientists aboard such expeditions want to gather data on the intelligent species they encounter?

CONCLUSION

The similarities between the Hill and Pascagoula cases are minimal, and do not appear to be significant insofar as establishing a link between the two incidents. There is no evidence that the Hills' "humanoids" are the same as, or are related to, the Pascagoula "robots."

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APPENDIX B

LETTERS

In the months following the abduction, Charlie and Calvin received hundreds of letters from all over the country. Some of them were addressed simply: "UFO Pascagoula, Mississippi"—nevertheless, they all found their way to Charlie and Calvin. The following is a representative sample of the many letters written to the men. Some are serious, many amusing, and a few—bizarre. Strangely, not one letter was received which accused the men of perpetrating a hoax.

Dear Mr. Hickson,

We saw you on the Dick Cavett Show and we were fascinated by your experience. We believe in the things you have been saying and do not think you are involved in a hoax of any kind. It takes courage to be willing to discuss an experience which could cause ridicule.

We do believe that we are not the only beings in the universe and that people should be aware of this fact.

Sincerely,

Ms. R.
Mr. N.

from Auburn, N.Y.

April 24, 1974

Dear Mr. Hickson:

I am doing a report on unidentified flying objects. I read your article in Newsweek magazine. It was a very terrifying experience from the article which I read. I hate to bother you about like this but it seemed like a very interesting experience but I would not liked to gone through it.

Some people might called you a real big liar but this story is starting to make a believer out of me. Now if it is all possible I would like just a little information on your experience but if it is too horrifying to recall just say that you received my letter.

Yours truly,

Mr. D.

from New York, N.Y.

Western Union MAILGRAM
10-18 0936P EST

DEAR MISTER HICKSON BEFORE YOU DISMISS THIS AS ANOTHER LETTER YOU WILL ANSWER NEXT WEEK, PLEASE LET ME TELL YOU THAT WE ARE NOT MEMBERS OF A LARGE, RICH NEWSPAPER OR TELEVISION STATION STAFF, BUT TWO INDEPENDENT JOURNALISTS WHOSE WORK DEPENDS ON YOU.

I KNOW THAT YOU PLAN TO HAVE A PRESS CONFERENCE NEXT WEEK BUT WE CANNOT AFFORD TO FLY DOWN. WE HAVE TO DRIVE. IF WE CANT TALK WITH YOU, WE WILL LOSE OUR JOBS.

THIS AFTERNOON WE PLAN TO BEGIN OUR DRIVE, AND ASK YOU TO PLEASE MEET US TOMORROW (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON AT 230 AT THE POST OFFICE IN GAUTIER. WE PROMISE TO TELL NO ONE ELSE OF OUR MEETING. WE HOPE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND OUR POSITION AS WE MAY HAVE ALREADY LEFT BY THE TIME THIS REACHES YOU. SINCERELY YOURS,

T.V. J.C. NEW YORK NY

10-19 0920P EST

DEAR MR HICKSON, WE WERE UNABLE TO LEAVE AS PLANNED BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN BEDDED DOWN WITH FOOD POISON SINCE WE CAN ONLY DRIVE DOWN ON WEEKENDS WE HOPE TO SEE YOU NEXT SATURDAY, BUT WILL CONTACT YOU LATER IN THE WEEK TO MAKE DEFINITE PLANS THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE IN THIS MATTER SINCERELY YOURS

T.V. NEW YORK NY

(This is the last Charlie ever heard from them.)

from Ypsilanti, Michigan

7 March, 1974

Dear Mr. Hickson,

. . . My husband and I and many of our friends do believe you. And perhaps the reason why will reassure you as to why the UFO picked you up. About a year ago, we became interested in the books of T. Lobsang Rampa, a Tibetan lama, and a very wise man. We have all 14 of his books, but I think the one which would reassure you most is The Hermit. *The subject of* The Hermit *is the knowledge he received as a young lama while living with a hermit lama (shortly after the Chinese overran Tibet). The hermit was also picked up by a UFO and given great knowledge to pass on to Rampa. The creatures in the UFO, this particular one being stationed in Tibet, were some of the "Gardeners of the Earth," beings from higher worlds who are stationed on earth to keep an eye on us humans. . . . They don't mean to scare us out of our wits, but they aren't allowed to mingle with us or make explanations—in the past when they did (and they were known as gods of Greece in one case) they made a big mess of things by falling in love with humans and allowing them to get hold of atomic weapons.*

Anyway, I think you'd enjoy the book and I think it would help you to accept the experience and then just forget about it.

Sincerely,

Mrs. B.

from Birmingham, Alabama

Dear Mr. Hickson

My name is and I am a ninth-grader. . . . I am doing some research on UFOs and I have read countless articles on your encounter with one. I believe everything you say concerning the matter. I think you have guts to come out and say what you saw. For months and years I have been reading about people who made up wild tales of no significance but yours is true. I believe those creatures could have been from this galaxy or another one. I stayed up and watched you on the Dick Cavett Show and I have a question sheet about a few things I didn't get answered from the show. I know you will probably not be able to answer me. If you are too busy or do not wish to write me I will understand but either way I appreciate your reading this.

Sincerely yours,

B.W.

Question Sheet

1. What was the length and width of the ship?
2. What was it shaped like?
3. Could you please sketch a picture of the ship?
4. Was the ship over the river at any time?
5. How did the ship leave? a) fast; b) slow; c) disappear
6. Could you sketch a picture of the eye device?
7. How long were you in the ship?
8. Did it come from or leave the direction of the Gulf?
9. What color were the creatures?
10. Could you sketch one creature full length in the box? How tall were they?

from Mammoth Spring, Arkansas

May 26, 1974

Dear Mr. Hickson,

. . . No doubt you hear from many people. I hope I'll be one whom you'll answer. You see, Mr. Hickson, I believe you. I think you saw just exactly what you said you saw and experienced just exactly what you related. . . . My father, who was certainly a down-to-earth practical old man, believed in UFOs and told me he once saw one travelling at great speed. He was a fine mathematician and knowing the landmarks of the country, he fixed the speed to be in excess of 3,000 miles per hour. The ship moved horizontally, he said.

My son used to laugh at me because I was so interested and believed so strongly in UFOs. Then one night he came home white as a sheet and said, "I saw one. It shot up from behind the Bookcliffs—a great ball of light that zoomed up and was gone—" He was badly shaken by it, for the Bookcliffs are huge old ranges that are inaccessible except by packing-in. One could not believe that it was an earth craft which he saw. I have never been fortunate enough to see a space craft, but I would like to. Nor would I hesitate to meet the creatures from outer space. And you may tell them so for me. In fact, I wish you would tell them so. It would be done secretly and I would bring a map of the stars so that they could indicate their origin for us. The problem, it seems is that they come on people unexpectedly and no one is prepared to cope with it. It must be a very frightening thing and the opportunity to exchange information is lost. I would be willing to bring books of natural science for them and various other things they might find informative and to spend some time exchanging knowledge insofar as I could.

I imagine that one of their reasons for these sudden confrontations is a fear of being "captured" like an animal in a zoo—or killed. And I don't blame them. Mankind is not the gentlest of creations. But I would do this quietly and I wouldn't tell anyone except my husband. I'd have to tell him—but he wouldn't tell it. He wouldn't go with me, probably, but he'd keep his mouth shut.

Mr. Hickson, perhaps it is a great burden to put on you, but if you could arrange such a meeting and give me advance notice so I can gather up the map and some other things, I'll certainly make the trip if it can be some place I can get to without too much expense. . . . If my request seems bizarre to you, please consider that the whole thing seems bizarre to the ordinary person, so it really isn't. It's just that I am so darned interested and it's something I want to do. I would rather do that than discover electricity. Space travel is the shape of our future. I'll probably not see much of it—I'm 53 years old. But I'm still young enough to have an open mind.

Will you please answer me? I'd appreciate it very much.

Sincerely,

Mrs. P.

from Pascagoula, Mississippi

October 30, 1973

Dear Mr. Hickson,

Recently I visited your home as you may recall and asked you for directions to get to the site where your recent UFO encounter took place. That night I and my friends found there a print of a bare foot some 14 inches in length, with only four visible toes. It was a pretty clear impression and it looked similar to castings and photographs I have examined of tracks allegedly made by tall, hair-covered humanoids seen throughout the world, known as Swamp Slob, Sandman, Abominable Snowman, Bigfoot, Yeti, etc. Now I don't know if *that* is what made the print, but many "Bigfoot" incidents have been reported around UFO sites for years. Do you know of any such activity in your area?

I wrote a letter to the Mississippi Press saying that I found a funny looking footprint along the Pascagoula River that resembled those of so-called "Yeti," but I didn't mention you or anything about UFOs. I'm hoping that the letter will be published in the Press and that if anyone has seen something weird, that they will contact me.

During your experience did you notice and odd smells or odors?

Are there, by any chance, any Indian Mounds or caves around the site of your experience?

Have you had any unsusual dreams since your experience?

Have you or Parker had any ESP or psychic experiences before?

Those questions may sound queer, but to a qualified, in-the-know investigator, they may be significant.

Yours into research . . .

Mr. R.

June 11th, 1974

Dear Mr. Hickson and Mr. Parker–

. . , What happened to you two gentlemen was no doubt shocking. I know what and how you feel about it, for I too had an experience that still shakes me and my experience was about 40 years ago.

First of all, I want to tell you what was dealing with you that night. Those two, or three, whichever, were angels of the Lord. That's right!

I saw two of them when I was about 10 years old. They are 'grey' in color and they are not transparent. Now, those that took you into their vehicle may or may not have wings, nevertheless, those were angels of the Lord.

The two angels I saw did have wings and they were circling in the air and when I ducked my head in my mother's lap, we were riding in a car at the time, they were high in the air and then I raised my head to take a second look and there they were just right outside the car window, very close, and again I ducked my head in mother's lap and so scared that I never lifted my head until we got home. Even 7 or 8 years after that I would never look at that spot when we had to go by that place I saw the angels. Never was I so scared in my whole life as I was then and I was so young at the time. I will never forget. . . .

Now Gentlemen, I hope I haven't sounded like a dotery old man just a ramblin on, because I am not, I am a sensible and sane man at 51 years of age. I knew you two were telling the truth when your 'concern' was so absolute and 'concern' is honesty. It sure is, as I learned this many years ago trying to separate the crooks from the good guys. I used to trust everyone and because I was honest I thought everyone else was, but I sure learned differently and not only that I also now know how to separate the two. . . .

Thanks for reading my letter–

Yours Truly,

Mr. G.

from Union, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Hickson,

I am a college student in New Jersey who was personally moved by your unusual experience with a UFO. I am quite satisfied that these people have come here to 1) observe and record events, emotions and other data and 2) to ask a select few to help avert a *nuclear war* in this country. . . . It is my opinion, Mr. Hickson, that you have been contacted and through *hypnosis* made to forget much of what you were told. I urge you to undergo hypnosis in order that your mind can be cleared of all the information you have been given. If not, I guarantee you that you will be troubled in sleep for the rest of your life. You will feel continually nervous and anxious and not know why. Believe me, I know!

These people will contact you again. They can monitor your behavior at any time and at any place you go. They are not of our space-time continuum. They need to re-fuel and so they land near reservoirs and electrical lines. They are not *real* in a certain sense but *automated* made to look a certain way when really they are not. Their mission is peaceful and they contact only those who have been *reborn* into this planet. You are one such person. They are an *electro-magnetic* manifestation. When they refuel here on our planet they can throw a force field around their ship for protection. They can look like anything and make us think we are having certain *real* experiences when we are not. They use a type of telepathic communication and it is through this that they can plant their thoughts into your head. They are good people. Do not fear them.

Your experience was a difficult one but learn to accept it. You are a brave, intelligent and kind man. One can see this easily in the things you say and the manner in which you express your ideas. Wait. Be patient. Yours is an important task. If you wish to write me (and I do hope you will) my address is below. I can help you, I believe, in clarifying some things you don't understand about your experience.

Sincerely,

Mr. J.

from Atlanta, Georgia

February 23, 1974

Dear Charlie Hickson:

You said in an interview with the Associated Press printed in the Atlanta Journal dated February 3, 1974, that you woke up from sleep several times each night, always with the thought that there was something very important you could not remember.

If you were in the vicinity of 40 miles southwest of Nacogdoches, Texas in June, 1957, you may have been the eyewitness to another U.F.O. incident. This may be what you are trying to remember.

Try to remember clearly

(unsigned)

from Columbus, Ohio

November 15, 1973

Dear Mr. Hickson,

You don't know how happy I was to receive your letter yesterday. I was afraid you two men might think this was some kind of a gimmick and wouldn't answer. There are so many crooked people in the world today that one has to be careful. I am surprised that you have not been on nationwide TV or more in the news. I have not heard a word about you two since then. I guess they wanted to hush it up for fear of scaring people to death. I, myself, am afraid to go out after night now because the UFO's have been spotted here almost every night and one man saw one when he got off work at 3:00 a.m. They seem to come at night. I wish they would just land and make friends with us so we could find out more about them and where they came from. They must be a planet far more advanced than ours. . . .

I am sending you $2.00 for your trouble. Give it to your wife, she can always use extra money for Christmas. It isn't much, but all I can afford. I assure your letter will not *be used for any gimmick's of nonsense. I am an upright, church going person. My daughter will be the happiest person in the U.S.A. on Christmas morning when I give you her your autographed letter. Many, many thanks. Regards to your family.*

Sincerely,

Mrs. C.

APPENDIX C

PSYCHOLOGICAL REPORT

A thorough investigation of a case like the Pascagoula incident must consider the question of the mental stability of the witnesses. Is it possible that Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker suffered some kind of cerebral "breakdown," a deterioration so severe that a complex and unique *double* hallucination resulted on the night of October 11, 1973?

Comprehensive psychological testing, administered at the time of the incident, probably would have settled the question of the mental stability of Hickson and Parker. Such testing did not, of course, occur. Even though there was a psychiatrist present when hypnosis was attempted with the two men, less than 48 hours after the experience, the question of psychological testing apparently was never considered.

It is reasonable to assume that, at the time of the incident, the men impressed everyone involved with their "normalcy." Neither man had a record of mental illness, nor a reputation for bizarre experiences. They both conducted themselves at that time as persons who were completely in touch with reality. The likelihood that their "mental illness" would involve one, and only one, kind of experience (the alien-abduction story), is extremely remote. Persons who are mentally ill to the extent that they suffer complex hallucinations are not usually "sane" in *all other areas* of their lives. Yet, this was exactly the case with Hickson and Parker: the only extraordinary thing about them was the experience they claimed to have had while fishing in the Pascagoula River that autumn evening.

If Hickson and Parker had a hallucination, their case is relatively rare, for there is only one kind of multiple delusionary experience known to the science of psychology: the *Folie a Deux* (fantasy for two). In order to have a *Folie a Deux*, several conditions are thought to be necessary. These conditions were not sufficiently present in the case, and the examining psychologist concluded that a *Folie a Deux* was not a likely explanation to account for their experience. The reader may

consider the question himself, as the "conditions" for a *Folie a Deux* and the psychologist's conclusions are included in the following reports on the testing.

Comprehensive psychological testing of Hickson and Parker was done on January 31, 1976, two years and three months after the occurrence of the incident. A follow-up test was given to Charles Hickson on April 16, 1976. A standard battery of tests, designed to reveal various kinds of mental illness and brain damage, was administered by Dr. Bernard A. Bast, Ph.D., at Harper Hospital in Detroit. Dr. Bast is a 49 year-old licensed, clinical psychologist specializing in psychodiagnosis and neuropsychology. In addition to his work at Harper Hospital, he has been in private practice and has taught as an assistant professor of Neurology at the Wayne State University School of Medicine, Detroit. Dr. Bast was highly recommended to do the testing as he enjoys a well-respected reputation for his work in his areas of specialization.

Obviously, an examination given in 1976 cannot attest to the mental condition of the men in 1973. Nevertheless, the psychological testing had to be done. The reader may decide for himself just how much significance should be attributed to the results of the testing. Dr. Bast's analysis and conclusions with regard to the various tests are reproduced here in their entirety, as received (in letter form) by the investigating author.

Bernard A. Bast, Ph.D.
3990 John R Street
Detroit, Michigan 48201

December 10, 1976

Re: HICKSON, CHARLES (4-16-31)
2722 College Villa
Gautier, Mississippi 49552

Dear Mr. Mendez:

At your request I had the opportunity of evaluating Charles Hickson on January 31, 1976, and on April 16, 1976. As you indicated when referring Mr. Hickson, you were concerned to have psychological studies with respect to his emotional and intellectual functioning as you evaluate his claims and account of having been confronted with a strange craft and creatures while fishing with his friend, Calvin Parker, on October 11, 1973, on the Pascagoula River in Mississippi.

As you are aware Mr. Hickson is a 45 year-old right-handed, white male. He was graduated from high school and attended almost one year of junior college, with an interest in engineering. He was raised on a farm, but became interested in carpenter work and then cabinet making. He spent eight or nine years as a ship builder and ship fitter, working eventually as a supervisor. Currently he is employed at a shop where he makes ship doors on a contract basis. He is a certified welder and burner.

Mr. Hickson is married 22 years with children by this union, ages 20, 16, and 6. His wife has an adult daughter by a prior marriage.

Mr. Hickson was involved in the military service between November 1950, and November 1953, having served 20 months and 16 days in Korea. He separated from the service with an honorable discharge and the rank of corporal. I have examined his discharge summary and note that he has received five battle stars and other honors for good conduct and meritorious service. He stated to me that he participated in five major battles and was wounded three times. He denies that he was ever taken prisoner. When asked to evaluate his experiences in the military and how they affected him, he noted that these experiences were traumatic in that his unit was involved in combat. He believed that he and others in his unit tolerated the stress in an adequate manner. He did not feel that he was par-

ticularly overwhelmed by the situation, and had no particular regrets about having served in combat. I have forwarded his report of separation to the military requesting copies of all medical, psychiatric and psychological data. Their reply from the National Personnel Records, St. Louis, MO, indicates that Mr. Hickson's medical record is "not in our files. If it was in this center on July 12, 1973, it was apparently lost in the fire on that date."

A review of his neuropsychological history indicates that, so far as he is able to recall, he was of normal birthweight, that his mother had a healthy pregnancy with him, that he was born without trauma, and that he progressed through the developmental milestones at a rate which was well within average limits. He denies having any epileptic or convulsive experiences. I questioned him thoroughly with respect to symptoms which might be associated with temporal lobe disturbance and consequent psychomotor seizure experiences. With respect to his prior health he had one car accident but did not experience unconsciousness. He had one football injury wherein he believes he was unconscious for about one minute. He denies any other losses of consciousness. He also denies having any marked infections, elevated fevers or chronic health problems. While he admitted to having only occasional headaches, it is my understanding that he has experienced rather severe headaches with some regularity ever since his experience of October, 1973. He denies any use of illegal drugs. He will use alcohol occasionally, on social occasions. His current diversional activities include fishing and hunting. Questioning reveals that he is very knowledgeable of the techniques of these pursuits.

Further questioning did not reveal implications that would suggest hallucinatory or delusionary experiences. He stated that his vision was checked about a year ago and was 20/20.

When questioned about his experiences on October 11, 1973, on the Pascagoula River in Mississippi, he gave the account of having a routine but relatively unsuccessful fishing trip until the appearance of the strange craft and subsequently, creatures. It seems important to note that Mr. Hickson was not able to associate or find similarities between these experiences and any prior traumatic war experiences. He seemed to recall that he was not particularly afraid at this time, recalling that he had known considerable fear in Korea and was somewhat conditioned to tolerating sudden unexpected situations. He distinctly recalled that he received a kind of message or awareness that conveyed the feeling to him that "We are peace-

ful, we mean no harm." He denied perceiving this as a voice or auditory statement, describing it as "something suddenly coming into my mind, so real and so plain, almost as if you could hear it." He was unable to explain the ship in detail, possibly because of the stress of the situation and the absence of concern to remember details.

When quizzed as to whether he felt he was specially chosen by God or privileged in any way by this apparently extra-terrestrial experience, he denied any such belief. In fact, he indicated that he would have preferred to have never experienced the situation at all.

Inquiry into his relationship to Calvin Parker revealed that he had always been good friends with the parents of Calvin Parker. The senior Mr. Parker and himself formerly pursued outdoor activities together. At the time of this reported episode, Calvin Parker was working in the shipyard with Charles Hickson and living with his family in their three bedroom apartment.

A number of the usual psychological and neuropsychological tests were used to evaluate Charles Hickson's mental functioning. The Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale was the first employed. This is an individually administered measure of a range of intellectual functions. It is comprised of 11 subtests from which we can frequently determine the presence of a thought disorder such as is often seen in psychosis, or mental dullness, or specific impairments associated with organic brain problems. Mr. Hickson's test findings reveal a Verbal IQ of 103, a Performance IQ of 96, and a Full Scale IQ of 100, which locates his overall level of intellectual ability in the Average range.

A review of his subtest differences demonstrate a rather well integrated body of verbal-linguistic skills. There is no indication of deterioration of mental abilities, nor is there any suggestion of a disorder of thought which is sometimes manifested by the intrusion of irrelevant, bizarre, or idiosyncratic ideas. There is, however, some suggestion of a tendency to think concretely. This would suggest some slowness in using abstract relationships and is often found in persons with either limited education, those engaged in less skilled occupations, or those who have had little opportunity to develop higher thought processes.

His immediate memory for recall of numbers dictated to him is better than average. This part of the intelligence test is readily impaired by anxiety and tension, if the subject being tested is either in such a state of tension or is usually a tense,

nervous person. With respect to spatial and visual integration tasks, his work was careful and planned. He had a mild difficulty with sequencing pictured stories of social situations. This deficiency may be associated with his environmental and cultural background.

Considerations for his academic development led to an administration of the Reading section of the Wide Range Achievement Test which measures a capacity for the familiarity of words and pronouncing them. His attainment reached the 7.9 grade level.

An additional assessment was made of his fundamental language development with the Reitan Aphasia Screening Test which is very sensitive to indicating organic brain impairment. His responses indicated intactness throughout with language tasks and calculations. The quality of his drawings indicated intactness with spatial relations. His handwriting is legible.

Further investigation into his visual-motor integration was made with the Bender Gestalt Test, a measure which requires one to copy geometric patterns composed of lines, angles, dots, and small circles in varying arrangements. The overall characteristics of his work did not indicate spatial disturbance. However, from other qualitative criteria one would see some mild loss of impulse control as suggested by an occasional failure to close an angle or terminate a line appropriately. There was some heavy pencil pressure which could suggest a mild anxiety. Some of his work seemed to suggest a mildly primitive development, a characteristic which could be consistent with his cultural and educational development.

A measurement of his motor speed and coordination was made with the Halstead Index Finger Tapper which is a very sensitive test to cerebral functioning. His average tapping speeds from each hand, reflecting the condition of either side of the brain, were slightly better than is normally seen with the general population, which would suggest intactness of cerebral functioning.

In a psychological evaluation of this sort a number of measures of personality would be required for the purposes of attempting to identify a history of early schizophrenic thinking or more recent development of psychotic processes. A first step in this examination was made with the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. In order to measure his emotional integration over a period of time, a second administration of this instrument was given him about three months after the initial examination. It is important to note that both profiles

were very similar and, consequently, do not suggest vacillation in his emotional integration. This is a very lengthy inventory which is very highly standardized for interpretation purposes and to which the subject is asked to respond whether an item is true or false of him. Because of his essentially consistent responses over the two testings, the same interpretation can be applied to both. The general character of his profiles resembles those of persons who tend to minimize and overlook faults in themselves along with a tendency of mild to moderate defensiveness and lack of insight. It must be stressed that none of his scales are in the pathological range. Nor did he admit to unusual or bizarre behavior on any of the critical items in this test. His profile further suggests a tendency toward naivete and self-centeredness with a need to see himself in a favorable light while lacking insight into his overall behavior. It should be stressed again that these latter observations are implied in his profile and not indicative of a pathological deviation. These characteristics are common in the general population.

Another effort to evaluate his personality was made with the Human Figure Drawing. His drawing skills are clearly unsophisticated, reflecting both poor drawing skills and poor realization of body image. After drawings are made, the subject is asked to make various kinds of comments and descriptions of his drawings which are frequently felt to reflect attitudes and descriptions that pertain to his own status in life. In the case of Mr. Hickson, his drawing of a man was described as a "hard-working individual who makes a modest living, and who is both easy to get along with and who does get along well with his wife and children." The figure was also described as "easy to make friends with and as a pleasant guy." His wishes projected to this figure included having a happy healthy family life and to be able to live long and make a good living for his family.

Further assessment of his personality integration was made with a series of Cards from the Thematic Apperception Test. Overall, his stories explaining these scenes were of a benign quality which were closely related to the characters depicted on the Cards, and were essentially unimaginative. At the same time there was no suggestion of stress or of personalized and bizarre thinking processes.

Similarly, his responses to the Rorschach Cards produced a brief, perhaps, guarded record of replies. He offered a few popular responses which most people tend to make, thereby conveying a general intactness with reality of the Cards. How-

ever, he did not become particularly involved with studying the Cards and offered a number of vague, indecisive, and non-committal interpretations of the blots presented to him. Whether this response pattern primarily reflects a guarded disposition towards tests or whether it reflects his concretistic, unimaginative, cognitive style in general, is unclear. However, in view of his academic background and cultural development in a somewhat rural area of Mississippi, one could suggest the latter possibility as influencing him considerably.

In conclusion, the data of this examination described Charles Hickson as a man of average intellectual functioning and who, at this time, presents himself as a sane person who is intact with reality. Neither his history nor any suggestion in these data point to the likelihood of psychotic behavior, hysteria, or any aspect of severe mental illness. Nor do these data suggest the presence of organic brain damage, which could come from injury to the head such as a concussion, chronic alcoholism, or early birth or childhood injury, and which could effect cerebral damage and bring about some abnormal behavior.

At the same time his test data and interview behavior tend to point to considerable guardedness. This is not to suggest that he would be able to cover over indications of emotional illness. Nevertheless, this kind of guardedness is sometimes seen in people who are somewhat anxious about the intense exploration that psychological evaluation brings with it. These data also describe a man who is relatively unsophisticated and given to the common, country-type things of life which are important to persons in rural America.

Obviously, the data of this examination would not be able to determine the authenticity of the report of their observations on the Pascagoula River on October 11, 1973. The intent of this examination is offered only as an effort to assess the man, Charles Hickson, on the date of this examination.

Bernard A. Bast, Ph.D.
3990 John R Street
Detroit, Michigan 48201

December 10, 1976

Re: PARKER, CALVIN (11-2-54)
Route 6, Box 151
Laurel, Mississippi 39440

Dear Mr. Mendez:

In view of your investigation of the reports made by Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker, you requested me to evaluate Calvin Parker on January 31, 1976, with respect to his emotional and intellectual functioning. You believed current psychological data would be useful in your evaluation of these reports which concern events said to occur on October 11, 1973, when he and Charles Hickson were said to have been confronted with a strange craft while they were fishing in the Pascagoula River in Mississippi. I understand that they believe creatures emerged from this craft and held them captive for a short time.

Calvin Parker is a 21 year-old, right-handed, white man with 10 years of education in Mississippi. At the time of this evaluation he was married and his wife was expecting a child. He described his relationship to Mr. Hickson as occurring because his father and Mr. Hickson were always good friends. He stated that he and Charles Hickson's children grew up together, although the families currently live 102 miles apart, that being the distance between Laurel and Pascagoula, Mississippi. It has been common for them to drive back and forth to visit. Mr. Parker indicated that he had fished many times with Mr. Hickson since he was a child. It is my understanding that Calvin Parker returned to the Pascagoula, Mississippi area because Charles Hickson was able to obtain employment for him in the local shipyard where he himself has been employed. However, Mr. Parker told me he had to terminate his employment there about three weeks after the night of October 11, 1973, because reporters and others harrassed him to the extent that working there became unbearable. Mr. Parker then sought employment with an oil drilling company, as a "derrick man."

Further investigation revealed that Calvin Parker was born of normal birthweight and without any complications, so far as he knew. He claimed to have been a "C" student in school,

terminating after the 10th grade. A review of his health prior to October 11, 1973, indicated minor infections from a chain saw injury, and bites from a snake, a turtle, and some small animal. He indicated having one head injury which left him unconscious for 10 or 15 minutes when he was struck on the head by a pipe while working on an oil rig. He denied any other episodes of unconsciousness, fevers, or use of illicit drugs. He stated that he drinks only occasionally, and never gets drunk. He denied having any other unexplainable or unusual experiences prior to the evening of October 11, 1973. He was married November 9, 1973.

Mr. Parker described the events of October 11, 1973, as beginning with a very ordinary fishing trip. He offered few details about the alleged appearance of the craft, except that "when I got to the door I blacked out, and I don't remember anymore." He then explained that he was reluctant to come to Detroit at this particular time, since his wife was expecting. He felt that his preference about this whole matter would be that he be left alone. Initially, Mr. Parker was a guarded individual, somewhat angry and perhaps mildly uncompliant at times, for which he may have had important personal reasons. On further questioning he did believe that he was picked for this experience for some reason which he did not understand. He also was willing to admit that he felt he had some responsibility to convey this information to others. He was emphatic, however, to state that he wishes that it never happened.

In order to assist you with further evaluation of Calvin Parker I made a number of efforts to obtain hospital records concerning him through the usual channels by which this is done in the health care field. Although he was reportedly hospitalized at Jones Community Hospital, Laurel, Mississippi, subsequent to the reported events of 10/11/73, I was unable to obtain the recorded information about that hospitalization. Calvin Parker did explain that he believed it to have been a two to three weeks hospitalization.* He would only imply that he had some behavioral difficulties and that while in the hospital, "I made a mess there and tore it up." He noted that he was put in restraining straps and medicated heavily during the entire time.

He was subsequently hospitalized at South Mississippi State Hospital between 2/17/75 and 2/20/75. Copies of hospital records from that institution refer to this prior admission at

*Calvin is probably mistaken about the length of his stay at the Jones Community Hospital. His mother has indicated that his time there was less than a week in duration. (Mendez)

Jones Community Hospital, apparently reflecting the history given on 2/17/75 by Calvin Parker himself. It is noted that he was there hospitalized in October 1973, "for a nervous condition." It is also noted that he was checked for radiation at the Keesler Air Force Base Hospital (10/12/73) but not admitted at that time. I also note this record to indicate a medical discharge from the U.S. Marine Corps, "due to nerves." It can be added at this point that when I discussed with Calvin Parker the circumstances of his being in the Marines, he noted that he joined primarily because he was then unemployed. He explained his "Medical Discharge" from the service as resulting because he had "jumped on somebody and beat him up," and "they throwed me out." He would not elaborate further. Calvin Parker believed that the reason for the discharge was because of stress. Incidently, efforts to obtain records of his medical discharge from the U.S. Navy were unsuccessful.

I then proceeded to evaluate Mr. Parker's intellectual and emotional functioning with a number of psychological and neuropsychological tests. The Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale was used to obtain a level of intellectual functioning. This is an individually administered test and consists of 11 sub-sections from which one can usually determine the presence of a thought disorder such as is often seen in psychotic behavior or mental dullness, or specific impairments associated with organic brain problems. Mr. Parker's test findings indicate a Verbal IQ of 98, a Performance IQ of 91, and a Full Scale IQ of 95, locating his overall intellectual ability in the Average range. A review of his subtests indicate relative deficiencies with those aspects of measured intelligence which tend to be influenced by poor academic assimilation, such as with word meanings, arithmetic ability, and the accumulation of general information.

His above average ability with matters of social judgment and of practical information, verbally expressed, along with strength of verbal abstractions would suggest a general intactness in his thinking processes. The Performance measures of this scale reflect normal abilities with tasks of spatial-perceptual reasoning, visual recognition, visual sequencing, and with visual motor integration where new learning is required. These aspects of intellectual functioning are controlled by rather large areas of the brain and are important for adequate daily functioning with verbal and language tasks suggest that his cerebral brain functioning is normal.

At this point I was concerned to determine his precise level of reading ability and, therefore, administered the reading section of the Wide Range Achievement Test. On this measure Mr. Parker attained a reading level at the 6th grade level. This would be consistent with the above findings, suggesting mild difficulty with academic development. Similarly, his responses to the Reitan Aphasia Screening Tests, while revealing intactness with basic language functions, also indicated problems with spelling. Another part of this test consists of making copies of specific geometric designs, a very sensitive measure of brain damage. His copies were essentially within what one would expect of normal persons. However, there was suggestion of some mild lack of skill with paper and pencil activities.

He was then requested to copy a number of more detailed geometric designs referred to as the Bender Gestalt Test. My conclusions from the quality of his work was that there was some poor planning ability suggested by a collision of two of the figures. His overall work was what one would anticipate from a person of low Average IQ level. It is important to note that his drawings did not reflect the kinds of distortions which are frequently seen in those of persons who are known to have organic brain disease or psychotic disturbances.

He was then administered the Reitan Sensory-Perceptual Examination to evaluate another area of the brain which deals with the interpretation and sensation of sensory stimulation. With this measure he indicated intactness.

A final investigation of his organic brain functioning was made with the Halstead Index Finger Tapper which is a testing of a subject to manipulate his finger on a mechanical lever in a very rapid fashion. This instrument is highly sensitive to organic brain impairment. On this measure he attained very adequate speeds. Similarly, his grip strength, as measured with the Lafayette Hand Dynamometer, revealed very good strength with each hand.

An integral aspect of all psychological evaluations is an extended inquiry into the person's emotional integration. I began this with a very routine and well-respected measure called the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. With this measure he is asked to compare himself to psychiatrically-disturbed patients on 566 items. Mr. Parker's profile, developed upon the kinds of responses he made, would indicate the following kinds of implications. Initially, the validity scales would suggest that his profile is essentially valid. However, there is suggestion that he was tending to respond in a manner

which either would indicate excessive denial, a lack of personal insight or a marked effort to deny the presence of emotional problems. This kind of profile is often found with persons who have histories of socio-economic or cultural deprivation, or those who are lacking in personal insight. The clinical profile, as he presents himself, would compare him to persons who tend to be immature, self-centered, and often demanding. They are often unable to express their feelings of hostility or anger in appropriate ways. When such persons present with physical symptoms there may well be an emotional basis to them only. However, his profile does not resemble those of persons who are afflicted with psychotic behaviors, whether by reason of hallucinatory or delusionary experiences or with withdrawal or depressive reaction.

The next effort to explore his personality functioning was made with the Rorschach technique. He offered a number of popular responses to the Cards which would suggest a general level of intactness with reality and which would obviously go against the likelihood of current psychotic behavior. I felt there were two responses of interest. The blot on Card II he saw as resembling a "brain." On inquiry he associated his response to a prior experience when he said he pulled someone from a wreckage of a car who had sustained a severe head injury and whose cranial contents were exposed. To Card X, he replied that someone might be "trapped in a cave" with the detailing of spider webs about the cave. I raised the question as to whether there was some repressed connection here to his prior belief of having been "trapped" aboard a space ship. This remains a very interesting, but speculative implication.

Further personality assessment was then made with Human Figure Drawings, another common technique used in psychological studies. The most striking feature of his drawings was the absence of facial and many body characteristics. The initial impression of such a drawing, with its absence of significant details, raises a number of questions. Such a "bleak emptiness" has often been found to be characteristic of the drawings of schizophrenic persons. At the same time, considering the overall attitudes of Calvin Parker during this evaluation which were often negative and mildly resistive, presumably because of the imposition the evaluation imposed upon his schedule, one could raise the question as to whether his drawing reflects a lack of interest and compliance in this somewhat unstructured task.

A second question can be raised as to what influences his cultural-educational developmental background play upon his

drawing capacity and also whether he may have silently viewed this test as demeaning to him. Whatever the reader's conclusion might be with this data, the data as such seem, at least, to represent a childish and primitive mentality, reflecting poor judgment. Comparisons of the two figures convey limited sexual differentiation between the drawing of a man and that of a woman. He described the first picture as that of his wife, and volunteered to comment that she is very understanding and easy to get along with. He felt that she had a good personality. His replies to specific questions revealed that she was made sad by his coming to Detroit on this occasion, and she also is saddened when he becomes worried. When asked to express wishes for the figure, he indicated the desire that she and her husband, meaning himself, could always be together and make it through life, and that their child, soon expected, would be healthy and that they would be able to furnish the child with what it needs. His drawing of the male figure was said to be that of his brother, described as wishing for a long life and to be in good health.

A final study of his personality functioning was made with the Thematic Apperception Test. In this approach a number of pictures of various persons in different settings are shown to the subject and he is asked to propose possible stories about the scenes. From these stories one can usually understand how the subject relates to other people and to his own life situation. Mr. Parker's stories were brief, neutral kinds of stories which conveyed the ordinary kinds of things that occur in people's lives. He appeared to have a reasonable appreciation of human relationships, such as would evolve between husband and wife, older and younger relatives, and social-recreational activities. There were no suggestions that Mr. Parker experiences dependency upon others or makes unusual and unreasonable expectations from persons in his life. Rather, he appears to want to be self-sufficient. There was one suggestion, however, that could reflect some difficulty in the relationship between him and his father, in that the "father (in the picture) could have made it better for the son; make it possible for them to see each other and be together more."

In conclusion, Mr. Parker's attainment in this evaluation indicates that he possesses average intellectual functioning, but only marginal development of academic skills. The test data do not indicate any evidence of brain impairment such as would be incurred by serious blows to the head or to some disease process. His personality measures do not indicate that there are

currently any psychotic processes, thought disorder, hallucinatory, or delusionary experiences. For whatever reason, his lag in development of academic skills could reflect some lack of motivation or absence of opportunity for school achievement.

A most important consideration in this evaluation, particularly in view of his claimed experience to have been confronted with an unidentified flying object, lies with a discussion of his personality functioning. A candid treatment of the data cannot dismiss the test results without noting a possible phenomenon which could explain unusual experiences, such as a report of *two persons* being confronted with an unidentified flying object and alien creatures.

The question which logically arises is whether Calvin Parker experienced a *Folie a Deux* phenomenon. Simply stated, a *Folie a Deux* is a shared fantasy for two or more persons. Investigators have called it a "psychosis of association." The genuine *Folie a Deux* typically fulfills the following conditions.

(1) There is usually a dominant, psychotic person who in some manner brings about delusional development in a rather dependent, submissive associate. A delusion, incidentally, is felt to be a false, fixed belief and may include a number of aspects, such as delusions of being persecuted, delusions of possessing a great deal of wealth or power, and the like.

(2) The dominant person tends to be more intelligent than the other and he gradually imposes his delusions on the more passive and originally healthy partner.

(3) Such persons have been known to live in very close contact for a long time, such as close family members, and are often relatively isolated from the outside world.

(4) Usually, the delusions experienced are well within the limits of possibility and may be based upon the experience of former events or certain common expectations. Furthermore, the delusionary experiences are felt to continue over a period of time and represent a rather continuous situation, rather than to present with a single, isolated episode.

(5) In a *Folie a Deux* the delusionary experiences usually do not involve false sensory experiences, such as seeing things which are in fact, not present.

Some feel that the process of transmission of the delusion from the dominant to the dependent person is usually from an older to younger person. The mechanism in the development of

such a phenomenon is usually that of identification following from the intimate association of the persons, usually occurring over a period of years. During this association the dominant person, who is also the one suffering the more severe and primary psychosis, communicates his psychotic perceptions to the weaker person who eventually comes to accept and internalize the systematized delusional ideas of his companion.

Any psychological evaluation made at a much later date naturally leaves considerable continuity to be desired by the absence of samples of personality and intellectual behaviors which were in progress at the time in question. Nevertheless, the essentials described in the literature and noted above with respect to *Folie a Deux* do not appear so likely as to explain the events of the report of the unidentified craft and creatures, claimed to have been seen by Calvin Parker and Charles Hickson.

At this time, one can in retrospect see that Charles Hickson has made considerable progress in his life and has remained adequately stable so far as one is able to determine. Calvin Parker, on the other hand, has had some setbacks as evidenced by several hospitalizations, one of which would raise a question of his emotional stability.

A final comment should be made with respect to Calvin Parker's guardedness and occasional questionable compliance. It should be pointed out that I did not approach Mr. Parker as one who disbelieves his report. Nor did I attempt to discount his reliability as a witness during the examination. The procedure was managed in the same manner in which I would approach any patient, seeking to obtain his best cooperation and to avoid the possibility of evoking further defensiveness from him.

As with the examination of Charles Hickson, it is beyond the scope of such an evaluation to pass judgment on the authenticity of the report of his observations on the Pascagoula River on October 11, 1973. The intent of this examination is solely to assess the man, Calvin Parker, on the date of this examination.

APPENDIX D

OBJECTIONS AND REPLIES

(1) **O**: *Throughout UFO CONTACT AT PASCAGOULA (and in the media as well) we hear much more from, and about, Charlie. Why isn't Calvin and his story more prominent?*

R: Charlie and Calvin are two very different men. Charlie's method of dealing with what happened to him is to tell everyone about it. In making public appearances, granting interviews, and generally taking advantage of every opportunity to tell his story, Charlie achieves a kind of psychological relief. This is a common way many of us relieve tension, it helps to talk about it.

Calvin, on the other hand, has attempted to deal with the experience by pushing it out of his mind. He *really* would prefer to forget the whole thing. Calvin does not like to talk about what happened. For him, the experience was *too* painful to relive in the telling of it, again and again. We must not forget that Calvin's experience was more traumatic than Charlie's. Charlie did not lose consciousness when carried aboard the ship, nor has he suffered several breakdowns, as has Calvin.

Given Calvin's feelings about the experience, it is not surprising that he has not written about it, nor spoken publicly about it very much beyond the weeks immediately after it happened. Calvin has been far less accessible to me than has Charlie. The truth is, most of the time we do not even know where Calvin is. He has had a variety of different jobs since 1973 and moves around a great deal.

(2) **O:** *Hasn't Hickson made a lot of money on this incident from his public appearances, interviews, etc.?*

R: No, he has not. Charlie has only appeared on national TV talk shows twice, and these customarily pay little more than one's expenses. The talks Charlie has given to churches, schools and other gatherings, both public and private, have sometimes earned him a speaker's fee of a few hundred dollars. Some of these organizations have paid his expenses only, others have paid nothing to hear him speak. The total number of paid appearances that Charlie has made over the past nine years is under forty, including those where the "pay" consisted solely of his travel and lodging expenses.

For all of the interviews, whether written, filmed or recorded, Charlie has received practically nothing. I believe one Canadian film company gave him a few hundred dollars for a filmed interview which they later used in a commercial feature-length movie about UFOs.

Considering the time lost at work soon after the abduction and the time lost subsequently, because Charlie took time off from work to travel to a speaking engagement, he has probably come out a financial loser.

(3) **O:** *There have been several charges made concerning the polygraph test given to Charlie in October 1973, by Scott Glasgow, an examiner with the Pendleton Detective Agency in New Orleans. Perhaps the two most serious are that Joe Colingo, Charlie and Calvin's attorney at the time, was in collusion with the polygraph examiner and/or his boss, and second, that Scott Glasgow was relatively inexperienced and therefore administered a worthless test. Is there any truth in these charges?*

R: There is no truth in the first charge that Colingo and the tester and/or his boss, were in collusion. The choice of the Pendleton Detective Agency came about as follows.

Charlie and Calvin knew, of course, that their story was too incredible to be believed. Therefore, almost immediately after the abduction they had agreed (and even desired) to be tested by polygraph. However, after the Sheriff, Fred Diamond, heard the secret tape, he no longer doubted that the men were telling the truth. Thus, he did not press for a polygraph test.

However, the men's lawyer, Joe Colingo, had other interests. He felt that Charlie and Calvin's story was worth money, *if* it could be conclusively demonstrated to be true. Colingo thought a positive result on a polygraph test would do this and—he had signed the men to a contract which stipulated that he would receive one-third of any profit resulting from the sale of their story.

This interest of Colingo in realizing a profit from his clients' experience has led one myopic critic to the conclusion that the whole incident must be a hoax. It has been my experience that attorneys (and many others) are frequently interested in making money. While it is probably true that Colingo exhibited more zeal than was perhaps discrete in this instance, this is not proof, nor does it imply, that he was part of a hoax. I shall have more to say about the "profit-motive-hoax" theory in *Reply* (7) below. As it turned out, Charlie and Calvin have terminated their association with Colingo, and they no longer are party to any contract with him.

Charlie and Calvin chose Colingo as their attorney somewhat by accident. On the morning after the abduction, the two men, unable to function on the job, eventually found their way to the shipyard owner's office. After hearing their story, John Walker suggested that they might need legal counseling in the days ahead. He proposed that they use the shipyard attorney, Joe Colingo, who also happened to be Walker's brother-in-law. The men's condition that Friday morning was such that they would have readily agreed to accept help from *anyone*, especially when the offer came from "the boss."

At the end of October, Colingo wanted a polygraph test and so did the men, they were anxious to prove their honesty. Neither Charlie nor Calvin had heard the secret tape; they were totally unaware of its significance. They knew of the tape's existence, but they didn't know what was recorded on it. The men were not to hear that tape until one year after it was made.

The Pendleton Agency was not the first contacted for a polygraph test. At least two others were also called. One agency wanted the men brought to them, but the Sheriff and Colingo were unwilling to make the trip. This agency may have also wanted to charge the customary fee of a few hundred dollars, but Colingo felt the test should have been given free, as a public service. A Mississippi state

agency was contacted, but they refused to administer the tests because the men had not been charged with committing a crime.

It was at this point that Colingo recalled that a college chum's brother directed a detective agency in New Orleans, less than a hundred miles away. It took only a telephone call and Colingo had his wish, a freebie polygraph test with the examiner making a "house call" from New Orleans to Pascagoula.

Was the examiner, Scott Glasgow, competent to administer the polygraph test? Would the Pendleton Agency have sent someone (who had been administering polygraph tests for them for about one year) who they suspected was less than competent? While it was true that Glasgow had not yet been "certified" by the New York school where he learned his craft, he led me to believe (in August 1974) that his certification was being held up *because* of the notoriety of the Pascagoula case and, of course, his role in it.

In any case, it is my belief that any past, or future, polygraph test is irrelevant to determining the truth or falsity of the Pascagoula abduction. Anyone who has heard the Sheriff's secret tape cannot doubt that the men are telling the truth as they perceive it—and no "truth" test, could tell us *more* than that.

(4) **O:** *It is rumored that several ufologists became "non-believers" when Charlie refused to submit to a polygraph test at a UFO investigator's conference in 1975. Is this true?*

R: It is true that Charlie refused to take the polygraph test; the circumstances were as follows. On the weekend of October 17-19, 1975, a "UFO Conference" was held at Fort Smith, Arkansas. The gathering was organized and hosted by William Pitts, a UFO investigator whose interest in the subject dates back to 1949. Pitts invited Charlie to the conference as a guest speaker, along with other persons prominent in the field, such as Dr. Hynek, Dr. Harder, Ray Stanford, Stanton Friedman, Carol and Jim Lorenzen, and Walt Andrus.

Charlie has always said that he would submit to any reasonable test of his story, and before going to Fort Smith

he told Pitts that he would be willing to be tested by polygraph at the conference. However, when the moment came to be tested, Charlie changed his mind. His reasons for refusing (which may not have been communicated to Pitts) were twofold. First, I had intended to join Charlie at the conference, but at the last minute I was forced to cancel. This upset Charlie because he had come to rely on my judgment in questions of research, such as the legitimacy of a polygraph test and tester at *that* particular time and place.

The second factor that influenced Charlie's decision not to be tested involved the "atmosphere" surrounding the test. Charlie felt as if he was expected to "perform" for the benefit of the assembled UFO luminaries, and this made him uncomfortable.

Charlie is a man given to following his intuitions. When the circumstances of the test did not "feel" right to him, there was no way he could submit to it. As I was not at the conference, I cannot say if Charlie's perception of things was accurate. This is simply the way it turned out. Perhaps Charlie's reluctance to be tested by someone I had not "checked out" can be better understood in light of what we had recently discovered about the polygraph test and polygraph examiners. This is explained in the *Reply* below.

(5) O: *Given the objections raised concerning this polygraph test administered to Charlie by Scott Glasgow in October 1973, why hasn't he been tested again by a different examiner?*

R: When I began to research the Pascagoula incident it was my intention to have both Charlie and Calvin tested by polygraph. As a first step, I consulted with a professional polygraph firm to discuss how the tests might best be conducted. Of course, we desired an unbiased and thorough examination.

What we discovered was that polygraph examiners are extremely protective of their reputations. So much so, that we began to see great difficulty in obtaining an unbiased test, since, obviously, the "safe" judgment to render would have been that Charlie and Calvin were not telling the truth.

We also learned that it was possible to "choose" an examiner who would conclude whatever we wanted him to

conclude. Under these conditions we decided to forget about the polygraph tests, rather than risk involving ourselves in potential controversy.

In addition to these problems we knew that the polygraph was not infallible, and that even if we could get a fair test, and Charlie and Calvin passed it, the "doubters" could always say that the men were among those few who could fool the polygraph.

It was also our belief that the truthfulness of Charlie and Calvin was not the main issue, since the Sheriff's secret tape established that, *beyond a reasonable doubt*. No one who has ever heard that five minute segment of conversation, when Charlie and Calvin are alone in Detective Huntley's office, has ever doubted their sincerity. The usual response to the secret tape is something like, "O.K., *something* happened to those men, but what?"

Therefore, we did not, and do not now, regard passing a polygraph test as crucial, or even very important, in establishing the validity of the Pascagoula incident.

(6) O: *It has been reported that Hickson and Mendez sighted a UFO while visiting Ray Stanford's PROJECT STARLIGHT INTERNATIONAL (PSI) site located near Austin, Texas. Is this true?*

R: On October 12, 1974, Charlie and I were visiting the Austin PSI site as guests of the *Association For The Understanding Of Man*. At about 9:00 P.M., while waiting for Ray Stanford and his staff to finish setting up some of their equipment, we heard a voice cry out, "Look at that!"

Within seconds everyone's attention was riveted on the horizon. What I saw reminded me of the bright parachute flares I had seen during night field maneuvers while serving in the Army. It was a bright, large, orange point of light, about half the apparent size of a full moon as we normally see it in the sky. I saw no sharp outline, no definite shape. The light seemed to be composed of rays emanating from a center, somewhat like the seed filaments of a dandelion "puffball." The light appeared to drift over the treetops. In the total darkness it was impossible to judge how distant the light was. It was close enough to the treetops to illuminate them, and as it drifted to my left, it sank lower on the horizon until it went down below the treetops, slowly.

As it did so, it caused the tops of the trees to stand out in silhouette against the illuminated sky. I would estimate that I observed the light for 10-15 seconds.

Ray Stanford told us that the area where the light appeared to go down was quite rugged and not very accessible, especially at night. So, we waited. I recall thinking that the light was strange, but not so strange that it could not have been of terrestrial origin. I was not convinced that I had seen my first UFO. At the time, my attitude was—"Well, let's just wait and see what happens next."

I do remember feeling *some* excitement, afterall, Charlie Hickson was there and he had claimed to have seen them after his October experience. Maybe they *were* following him about. I thought that if they were out there, they might come in closer—if their purpose was contact. If that wasn't their intention—I thought, "There really isn't much we can do about it." So we waited. And although it was still a few weeks off, there was definitely a "Halloweenish" kind of atmosphere on that hillside after the sighting.

But the rest of the evening passed without incident. And that's the story. I briefly saw a strange light floating over the treetops. I did not, and do not now regard that light as a "UFO." The "U" in that acronym stands for "unidentified," and implies that exhaustive measures have been taken *to identify* the object in question. To the best of my knowledge, no ground search was made of the "landing" area the next morning to see, for example, if there had been campers, or others, there. My personal feeling is that the Austin sighting did not satisfy all the criteria for a genuine UFO.

(7) **Q**: *One critic has suggested that the Pascagoula case is a hoax because Hickson is a man of dubious character. Is there any truth in the charges?*

R: The attack on Charlie's character is an apparent attempt to generally discredit him. The implication is that once his basic honesty is cast in doubt, his testimony concerning the Pascagoula incident is also suspect. This line of argument totally ignores Calvin's role in the story, the reality of the Sheriff's secret tape, and *other* UFO activity in the area *prior* to the Pascagoula abduction.

These latter elements are treated in detail in the text, let us consider here the specific charges against Charlie.

It has been claimed that Charlie was fired from his supervisory position at the Litton Ingalls shipyard about a year before the incident. The reason suggested was that Charlie was borrowing money from workers under him and offering to pay them back by getting them promotions.

Charlie flatly denies these charges and claims that he *resigned* from Ingalls because of on-the-job friction caused by petty jealousies over his ability to get his men promotions faster than other supervisors. Charlie recalls that his resignation was officially presented to the shop manager, Mike McDowel.

A second charge is that Charlie filed for personal bankruptcy in July, 1973. It is true that Charlie did this. He claims he was in great debt and that an attorney (not Joe Colingo) advised him to file for bankruptcy. Charlie says he now regrets following this advice. In any case, what does this have to do with Charlie's truthfulness? Poor money management is undoubtedly an unfortunate trait, but it is not a crime, nor does it indicate dishonesty. Are we to believe that Charlie's financial difficulties were his *motive* for perpetrating a hoax? This is absurd on two counts. First, once Charlie's petition for bankruptcy had been granted (in July, 1973), his financial difficulties no longer existed. He didn't need money to repay his debts because he didn't have any debts. Secondly, are we to believe that Charlie reasoned as follows, "I need (want) money, so I'll pretend I've been picked up by a flying saucer–and this will make me rich?"

Apparently, the critic who made these charges would be happier if those abducted by extraterrestrials were faultless, sound money managers, and morally impeccable (Charlie was also chided for taking "a few nips of liquor" after the incident).

The truth is–even if Charlie and Calvin were the town inebriates *and* pranksters (which they are not)–the Sheriff's secret tape would still prove that *in this case*, they were telling the truth as they perceived it.

The critic who made these charges claims to have conducted his "own investigation." Yet, at no time has he ever met or spoken with Charlie or Calvin, nor has he ever been to Pascagoula. His "investigation" seems to have consisted solely of making long-distance telephone calls to Joe

Colingo and reading reports of the abduction in (by his own admission) *The National Tattler* and *Rolling Stone* magazine, whose chief contribution to contemporary journalism seems to have been the liberal use of four-letter words.

(8) O: *A "doubter" has claimed that Charlie's description of the craft on one occasion as eight feet wide, and on another as twelve feet, strongly suggests a hoax. If this is true, doesn't it raise doubts about Charlie's credibility?*

R: It is true that on different occasions Charlie has described the craft as being of different dimensions. However, it is absurd to suggest that this implies a hoax. On the contrary, it may even lend support to his credibility. Most people are not very adept at estimating the size of an object they have never seen before—especially when they attempt to quantify their estimate in terms of feet and/or yard units of measure. This is a skill most of us simply have not mastered, probably because in our daily lives it is not important that we do so. No doubt we are better at describing the size of something with reference to *something else*. For example, as "larger than a car," or "a little bit smaller than a bus," etc. But Charlie did not describe the craft in such *referential* terms. He chose, instead, to describe it in terms of "feet."

Now, if he *was* perpetrating a hoax, wouldn't it be wise (and simple) to choose *one* figure for the size of the craft and stick to it? The very fact that he doesn't make an effort to be accurate or consistent here supports the reality of his experience! Certainly, anyone in his position on that October night would not be even remotely concerned about estimating the size (in "feet," no less) of the craft which he suspected was going to take him away from the Earth forever.

Thus, subsequently, when he is asked how large the craft was, he estimated one figure on one occasion and another figure at another time. He wasn't sure of the craft's size *then*, and he isn't sure of it now. Of course, we would have reason to be suspicious if his various estimates varied *greatly*, but they do not. The differences involve only a few feet—well within a normal person's margin of error in a case like this.

(9) **Q**: *Prior to the publication of UFO CONTACT AT PASCAGOULA the most information about the October abduction was to be found in Ralph and Judy Blum's BEYOND EARTH: MAN'S CONTACT WITH UFO'S. A close examination of that work reveals many discrepancies between its information and what has been reported in UFO CONTACT AT PASCAGOULA. Which source is correct?*

R: It is true there are differences in some of the "facts" reported in the two books. Let us examine some of the more important ones. In *Beyond Earth*, the text of a UPI release is reproduced in which it is reported that the men were "hauled aboard a UFO . . . by silvery skinned creatures with big eyes," that the craft had been spotted when it was "about two miles away" before it came to "hover about three or four feet above the water," and that Hickson claimed he had been "placed on some kind of table, examined [and] photographed." Of course, practically all of the above details are inaccurate. A UPI release of this kind is at best, second or third-party information. The individual who wrote the release *did not* interview Charlie or Calvin. It is inevitable that inaccuracies occur when a complex phenomenon like this is reported on in this manner.

On the inside cover of *Beyond Earth* it is noted that the cover illustration of the creatures (as they might have appeared to Charlie and Calvin) was "based on detailed information and graphic descriptions found in the manuscript, and given to the authors by Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker of Pascagoula, Mississippi." In this illustration, *four* creatures are standing with their *legs apart*, looking very much like men with a very shiny aluminum foil wrapping covering their bodies from head to toe! Once again, the "information" is at best third-hand, and the results are self-evidently inaccurate.

Then there are the little mistakes that occur due to any number of reasons. For example, in the "site" photo in *Beyond Earth*, the pier where the men were fishing is incorrectly identified. The "arrow" should be pointing to the pier at the far right of the photo. Similarly, if the large "oval" in the photo is meant to indicate the location of the hovering craft, it should be moved back to the clear, sandy spot on the other side of the overturned junk car.

Some things are *reported* accurately, but provide misinformation anyway. For example, Detective Huntley told Blum that at Keesler, Charlie described the creatures as ". . . grayish, like a ghost." Actually, it was Calvin who said the creature looked like a ghost, Charlie has always been able to give a fairly detailed description of the alien's appearance.

In defense of the Blums, it should be noted that they never claimed to have conducted an *investigation* of the Pascagoula incident. There is a great difference between investigating and *reporting*. An investigation is a critical study, it checks and double checks, it probes deeply, and therefore requires much more time to complete. *UFO Contact At Pascagoula* is the product of an investigation; the forty pages in *Beyond Earth* that deal with the case constitute a pretty good job of *reporting*.

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